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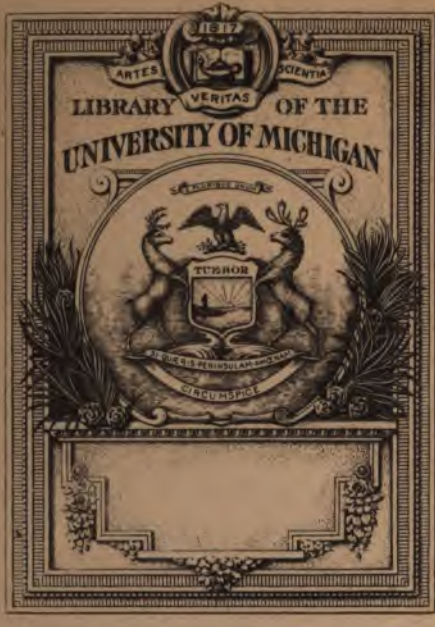

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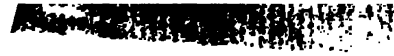
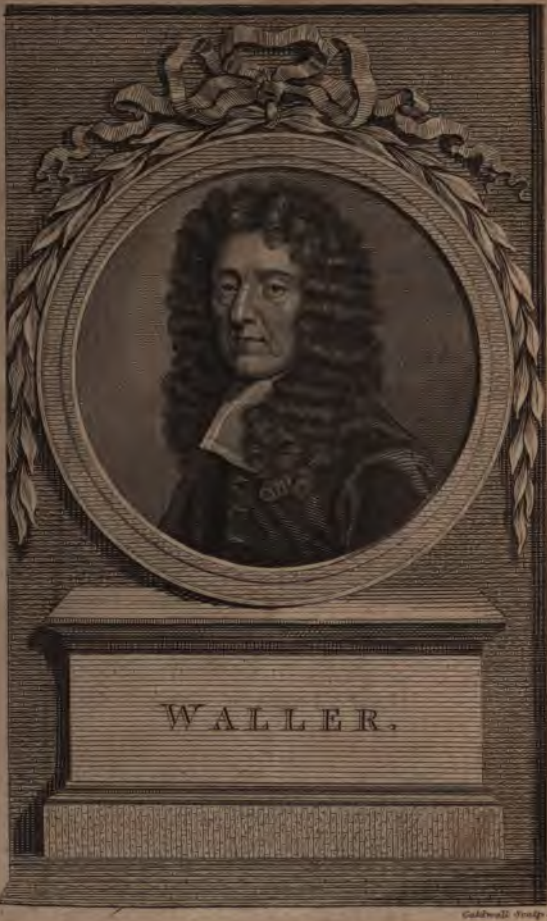


John Dickinson

1786

John Dickinson

1786


WALLER.
Caldwall Sculp.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

Grad. R.R.
Gift
Albert Greene
1-15-1935

THE

POEMS

OF

WALLER.

To my Lady * * *.

MADAM,

YOUR commands for the gathering theſe ſticks into a faggot had ſooner been obeyed; but, intending to preſent you with my whole vintage, I ſtayed till the lateſt grapes were ripe: for, here your Ladyſhip has not only all I have done, but all I ever mean to do of this kind. Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon Poetry, by the examples (not to trouble you with hiſtory) of many wiſe and worthy perſons of our own times; as Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Francis Bacon, Cardinal Perron (the ableſt of his countrymen), and the former Pope; who, they ſay, inſtead of the triple crown, wore ſometimes the Poet's ivy, as an ornament, perhaps, of leſſer weight and trouble. But, Madam, theſe Nightingales ſung only in the ſpring; it was the diverſion of their youth; as Ladies learn to ſing, and play, when they are children, what they forget when they are women. The reſemblance holds further; for as you quit the lute the ſooner, becauſe the poſture is ſuſpected to draw the body awry; ſo this is not always practiſed without ſome villany to the mind; wreſting it from preſent occaſions; and accuſtoming us to a ſtyle ſomewhat removed from common uſe. But that you may not think his caſe deplorable who had made verſes; we are told, that Tully (the greateſt Wit among the Romans) was once ſick of this diſeaſe; and yet recovered ſo well, that of almoſt as bad a Poet as your ſervant,

he became the most perfect Orator in the world. So that, not so much to have made verses, as not to give over writing, leaves a man without excuse: the former professing us with an opportunity at least of doing worse, that is, to conceal those we have made; which I shall yet do, if my humble request may be of as much force with your Ladyship, as your commands have been with me. Madam, I only whisper these in your ear; if you publish them, they are your own: and therefore, as you apprehend the reproach of a Wit and a Poet, cast them into the fire: or, if they come where green boughs are in the chimney, with the help of your fair friends, (for, thus bound, it will be too hard a task for your hands alone) tear them in pieces, wherein you will honour me with the fate of Orpheus; for so his Poems, whereof we only hear the form, (not his limbs, as the story will have it) I suppose were scattered by the Thracian dames. Here, Madam, I might take an opportunity to celebrate your virtues, and to instruct you how unhappy you are, in that you know not who you are: how much you excel the most excellent of your own, and how much you amaze the least inclined to wonder of our sex. But as they will be apt to take your Ladyship's for a Roman name, so would they believe that I endeavoured the character of a perfect Nymph, worshipped an image of my own making, and dedicated this to the Lady of the brain, not of the heart, of

Your Ladyship's
most humble Servant,
EDM. WALLER.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST EDITION OF

MR. WALLER'S POEMS,

AFTER THE RESTORATION;

Printed in the Year 1664.

WHEN the Author of theſe verſes (written only to pleaſe himſelf, and ſuch particular perſons to whom they were directed) returned from abroad ſome years ſince, he was troubled to find his name in Print: but, ſomewhat ſatisfied, to ſee his Lines ſo ill rendered that he might juſtly diſown them; and ſay to a miſtaking Printer, as * one did to an ill Reciter,

* * * Male dum recitas, incipit eſſe tuus.

Having been ever ſince preſſed to correct the many and groſs faults (ſuch as uſe to be in impreſſions wholly neglected by the Authors); his anſwer was, that he made theſe when ill Verſes had more favor, and eſcaped better, than good ones do in this age: the ſeverity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by thoſe faults in the impreſſion, which hitherto have hung upon his Book, as the Turks hang old rags, or

* Martial, Lib. i. Ep. 39.

ſuch-like ugly things, upon their faireſt horſes, and other goodly creatures, to ſecure them againſt faſcination. And, for thoſe of a more confined underſtanding, who pretend not to cenſure; as they admire moſt what they leaſt comprehend, ſo, his verſes (maimed to that degree that himſelf ſcarce knew what to make of many of them) might, that way at leaſt, have a title to ſome admiration: which is no ſmall matter, if what an old Author obſerves be true, that the aim of Orators, is victory; of Hiſtorians, truth; and of Poets, admiration. He had reaſon therefore to indulge thoſe faults in his Book, whereby it might be reconciled to ſome, and commended to others.

The Printer alſo he thought would fare the worſe, if thoſe faults were amended: for we ſee maimed ſtatues ſell better than whole ones; and clipped and waſhed money goes about, when the entire and weighty lies hoarded up.

Theſe are the reaſons which for above twelve years paſt he has oppoſed to our requeſt; to which it was replied, that as it would be too late to recall that which had ſo long been made public; ſo, might it find excuſe from his youth, the ſeaſon it was produced in. And, for what had been done ſince, and now added, if it commend not his Poetry, it might his Philoſophy, which teaches him ſo chearfully to bear ſo great a calamity, as the loſs of the beſt part of his fortune, torn from him in priſon (in which, and in baniſhment, the beſt portion of his life hath alſo been ſpent), that

he

he can ſtill ſing under the burthen, not unlike that Roman *,

* * * Quem dimiſere Philippi
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
Et Laris, & fundi. * * *

Whoſe ſpreading wings the civil war had clip'd,
And him of his old patrimony ſtrip'd;

Who yet not long after could ſay,

Muſis amicus, triſtitiam & metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis * * * Lib. I. Ode xxvi.

They that acquainted with the Muſes be,
Send care, and ſorrow, by the winds to ſea.

Not ſo much moved with theſe reaſons of ours (or pleas'd with our rhymes) as wearied with our importunity, he has at laſt given us leave to aſſure the Reader, that the Poems which have been ſo long, and ſo ill ſet forth under his name, are here to be found as he firſt writ them: as alſo, to add ſome others which have ſince been compoſed by him. And though his advice to the contrary might have diſcouraged us; yet, obſerving how often they have been reprinted, what price they have borne, and how earneſtly they have been

* Horace, Lib. II. Epiſt. ii.

always inquired after, but especially of late; (making good that of Horace,

Meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit:
Lib. II. Epist. i.

"Some verses being, like some vines, recommended
"to our taste by time and age,")

We have adventured upon this new and well-corrected Edition; which, for our own sakes as well as thine, we hope will succeed better than he apprehended.

Vivitur ingenio, cætera mortis erunt.

ALBINOVANUS.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND PART OF MR. WALLER'S POEMS;

Printed in the Year 1690.

THE Reader needs be told no more in commendation of theſe Poems, than that they are Mr. Waller's: a name that carries every thing in it that is either great, or graceful, in poetry! He was indeed the Parent of Engliſh Verſe, and the firſt that ſhewed us our Tongue had Beauty, and Numbers, in it. Our language owes more to Him than the French does to Cardinal Richelieu and the wholé Academy. A Poet cannot think of Him, without being in the ſame rapture Lucretius is in, when Epicurus comes in his way:

> Tu pater, & rerum inventor; Tu patria nobis
> Suppeditas præcepta: tuiſquè ex, Inclute! chartis,
> Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia libant,
> Omnia nos itidem depaſcimur aurea dicta;
> Aurea! perpetuâ ſemper digniſſima vitâ!
>
> Lib. III. ver. 9.

The Tongue came into His hands, like a rough diamond: He poliſhed it firſt; and to that degree, that all artiſts ſince him have admired the workmanſhip, without pretending *to mend it.* *Suckling* and Carew, I

must confeſs, wrote ſome few things ſmoothly enough: but, as all they did in this kind was not very conſiderable; ſo it was a little later than the earlieſt pieces of Mr. Waller. He undoubtedly ſtands firſt in the liſt of refiners; and, for aught I know, laſt too; for I queſtion, whether in Charles the ſecond's reign, Engliſh did not come to its full perfection; and whether it has not had its Auguſtan Age, as well as the Latin. It ſeems to be already mixed with foreign languages as far as its purity will bear; and, as Chemiſts ſay of their Menſtruums, to be quite ſated with the infuſion. But poſterity will beſt judge of this. In the mean time, it is a ſurprizing reflection, that between what Spenſer wrote laſt, and Waller firſt, there ſhould not be much above twenty years diſtance: and yet the one's language, like the money of that time, is as current now as ever; whilſt the other's words are like old coins, one muſt go to an antiquary to underſtand their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great Genius make, when it undertakes any thing in earneſt!

Some Painters will hit the chief lines and maſterſtrokes of a face ſo truly, that through all the differences of age, the picture ſhall ſtill bear a reſemblance. This art was Mr. Waller's: He ſought out, in this flowing Tongue of ours, what parts would laſt, and be of ſtanding uſe and ornament: and this he did ſo ſucceſsfully, that his language is now as freſh as it was at firſt ſetting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording, we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourſcore. He complains, indeed, of

a tide

a tide of words that comes in upon the Engliſh Poet, and overflows whatever he builds: but this was leſs His caſe than any man's that ever wrote; and the miſchief of it is, this very complaint will laſt long enough to confute itſelf: for, though Engliſh be mouldering ſtone, as he tells us there, yet he has certainly picked the beſt out of a bad quarry.

We are no leſs beholden to Him for the new turn of Verſe, which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our Numbers. Before His time, men rhymed indeed, and that was all: as for the harmony of meaſure, and that dance of words, which good ears are ſo much pleaſed with, they knew nothing of it. Their Poetry then was made up almoſt entirely of monoſyllables; which when they come together in any cluſter, are certainly the moſt harſh untuneable things in the world. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in Donne, and he will be quickly convinced. Beſides, their verſes ran all into one another; and hung together, throughout a whole copy, like the hooked Atoms that compoſe a Body in Deſcartes. There was no diſtinction of parts, no regular ſtops, nothing for the ear to reſt upon: but, as ſoon as the copy began, down it went, like a larum, inceſſantly; and the reader was ſure to be out of breath, before he got to the end of it. So that really Verſe in thoſe days was but down-right proſe, tagged with rhymes. Mr. Waller removed all theſe faults; brought in more polyſyllables, and ſmoother meaſures; bound up his thoughts better; and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the Verſe He

wrote

wrote in: ſo that where-ever the natural ſtops of that were, He contrived the little breakings of His ſenſe ſo as to fall in with them. And for that reaſon, ſince the ſtreſs of our Verſe lies commonly upon the laſt ſyllable, you will hardly ever find Him uſing a word of no force there. I would ſay, if I were not afraid the reader would think me too nice, that He commonly cloſes with Verbs; in which we know the life of language conſiſts.

Among other improvements, we may reckon that of his rhymes: which are always good, and very often the better for being new. He had a fine ear, and knew how quickly that ſenſe was cloyed by the ſame round of chiming words ſtill returning upon it. It is a decided caſe by the Great Maſter of writing, * "Quæ ſunt "ampla, & pulchra, diu placere poſſunt; quæ lepida "& concinna," (amongſt which Rhyme muſt, whether it will or no, take its place) "cito ſatictate afficiunt "aurium ſenſum faſtidioſiſſimum." This he underſtood very well: and therefore, to take off the danger of a ſurfeit that way, ſtrove to pleaſe by variety, and new ſounds. Had he carried this obſervation, among others, as far as it would go, it muſt, methinks, have ſhown him the incurable fault of this jingling kind of Poetry; and have led his later judgment to Blank Verſe. But, He continued an obſtinate lover of Rhyme to the very laſt: it was a miſtreſs that never appeared unhandſome in His eyes; and was courted by Him

* Cicero ad Herennium, l. iv.

long

was more impartial: no man ever rhymed truer
rener than he: yet, he is ſo juſt as to confeſs,
: is but a trifle; and to wiſh the tyrant dethroned,
ilank Verſe ſet up in its room. There is * a third
, the living glory of our Engliſh Poetry, who
ſclaimed the uſe of it upon the Stage: though no
ver employed it there ſo happily as he. It was
rength of his Genius, that firſt brought it into
in Plays; and it is the force of his example that
rown it out again. In other kinds of writing, it
ues ſtill; and will do ſo, till ſome excellent ſpi-
iſes, that has leiſure enough, and reſolution to
the Charm, and free us from the troubleſome
ge of rhyming, as Mr. Milton very well calls it;
as proved it as well, by what he has wrote in
er way. But, this is a thought for times at ſome
ce; the preſent age is a little too warlike; it may
ps furniſh out matter for a good Poem in the next,
will hardly encourage one now: without pro-
ing, a man may eaſily know what ſort of laurels

thoughts ſo very well always, that, when they have need of the ſame ſenſe, they cannot put it into other words, but it muſt be to its prejudice. Care has been taken in this Book to get together every thing of Mr. Waller's that is not put into the former collection: ſo that between both, the Reader may make the ſet complete.

It will perhaps be contended after all, that ſome of theſe ought not to have been publiſhed: and Mr. * Cowley's deciſion will be urged, that a neat tomb of marble is a better monument than a great pile of rubbiſh. It might be anſwered to this, that the Pictures, and Poems, of great Maſters have been always valued, though the laſt hand were not put to them. And I believe none of thoſe Gentlemen that will make the objection, would refuſe a ſketch of Raphael's, or one of Titian's draughts of the firſt ſitting. I might tell them too, what care has been taken by the learned, to preſerve the fragments of the antient Greek and Latin Poets: there has been thought to be a Divinity in what they ſaid; and therefore the leaſt pieces of it have been kept up, and reverenced like religious reliques. And, I am ſure, take away the "† mille anni;" and impartial

* In the Preface to his Works.

† Alluding to that verſe in Juvenal,

* * * Et uni cedit Homero
Propter mille annos * * * Sat. vii.

And yields to Homer on no other ſcore,
Than that he liv'd a thouſand years before.
Mr. C. Dryden.

tial reaſoning will tell us there is as much due to the memory of Mr. Waller, as to the moſt celebrated names of antiquity.

But, to wave the diſpute now of what *ought* to have been done; I can aſſure the Reader, what *would* have been, had this edition been delayed. The following Poems were got abroad, and in a great many hands: it were vain to expect, that among ſo many admirers of Mr. Waller, they ſhould not meet with one fond enough to publiſh them. They might have ſtaid, indeed, till by frequent tranſcriptions they had been corrupted extremely, and jumbled together with things of another kind: but, then they would have found their way into the world. So it was thought a greater piece of kindneſs to the Author, to put them out whilſt they continue genuine and unmixed; and ſuch as He Himſelf, were He alive, might own.

POEMS OF MR. WALLER.

Of the Danger his MAJESTY (being Prince) escaped in the Road at Saint Andero.

NOW had his Highness bid farewell to Spain,
And reach'd the sphere of his own power, the main:
With British bounty in his ship he feasts
Th' Hesperian Princes, his amazed guests,
To find that watery wilderness exceed
The entertainment of their great Madrid.
Healths to both Kings, attended with the roar
Of cannons echoed from th' affrighted shore,
With loud resemblance of his thunder, prove
Bacchus the seed of cloud-compelling Jove:
While to his harp divine Arion sings
The loves, and conquests, of our Albion Kings.
Of the fourth Edward was his noble song,
Fierce, goodly, valiant, beautiful, and young:
He rent the crown from vanquish'd Henry's head;
Rais'd the White Rose, and trampled on the Red:
Till Love, triumphing o'er the victor's pride,
Brought Mars and *Warwick to the* conquer'd side:

Neglected

Neglected Warwick, (whose bold hand, like Fate,
Gives and resumes the sceptre of our State)
Wooes for his Master; and, with double shame,
Himself deluded, mocks the Princely Dame,
The Lady Bona: whom just anger burns,
And foreign war with civil rage returns.
Ah! spare your swords, where beauty is to blame;
Love gave th' affront, and must repair the same:
When France shall boast of her, whose conquering eyes
Have made the best of English hearts their prize;
Have power to alter the decrees of Fate,
And change again the counsels of our State.
What the prophetic Muse intends, alone
To him that feels the secret wound is known.
With the sweet sound of this harmonious lay,
About the keel delighted dolphins play;
Too sure a sign of sea's ensuing rage,
Which must anon this Royal troop engage:
To whom soft sleep seems more secure and sweet,
Within the town commanded by our fleet.
These mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded barge,
Proud with the burden of so brave a charge;
With painted oars the youths begin to sweep
Neptune's smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep;
Which soon becomes the seat of sudden war
Between the wind and tide, that fiercely jar.
As when a sort of lusty shepherds try
Their force at foot-ball, care of victory
Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast,
That their encounter seems too rough for jest;

They

They ply their feet, and ſtill the reſtleſs ball,
Toſt to and fro, is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful barge 'twixt tide and winds;
And like effect of their contention finds.
Yet the bold Britons ſtill ſecurely row'd;
Charles and his virtue was their ſacred load:
Than which a greater pledge Heaven could not give,
That the good boat this tempeſt ſhould out-live.
But ſtorms increaſe! and now no hope of grace
Among them ſhines, ſave in the Prince's face;
The reſt reſign their courage, ſkill, and ſight,
To danger, horror, and unwelcome night.
The gentle veſſel (wont with ſtate and pride
On the ſmooth back of ſilver Thames to ride)
Wanders aſtoniſh'd in the angry Main,
As Titan's car did, while the golden rein
Fill'd the young hand of his adventurous ſon *,
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whoſe deſire,
Waves threaten now, as that was ſcar'd by fire.
Th' impatient ſea grows impotent, and raves
That, night aſſiſting, his impetuous waves
Should find reſiſtance from ſo light a thing;
Theſe ſurges ruin, thoſe our ſafety bring.
Th' oppreſſed veſſel doth the charge abide,
Only becauſe aſſail'd on every ſide:
So men with rage and paſſion ſet on fire,
Trembling for haſte, impeach their mad deſire.

* Phaeton.

The pale Iberians had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care;
To ſee the Prince with danger mov'd no more,
Than with the pleaſures of their Court before:
Godlike his courage ſeem'd, whom nor delight
Could ſoften, nor the face of Death affright:
Next to the power of making tempeſts ceaſe,
Was in that ſtorm to have ſo calm a peace.
Great Maro could no greater tempeſt feign,
When the loud winds uſurping on the Main
For angry Juno, labor'd to deſtroy
The hated reliques of confounded Troy:
His bold Æneas, on like billows toſt
In a tall ſhip, and all his country loſt,
Diſſolves with fear; and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had quell'd
In honourable fight: our Hero ſet
In a ſmall ſhallop, Fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of crowns and ſceptres, more
Than ever Priam, when he flouriſh'd, wore;
His loins yet full of ungot Princes, all
His glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues fear: if any thought annoys
The Gallant Youth, 'tis love's untaſted joys;
And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his heart in France;
Where he had ſeen a brighter Nymph, than * ſhe
That ſprung out of his preſent foe, the ſea.

* Venus.

That

That noble ardour, more than mortal fire,
The conquer'd ocean could not make expire;
Nor angry Thetis raiſe her waves above
Th' heroic's Prince's courage, or his love:
'Twas indignation, and not fear, he felt,
The ſhrine ſhould periſh where that image dwelt.
Ah, Love forbid! the nobleſt of thy train
Should not ſurvive to let her know his pain:
Who nor his peril minding, nor his flame,
Is entertain'd with ſome leſs ſerious game,
Among the bright nymphs of the Gallic Court;
All highly born, obſequious to her ſport:
They roſes ſeem, which, in their early pride,
But half-reveal, and half their beauties hide:
She the glad morning, which her beams does throw
Upon their ſmiling leaves, and gilds them ſo:
Like bright Aurora, whoſe refulgent ray
Foretels the fervour of enſuing day;
And warns the ſhepherd with his flocks retreat
To leafy ſhadows, from the threaten'd heat.

From Cupid's ſtring of many ſhafts that fled,
Wing'd with thoſe plumes which noble Fame had ſhed,
As through the wondering world ſhe flew, and told
Of his adventures, haughty, brave, and bold;
Some had already touch'd the Royal Maid,
But Love's firſt ſummons ſeldom are obey'd:
Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.
His glorious name had ſo poſſeſt her ears,
That with delight thoſe antique tales ſhe hears

Of Jaſon, Theſeus, and ſuch Worthies old,
As with his ſtory beſt reſemblance hold.
And now ſhe views, as on the wall it hung,
What old Muſæus ſo divinely ſung:
Which art with life and love did ſo inſpire,
That ſhe diſcerns and favours that deſire
Which there provokes th' adventurous youth to ſwim,
And in Leander's danger pities him;
Whoſe not new love alone, but fortune, ſeeks
To frame his ſtory like that amorous Greek's.
For from the ſtern of ſome good ſhip appears
A friendly light, which moderates their fears:
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And climbing o'er the waves that taper make
On which the hope of all their lives depends,
As his on that fair Hero's hand extends.
The ſhip at anchor, like a fixed rock,
Breaks the proud billows which her large ſides knock;
Whoſe rage, reſtrained, foaming higher ſwells,
And from her port the weary barge repels:
Threatening to make her, forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled Main.
Twice was the cable hurl'd in vain; the Fates
Would not be moved for our ſiſter States;
For England is the third ſucceſsful throw,
And then the Genius of that land they know,
Whoſe Prince muſt be (as their own books deviſe)
Lord of the ſcene, where now his danger lies.
Well ſung the Roman bard; "all human things
"Of deareſt value hang on ſlender ſtrings."

O ſee

O ſee the then ſole hope, and in deſign
Of Heaven our joy, ſupported by a line!
Which for that inſtant was Heaven's care above,
The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
On which the fabric of our world depends;
One link diſſolv'd, the whole creation ends.

Of his MAJESTY's receiving the News of the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's Death.

SO earneſt with thy God! Can no new care,
No ſenſe of danger, interrupt thy prayer?
The ſacred wreſtler, till a bleſſing given,
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heaven:
Nor was the ſtream of thy devotion ſtop'd,
When from the body ſuch a limb was lop'd,
As to thy preſent ſtate was no leſs maim;
Though thy wiſe choice has ſince repair'd the ſame.
Bold Homer durſt not ſo great virtue feign
In his * beſt pattern: of Patroclus ſlain,
With ſuch amazement as weak mothers uſe,
And frantic geſture, he receives the news.
Yet fell his darling by th' impartial chance
Of war, impos'd by Royal Hector's lance:
Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy boſom, left his high command.
The famous painter † could allow no place
For private ſorrow in a Prince's face:

* Achilles. † Timanthes.

Yet, that his piece might not exceed belief,
He caſt a veil upon ſuppoſed grief.
'Twas want of ſuch a precedent as this,
Made the old heathen frame their Gods amiſs.
Their Phœbus ſhould not act a fonder part
For the * fair boy, than he did for his hart:
Nor blame for Hyacinthus' fate his own, [known.
That kept from him wiſh'd death, hadſt thou been
He that with thine ſhall weigh good David's deeds,
Shall find his paſſion, nor his love, exceeds:
He curſt the moutains where his brave friend dy'd,
But let falſe Ziba with his heir divide:
Where thy immortal love to thy bleſt friends,
Like that of Heaven, upon their ſeed deſcends.
Such huge extremes inhabit thy great mind,
God-like, unmov'd; and yet, like woman, kind!
Which of the ancient Poets had not brought
Our Charles's pedigree from heaven; and taught
How ſome bright dame, compreſt by mighty Jove,
Produc'd this mix'd Divinity and Love?

To the KING on his NAVY.

WHERE'ER thy Navy ſpreads her canvas wings,
Homage to thee, and peace to all ſhe brings:
The French, and Spaniard, when thy flags appear,
Forget their hatred, and conſent to fear.
So Jove from Ida did both hoſts ſurvey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray.

* Cypariſſus.

Ships

ips heretofore in ſeas like fiſhes ſped,
he mightieſt ſtill upon the ſmalleſt fed:
hou on the Deep impoſeſt nobler laws;
nd by that juſtice haſt remov'd the cauſe
)f thoſe rude tempeſts, which, for rapine ſent,
'oo oft, alas! involv'd the innocent.
Now ſhall the Ocean, as thy Thames, be free
From both thoſe fates, of ſtorms and piracy.
But we moſt happy, who can fear no force
But winged troops, or Pegaſean horſe:
'Tis not ſo hard for greedy foes to ſpoil
Another nation, as to touch our ſoil.
Should Nature's ſelf invade the world again,
And o'er the centre ſpread the liquid Main,
Thy power were ſafe; and her deſtructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command:
Thy dreadful Fleet would ſtyle thee Lord of all,
And ride in triumph o'er the drowned Ball:
Thoſe towers of oak o'er fertile plains might go,
And viſit mountains where they once did grow.
The world's reſtorer once could not indure,
That finiſh'd Babel ſhould thoſe men ſecure,
Whoſe pride deſign'd that fabric to have ſtood
Above the reach of any ſecond flood:
To thee his choſen more indulgent, He
Dares truſt ſuch power with ſo much piety.

On the taking of SALLE.

OF Jaſon, Theſeus, and ſuch Worthies old,
Light ſeem the tales antiquity has told:
Such beaſts, and monſters, as their force oppreſt,
Some places only, and ſome times, infeſt.
Salle, that ſcorn'd all power and laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den;
And future ages threatening with a rude
And ſavage race, ſucceſſively renew'd:
Their King deſpiſing with rebellious pride,
And foes profeſt to all the world beſide:
This peſt of mankind gives our Hero fame,
And through th' obliged world dilates his name.
The Prophet once to cruel Agag ſaid,
As thy fierce ſword has mothers childleſs made,
So ſhall the ſword make thine: and with that word
He hew'd the man in pieces with his ſword.
Juſt Charles like meaſure has return'd to theſe,
Whoſe pagan hands had ſtain'd the troubled ſeas:
With ſhips, they made the ſpoiled merchants mourn;
With ſhips, their city and themſelves are torn.
One ſquadron of our winged caſtles ſent
O'erthrew their Fort, and all their Navy rent:
For, not content the dangers to increaſe,
And act the part of tempeſts in the ſeas;
Like hungry wolves, thoſe pirates from our ſhore
Whole flocks of ſheep, and raviſh'd cattle, bore.
Safely they might on other nations prey;
Fools to provoke the Sovereign of the ſea!

Mad

Mad Cacus ſo, whom like ill fate perſuades,
The herd of fair Alcmena's ſeed invades;
Who, for revenge, and mortals' glad relief,
Sack'd the dark cave, and cruſh'd that horrid thief.
Morocco's monarch, wondering at this fact,
Save that his preſence his affairs exact,
Had come in perſon, to have ſeen and known
The injur'd world's avenger and his own.
Hither he ſends the chief among his Peers,
Who in his bark proportion'd preſents bears,
To the renown'd for piety and force,
Poor captives manumis'd, and matchleſs horſe.

Upon his Majeſty's repairing of ST. PAUL'S.

THAT ſhipwreck'd veſſel which th' Apoſtle bore,
Scarce ſuffer'd more upon Melita's ſhore,
Than did his temple in the ſea of time;
Our nation's glory, and our nation's crime.
When the firſt * Monarch of this happy Iſle,
Mov'd with the ruin of ſo brave a pile,
This work of coſt and piety begun,
To be accompliſh'd by his Glorious Son:
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wiſe Sire, has to perfection brought.
He, like Amphion, makes thoſe quarries leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:
For in his art of regiment is found
A power, like that of harmony in ſound.

* *King James I.*

Thoſe

Thoſe antique minſtrels ſure were Charles-like Kings,
Cities their lutes, and ſubjects' hearts their ſtrings;
On which with ſo divine a hand they ſtrook,
Conſent of motion from their breath they took:
So, all our minds with his conſpire to grace
The Gentiles' great Apoſtle; and deface
Thoſe ſtate-obſcuring ſheds, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine, and fetter him again:
Which the glad Saint ſhakes off at his command,
As once the viper from his ſacred hand.
So joys the aged oak, when we divide
The creeping ivy from his injur'd ſide.
Ambition rather would affect the fame
Of ſome new ſtructure, to have borne her name:
Two diſtant virtues in one act we find,
The modeſty, and greatneſs, of his mind;
Which, not content to be above the rage
And injury of all-impairing age,
In its own worth ſecure, doth higher climb,
And things half ſwallow'd, from the jaws of time
Reduce: an earneſt of his grand deſign,
To frame no new Church, but the old refine:
Which, ſpouſe-like, may with comely grace command,
More than by force of argument or hand.
For, doubtful reaſon few can apprehend;
And war brings ruin, where it ſhould amend:
But beauty, with a bloodleſs conqueſt, finds
A welcome ſovereignty in rudeſt minds.
Not aught which Sheba's wondering Queen beheld
Amongſt the works of Solomon, excell'd

His

His ſhips and building; emblems of a heart
Large both in magnanimity and art.
While the propitious heavens this work attend,
The ſhowers long wanted they forget to ſend:
As if they meant to make it underſtood
Of more importance than our vital food.
The ſun, which riſeth to ſalute the Quire
Already finiſh'd, ſetting ſhall admire
How private bounty cou'd ſo far extend:
The King built all; but Charles the weſtern-end;
So proud a fabric to devotion giv'n,
At once it threatens, and obliges, heaven!
Laomedon, that had the Gods in pay,
Neptune, with him † that rules the ſacred day,
Could no ſuch ſtructure raiſe: Troy wall'd ſo high,
Th' Atrides might as well have forc'd the ſky.
Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings,
To ſee ſuch power employ'd in peaceful things:
They lift not urge it to the dreadful field;
The taſk is eaſier to deſtroy, than build.

* * * *Sic gratia Regum*
Pieriis tentata modis. * * * HORAT.

† Apollo.

To

To the QUEEN, occaſioned upon ſight of Her Majeſty's Picture.

WELL fare the hand! which to our humble ſight
Preſents that beauty, which the dazzling light
Of Royal ſplendor hides from weaker eyes:
And all acceſs, ſave by this art, denies.
Here only we have courage to behold
This beam of glory: here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive:
The gracious image, ſeeming to give leave,
Propitious ſtands, vouchſafing to be ſeen;
And by our Muſe ſaluted, Mighty Queen:
In whom th' extremes of power and beauty move,
The Queen of Britain, and the Queen of Love!

As the bright ſun (to which we owe no ſight
Of equal glory to your beauty's light)
Is wiſely plac'd in ſo ſublime a ſeat,
T' extend his light, and moderate his heat:
So, happy 'tis you move in ſuch a ſphere,
As your high Majeſty with awful fear
In human breaſts might qualify that fire,
Which kindled by thoſe eyes had flamed higher,
Than when the ſcorched world like hazard run,
By the approach of the ill-guided ſun.

No other nymphs have title to men's hearts,
But as their meanneſs larger hope imparts:
Your beauty more the fondeſt lover moves
With admiration, than his private loves;

With

With admiration! for a pitch ſo high
(Save ſacred Charles's) never love durſt fly.
Heaven, that prefer'd a ſcepter to your hand,
Favor'd our freedom more than your command:
Beauty had crown'd you, and you muſt have been
The whole world's miſtreſs, other than a Queen.
All had been rivals, and you might have ſpar'd,
Or kill'd, and tyranniz'd, without a guard.
No power atchiev'd, either by arms or birth,
Equals Love's empire, both in heaven and earth:
Such eyes as yours, on Jove himſelf have thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own:
Witneſs our Jove, prevented by their flame
In his ſwift paſſage to th' Heſperian Dame:
When, like a lion, finding in his way
To ſome intended ſpoil, a fairer prey;
The Royal Youth, purſuing the report
Of beauty, found it in the Gallic Court:
There public care with private paſſion fought
A doubtful combat in his noble thought:
Should he confeſs his greatneſs and his love,
And the free faith of your † Great Brother prove;
With his ‡ Achates, breaking through the cloud
Of that diſguiſe which did their Graces ſhroud;
And mixing with thoſe Gallants at the Ball,
Dance with the Ladies, and outſhine them all?
Or on his journey o'er the mountains ride?—
So, when the fair Leucothoë he eſpy'd,

† Lewis XIII. K. of France. ‡ D. of Buckingham.

To

To check his ſteeds impatient Phœbus yearn'd,
Though all the world was in his courſe concern'd.
What may hereafter her meridian do,
Whoſe dawning beauty warm'd his boſom ſo?
Not ſo divine a flame, ſince deathleſs Gods
Forbore to viſit the defil'd abodes
Of men, in any mortal breaſt did burn;
Nor ſhall, till Piety and They return.

OF THE QUEEN.

THE lark, that ſhuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble neſt, lies ſilent in the field:
But if (the promiſe of a cloudleſs Day)
Aurora ſmiling bids her riſe and play;
Then ſtrait ſhe ſhews, 'twas not for want of voice,
Or power to climb, ſhe made ſo low a choice:
Singing ſhe mounts, her airy wings are ſtretch'd
Tow'rds heaven, as if from heaven her note ſhe fetch'd.
So we, retiring from the buſy throng,
Uſe to reſtrain th' ambition of our ſong;
But ſince the light which now informs our age,
Breaks from the Court, indulgent to her rage;
Thither my Muſe, like bold Prometheus, flies,
To light her torch at Gloriana's eyes.
Thoſe ſovereign beams, which heal the wounded ſoul,
And all our cares, but once beheld, controul!
There the poor lover that has long endur'd
Some proud nymph's ſcorn, of his fond paſſion cur'd,
Fares like the man who firſt upon the ground
A glow-worm ſpy'd; ſuppoſing he had found

A moving

A moving diamond, a breathing ſtone;
For life it had, and like thoſe jewels ſhone:
He held it dear, till, by the ſpringing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthleſs worm away.
She ſaves the lover, as we gangrenes ſtay,
By cutting hope, like a lopt limb, away:
This makes her bleeding patients to accuſe
High Heaven, and theſe expoſtulations uſe.
" Could nature then no private woman grace,
" Whom we might dare to love, with ſuch a face,
" Such a complexion, and ſo radiant eyes,
" Such lovely motion, and ſuch ſharp replies?
" Beyond our reach, and yet within our ſight,
" What envious Power has plac'd this glorious light?"
Thus, in a ſtarry night fond children cry
For the rich ſpangles that adorn the ſky;
Which, though they ſhine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one inclin'd;
Her bounty and compaſſion, to mankind:
To whom, while ſhe ſo far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promiſe of her face:
For mercy has, could mercy's ſelf be ſeen,
No ſweeter look than this propitious Queen.
Such guard, and comfort, the diſtreſſed find
From her large power, and from her larger mind,
That whom ill fate would ruin, it prefers;
For all the miſerable are made her's.
So the fair tree, whereon the eagle builds,
Poor ſheep from tempeſts, and their ſhepherds, ſhields:

The

The royal bird poſſeſſes all the boughs,
But ſhade and ſhelter to the flock allows.
Joy of our age, and ſafety of the next!
For which ſo oft thy fertile womb is vext:
Nobly contented, for the public good,
To waſte thy ſpirits, and diffuſe thy blood:
What vaſt hopes may theſe iſlands entertain,
Where Monarchs, thus deſcended, are to reign!
Led by commanders of ſo fair a line,
Our ſeas no longer ſhall our power confine.
A brave romance who would exactly frame
Firſt brings his knight from ſome immortal dame:
And then a weapon, and a flaming ſhield,
Bright as his mother's eyes, he makes him wield;
None might the mother of Achilles be,
But the * fair pearl, and glory of the ſea:
The man † to whom great Maro gives ſuch fame,
From the high bed of heavenly Venus came:
And our next Charles, whom all the ſtars deſign
Like wonders to accompliſh, ſpring from thine.

THE APOLOGY OF SLEEP,

For not approaching the Lady, who can do any thing but ſleep when ſhe pleaſeth.

MY charge it is thoſe breaches to repair,
Which nature takes from ſorrow, toil, and care:
Reſt to the limbs, and quiet, I confer
On troubled minds: but nought can add to her,

* Thetis. † Enæas.

Whom

Whom Heaven, and her tranſcendent thoughts, have
Above thoſe ills which wretched mortals taſte. [plac'd
Bright as the deathleſs Gods, and happy, ſhe
From all that may infringe delight is free:
Love at her royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his mother with more haſte obeys.
Such real pleaſures, ſuch true joys ſuſpenſe,
What dream can I preſent to recompenſe?
Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the clouds ſeem all at her command:
Or place her in Olympus' top, a gueſt
Among th' Immortals, who with Nectar feaſt:
That power would ſeem, that entertainment, ſhort
Of the true ſplendor of her preſent court:
Where all the joys, and all the glories, are
Of three great kingdoms, ſever'd from the care.
I, that of fumes and humid vapors made,
Aſcending do the ſeat of ſenſe invade,
No cloud in ſo ſerene a manſion find,
To over-caſt her ever-ſhining mind:
Which holds reſemblance with thoſe ſpotleſs ſkies,
Where flowing Nilus want of rain ſupplies;
That cryſtal heaven, where Phœbus never ſhrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in clouds.
But what ſo hard which Numbers cannot force?
So ſtoops the moon, and rivers change their courſe.
The bold * Mæonian made me dare to ſteep
Jove's dreadful temples in the dew of ſleep.

* Homer.

And, ſince the Muſes do invoke my power,
I ſhall no more decline that ſacred bower,
Where Gloriana their great miſtreſs lies:
But, gently taming thoſe victorious eyes,
Charm all her ſenſes; till the joyful ſun
Without a rival half his courſe has run:
Who, while my hand that fairer light confines,
May boaſt himſelf the brighteſt thing that ſhines.

PUERPERIUM.

YE Gods, that have the power
To trouble and compoſe
All that's beneath your bower,
Calm ſilence on the ſeas, on earth, impoſe.

Fair Venus, in thy ſoft arms
The God of Rage confine;
For thy whiſpers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce deſign.

What though he frown, and to tumult do incline?
Thou the flame
Kindled in his breaſt canſt tame,
With that ſnow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great Goddeſs, give this thy ſacred iſland reſt,
Make heaven ſmile,
That no ſtorm diſturb us, while
Thy chief care, our Halcyon, builds her neſt.

Great

Great Gloriana! fair Gloriana!
Bright as high heaven is, and fertile as earth;
Whoſe beauty relieves us,
Whoſe royal bed gives us
Both glory and peace:
Our preſent joy, and all our hopes increaſe.

To the QUEEN-MOTHER of FRANCE, upon her Landing.

GREAT Queen of Europe! whence thy offspring wears
All the chief crowns; where Princes are thy heirs:
As welcome thou to ſea-girt Britain's ſhore,
As erſt Latona (who fair Cynthia bore)
To Delos was: here ſhines a Nymph as bright,
By thee diſclos'd, with like increaſe of light.
Why was her joy in Belgia confin'd?
Or why did you ſo much regard the wind?
Scarce could the ocean (though inrag'd) have toſt
Thy ſovereign bark, but where th' obſequious coaſt
Pays tribute to thy bed: Rome's conquering hand
More vanquiſh'd nations under her command
Never reduc'd: here Berecynthia ſo
Among her deathleſs progeny did go:
A wreath of towers adorn'd her reverend head,
Mother of all that on Ambroſia fed.
Thy god-like race muſt ſway the age to come;
As ſhe Olympus peopled with her womb.

Would thoſe commanders of mankind obey
Their honor'd parent; all pretences lay
Down at her royal feet; compoſe their jars,
And on the growing Turk diſcharge theſe wars:
The Chriſtian knights that ſacred tomb ſhould wreſt
From pagan hands, and triumph o'er the Eaſt:
Our England's Prince and Gallia's Dolphin might
Like young Rinaldo and Tancredi fight:
In ſingle combat by their ſwords again
The proud Argantes, and fierce Soldan, ſlain:
Again might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your * Tuſcan Muſe exalt the fight.

The COUNTRY to my Lady of CARLISLE.

MADAM, of all the ſacred Muſe inſpir'd
Orpheus alone could with the woods comply;
Their rude inhabitants his ſong admir'd,
And nature's ſelf, in thoſe that could not lye:
Your beauty next our ſolitude invades,
And warms us, ſhining through the thickeſt ſhades.

Nor ought the tribute, which the wondering court
Pays your fair eyes, prevail with you to ſcorn
The anſwer, and conſent, to that report,
Which echo-like, the country does return:
Mirrors are taught to flatter, but our ſprings
Preſent th' impartial images of things.

* Taſſo.

A rural

TO MY LADY OF CARLISLE.

A rural judge * diſpos'd of beauty's prize;
A ſimple ſhepherd was prefer'd to Jove:
Down to the mountains from the partial ſkies
Came Juno, Pallas, and the Queen of Love,
To plead for that, which was ſo juſtly given
To the bright Carliſle of the Court of Heaven.

Carliſle! a name which all our woods are taught,
Loud as their Amarillis, to reſound:
Carliſle! a name which on the bark is wrought
Of every tree that 's worthy of the wound:
From Phœbus' rage our ſhadows, and our ſtreams,
May guard us better than from Carliſle's beams.

The Counteſs of CARLISLE in mourning.

WHEN from black clouds no part of ſky is clear,
But juſt ſo much as lets the ſun appear;
Heaven then would ſeem thy image, and reflect
Thoſe ſable veſtments, and that bright aſpect.
A ſpark of virtue by the deepeſt ſhade
Of ſad adverſity, is fairer made;
Nor leſs advantage doth thy beauty get:
A Venus riſing from a ſea of jet!
Such was th' appearance of new-formed light,
While yet it ſtruggled with eternal night.
Then mourn no more, leſt thou admit increaſe
To glory, by thy noble Lord's deceaſe.

* Paris.

We find not that the * laughter-loving dame
Mourn'd for Anchiſes; 'twas enough ſhe came
To grace the mortal with her deathleſs bed,
And that his living eyes ſuch beauty fed:
Had ſhe been there, untimely joy through all
Men's hearts diffus'd had marr'd the funeral.
Thoſe eyes were made to baniſh grief: as well
Bright Phœbus might affect in ſhades to dwell,
As they to put on ſorrow: nothing ſtands,
But power to grieve, exempt from thy commands.
If thou lament, thou muſt do ſo alone;
Grief in thy preſence can lay hold of none.
Yet ſtill perſiſt the memory to love
Of that great Mercury of our mighty Jove:
Who, by the power of his inchanting tongue,
Swords from the hands of threatening Monarchs wrung.
War he prevented, or ſoon made it ceaſe;
Inſtructing Princes in the arts of peace;
Such as made Sheba's curious Queen reſort
To the † large-hearted Hebrew's famous Court.
Had Homer ſat amongſt his wondering gueſts,
He might have learn'd at thoſe ſtupendous feaſts,
With greater bounty, and more ſacred ſtate,
The banquets of the Gods to celebrate.
But oh! what elocution might he uſe,
What potent charms, that could ſo ſoon infuſe
His abſent Maſter's love into the heart
Of Henrietta! forcing her to part

* Venus. † Solomon.

From

From her lov'd brother, country, and the ſun;
And, like Camilla, o'er the waves to run
Into his arms: while the Pariſian dames
Mourn for the raviſh'd glory; at her flames
No leſs amaz'd, than the amazed ſtars,
When the bold charmer of Theſſalia wars
With Heaven itſelf; and Numbers does repeat,
Which call deſcending Cynthia from her ſeat.

In anſwer to one who writ a Libel againſt the Counteſs of CARLISLE.

WHAT fury has provok'd thy wit to dare,
With Diomede, to wound the Queen of love?
Thy miſtreſs' envy, or thine own deſpair?
Not the juſt Pallas in thy breaſt did move
So blind a rage, with ſuch a different fate:
He honor won, where thou haſt purchas'd hate.

She gave aſſiſtance to his Trojan foe;
Thou, that without a rival thou may'ſt love,
Doſt to the beauty of this Lady owe;
While after her the gazing world does move.
Canſt thou not be content to love alone?
Or, is thy miſtreſs not content with one?

Haſt thou not read of Fairy Arthur's ſhield,
Which but diſclos'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudeſt foes, and won the doubtful field?
So ſhall thy rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambics ſwell into a book,
All were confuted with one radiant look.

Heaven he oblig'd that plac'd her in the ſkies;
  Rewarding Phœbus for inſpiring ſo
His noble brain, by likening to thoſe eyes
  His joyful beams: but Phœbus is thy foe;
And neither aids thy fancy nor thy ſight;
So ill thou rhym'ſt againſt ſo fair a light.

Of her CHAMBER.

THEY taſte of death that do at heaven arrive;
  But we this paradiſe approach alive.
Inſtead of Death, the dart of Love does ſtrike;
And renders all within theſe walls alike:
The high in titles, and the ſhepherd, here
Forgets his greatneſs, and forgets his fear.
All ſtand amaz'd, and, gazing on the Fair,
Loſe thought of what themſelves or others are:
Ambition loſe; and have no other ſcope,
Save Carliſle's favour to employ their hope.
The * Thracian could (though all thoſe tales were true
The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders do:
Before his feet ſo ſheep and lions lay,
Fearleſs, and wrathleſs, while they heard him play.
The gay, the wiſe, the gallant, and the grave,
Subdued alike, all but one paſſion have:
No worthy mind, but finds in her's there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his:

* Orpheus.

While

While ſhe with chearful, but impartial grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like Phœbus, ſo divides her light,
And warms us, that ſhe ſtoops not from her height.

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS, 'twas Love that injur'd you,
And on that rock your Thyrſis threw;
Who for proud Cælia could have dy'd,
While you no leſs accus'd his pride.
Fond Love his darts at random throws,
And nothing ſprings from what he ſows:
From foes diſcharg'd as often meet
The ſhining points of arrows fleet,
In the wide air creating fire;
As ſouls that join in one deſire.
Love made the lovely Venus burn
In vain, and for the * cold youth mourn,
Who the purſuit of churliſh beaſts
Prefer'd, to ſleeping on her breaſts.
Love makes ſo many hearts the prize
Of the bright Carliſle's conquering eyes;
Which ſhe regards no more, than they
The tears of leſſer Beauties weigh.
So have I ſeen the loſt clouds pour
Into the ſea an uſeleſs ſhower;
And the vex'd ſailors curſe the rain,
For which poor ſhepherds pray'd in vain.

* Adonis.

Then,

Then, Phyllis, ſince our paſſions are
Govern'd by chance; and not the care,
But ſport of Heaven, which takes delight
To look upon this Parthian fight
Of Love, ſtill flying, or in chaſe,
Never encountering face to face;
No more to Love we'll ſacrifice,
But to the beſt of Deities:
And let our hearts, which Love diſjoin'd,
By his kind mother be combin'd.

To my Lord of NORTHUMBERLAND, upon the Death of his Lady.

TO this great loſs a ſea of tears is due:
But the whole debt not to be paid by you.
Charge not yourſelf with all, nor render vain
Thoſe ſhowers, the eyes of us your ſervants rain.
Shall grief contract the largeneſs of that heart,
In which nor fear, nor anger, has a part?
Virtue would bluſh, if time ſhould boaſt (which dries,
Her ſole child dead, the tender mother's eyes)
Your mind's relief; where reaſon triumphs ſo
Over all paſſions, that they ne'er could grow
Beyond their limits in your noble breaſt,
To harm another, or impeach your reſt.
This we obſerv'd, delighting to obey
One, who did never from his great ſelf ſtray:
Whoſe mild example ſeemed to engage
Th' obſequious ſeas, and teach them not to rage.

The

The brave Æmilius, his great charge laid down,
(The force of Rome, and fate of Macedon)
In his loſt ſons did feel the cruel ſtroke
Of changing Fortune; and thus highly ſpoke
Before Rome's people; "We did oft implore,
"That if the heavens had any bad in ore
"For your Æmilius, they would pour that ill
"On his own houſe, and let you flouriſh ſtill."
You on the barren ſeas, my Lord, have ſpent
Whole ſprings; and ſummers to the public lent:
Suſpended all the pleaſures of your life,
And ſhorten'd the ſhort joy of ſuch a wife:
For which your country's more obliged, than
For many lives of old, leſs happy, men.
You, that have ſacrific'd ſo great a part
Of youth, and private bliſs, ought to impart
Your ſorrow too; and give your friends a right
As well in your affliction, as delight.
Then with Æmilian-courage bear this croſs,
Since public perſons only public loſs
Ought to affect. And though her form, and youth,
Her application to your will, and truth;
That noble ſweetneſs, and that humble ſtate,
(All ſnatch'd away by ſuch a haſty fate!)
Might give excuſe to any common breaſt,
With the huge weight of ſo juſt grief oppreſt:
Yet let no portion of your life be ſtain'd
With paſſion, but your character maintain'd
To the laſt act: it is enough her ſtone
May honour'd be with ſuperſcription

Of the ſole Lady, who had power to move
The great Northumberland to grieve, and love.

To my LORD ADMIRAL, of his late Sickneſs and Recovery.

WITH joy like ours, the Thracian youth invades
Orpheus, returning from th' Elyſian ſhades;
Embrace the Hero, and his ſtay implore;
Make it their public ſuit, he would no more
Deſert them ſo; and for his ſpouſe's ſake,
His vaniſh'd love, tempt the Lethean lake:
The Ladies too, the brighteſt of that time,
(Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb)
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,
Who ſhall the fair Eurydice ſucceed:
Eurydice! for whom his numerous moan
Makes liſtening trees and ſavage mountains groan:
Through all the air his ſounding ſtrings dilate
Sorrow, like that which touch'd our hearts of late.
Your pining ſickneſs, and your reſtleſs pain,
At once the land affecting, and the Main:
When the glad news that you were Admiral
Scarce through the nation ſpread, 'twas fear'd by all
That our great Charles, whoſe wiſdom ſhines in you,
Would be perplexed how to chuſe a new.
So more than private was the joy, and grief,
That at the worſt it gave our ſouls relief,
That in our age ſuch ſenſe of virtue liv'd;
They joy'd ſo juſtly, and ſo juſtly griev'd.

Nature

Nature (her faireſt lights eclipſed) ſeems
Herſelf to ſuffer in thoſe ſharp extremes;
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from thoſe cheeks which all the world admires.
The ſtem thus threaten'd, and the ſap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble tree!
Their beauty they, and we our love ſuſpend,
Nought can our wiſhes, ſave thy health, intend.
As lilies over-charg'd with rain, they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high Heaven contend:
Fold thee within their ſnowy arms, and cry
He is too faultleſs, and too young, to die.
So like Immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching Death away.
Who would not languiſh, by ſo fair a train
To be lamented, and reſtor'd again?
Or thus with-held, what haſty ſoul would go,
Though to the Bleſt? O'er her Adonis ſo
Fair Venus mourn'd, and with the precious ſhower
Of her warm tears cheriſh'd the ſpringing flower.
The next ſupport, fair hope of your great name,
And ſecond pillar of that noble frame,
By loſs of thee would no advantage have,
But ſtep by ſtep purſue thee to the grave.
And now, relentleſs Fate about to end
The line, which backwards does ſo far extend
That antique ſtock, which ſtill the world ſupplies
With braveſt ſpirits, and with brighteſt eyes;
Kind Phœbus interpoſing, bid me ſay
Such ſtorms no more ſhall ſhake that houſe; but they

Like

Like Neptune, and his * ſea-born Niece, ſhall be
The ſhining glories of the land and ſea:
With courage guard, and beauty warm, our age;
And lovers fill with like poetic rage.

SONG.

STAY, Phœbus, ſtay!
The world to which you fly ſo faſt,
Conveying day
From us to them, can pay your haſte
With no ſuch object, nor ſalute your riſe
With no ſuch wonder, as De Morn'y's eyes.

Well does this prove
The error of thoſe antique books,
Which made you move
About the world: her charming looks
Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rolling earth ſnatch her away.

On my Lady DOROTHY SIDNEY'S Picture.

SUCH was Philoclea, and ſuch † Dorus' flame;
The ‡ matchleſs Sidney, that immortal frame
Of perfect beauty, on two pillars plac'd:
Not his high fancy could one pattern, grac'd
With ſuch extremes of excellence, compoſe;
Wonders ſo diſtant in one face diſcloſe!

* Venus. † Pamela. ‡ Sir Philip Sidney.

Suc

Such chearful modeſty, ſuch humble ſtate,
Moves certain love; but with as doubtful fate,
As when, beyond our greedy reach, we ſee
Inviting fruit on too ſublime a tree.
All the rich flowers through his Arcadia found,
Amaz'd we ſee in this one garland bound.
Had but this copy (which the artiſt took
From the fair picture of that noble book)
Stood at Kalander's, the brave friends * had jarr'd;
And, rivals made, th' enſuing ſtory marr'd.
Juſt nature, firſt inſtructed by his thought,
In his own houſe thus practis'd what he taught:
This glorious piece tranſcends what he could think;
So much his blood is nobler than his ink!

TO VAN DYCK.

RARE Artiſan, whoſe pencil moves
Not our delights alone, but loves!
From thy ſhop of beauty we
Slaves return, that enter'd free.
The heedleſs lover does not know
Whoſe eyes they are that wound him ſo:
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart.
Another, who did long refrain,
Feels his old wound bleed freſh again,
With dear remembrance of that face,
Where now he reads new hope of grace:

* Pyrocles and Muſidorus.

Nor

Nor ſcorn nor cruelty does find:
But gladly ſuffers a falſe wind
To blow the aſhes of deſpair
From the reviving brand of care.
Fool! that forgets her ſtubborn look
This ſoftneſs from thy finger took.
Strange! that thy hand ſhould not inſpire
The beauty only, but the fire:
Not the form alone, and grace,
But act, and power, of a face.
May'ſt thou yet thyſelf as well,
As all the world beſides, excel!
So you th' unfeigned truth rehearſe,
(That I may make it live in verſe)
Why thou couldſt not, at one aſſay,
That face to after-times convey,
Which this admires. Was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee ſit?
Confeſs, and we 'll forgive thee this:
For who would not repeat that bliſs?
And frequent ſight of ſuch a dame
Buy, with the hazard of his fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameleſs ſkill,
Though thy good hand had failed ſtill;
When nature's ſelf ſo often errs?
She for this many thouſand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the race of women fair;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before, to grace the earth:

Which waxed old, ere it could ſee
Her that amaz'd thy Art, and thee.
But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where thoſe immortal colors grow,
That could this deathleſs piece compoſe?
In lilies? or the fading roſe?
No; for this theft thou haſt climb'd higher,
Than did Prometheus for his fire.

AT PENS-HURST.

HAD Dorothea liv'd when mortals made
Choice of their Deities, this ſacred ſhade
Had held an altar to her power, that gave
The peace and glory which theſe alleys have:
Embroider'd ſo with flowers where ſhe ſtood,
That it became a garden of a wood.
Her preſence has ſuch more than human grace,
That it can civilize the rudeſt place:
And beauty too, and order can impart,
Where nature ne'er intended it, nor art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire,
No leſs than thoſe of old did Orpheus' lyre:
If ſhe ſit down, with tops all tow'rds her bow'd,
They round about her into arbors crowd:
Or if ſhe walk, in even ranks they ſtand,
Like ſome well-marſhal'd and obſequious band.
Amphion ſo made ſtones and timber leap
Into fair figures, from a confus'd heap:
And in the ſymmetry of her parts is found
A power, like that of harmony in ſound.

Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchleſs dame,
That if together ye fed all one flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part,
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart!——
Go, boy, and carve this paſſion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which ſtands the ſacred mark
Of noble Sidney's birth; when ſuch benign,
Such more than mortal-making ſtars did ſhine;
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love:
His humble love, whoſe hope ſhall ne'er riſe higher,
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

TO MY LORD OF LEICESTER.

NOT that thy trees at Pens-Hurſt groan,
Oppreſſed with their timely load;
And ſeem to make their ſilent moan,
That their great Lord is now abroad:
They to delight his taſte, or eye,
Would ſpend themſelves in fruit, and dye.

Not that thy harmleſs deer repine,
And think themſelves unjuſtly ſlain
By any other hand than thine,
Whoſe arrows they would gladly ſtain:
No, nor thy friends, which hold too dear
That peace with France, which keeps thee there.

All theſe are leſs than that great cauſe,
Which now exacts your preſence here;
Wherein there meet the divers laws
Of public and domeſtic care,

For one bright Nymph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright ſhield of * Thetis' ſon,
(For which ſuch ſtern debate did riſe,
That the great Ajax Telamon
Refus'd to live without the prize)
Thoſe Achive Peers did more engage,
Than ſhe the gallants of our age.

That beam of beauty, which begun
To warm us ſo, when thou wert here,
Now ſcorches like the raging ſun,
When Sirius does firſt appear.
O fix this flame; and let deſpair
Redeem the reſt from endleſs care!

Of the LADY who can ſleep when ſhe pleaſes.

NO wonder Sleep from careful lovers flies,
To bathe himſelf in Sachariſſa's eyes.
As fair Aſtræa once from earth to heaven,
By ſtrife and loud impiety was driven:
So with our plaints offended, and our tears,
Wiſe Somnus to that paradiſe repairs;
Waits on her will, and wretches does forſake,
To court the Nymph, for whom thoſe wretches wake.
More proud than Phœbus of his throne of gold
Is the ſoft God, thoſe ſofter limbs to hold:

* Achilles.

Nor would exchange with Jove, to hide the ſkies
In darkning clouds, the power to cloſe her eyes:
Eyes, which ſo far all other lights control,
They warm our mortal parts, but theſe our ſoul!
Let her free ſpirit, whoſe unconquered breaſt
Holds ſuch deep quiet, and untroubled reſt,
Know, that though Venus and her ſon ſhould ſpare
Her rebel heart, and never teach her care;
Yet Hymen may in force his vigils keep;
And, for another's joy, ſuſpend her ſleep.

Of the Miſ-report of her being painted.

AS when a ſort of wolves infeſt the night,
With their wild howlings at fair Cynthia's light;
The noiſe may chaſe ſweet ſlumber from her eyes,
But never reach the miſtreſs of the ſkies:
So, with the news of Sachariſſa's wrongs,
Her vexed ſervants blame thoſe envious tongues:
Call Love to witneſs, that no painted fire
Can ſcorch men ſo, or kindle ſuch deſire:
While, unconcerned, ſhe ſeems mov'd no more
With this new malice, than our loves before;
But, from the height of her great mind, looks down
On both our paſſions, without ſmile or frown.
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright dame, whom Heaven affecteth ſo!
Paints her, 'tis true: with the ſame hand which ſpreads
Like glorious colors through the flowery meads;
When laviſh nature with her beſt attire
Clothes the gay ſpring, the ſeaſon of deſire.

Paints

Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn,
With the ſame art wherewith ſhe paints the morn:
With the ſame art, wherewith ſhe gildeth ſo
Thoſe painted clouds which form Thaumantias' bow.

Of her paſſing through a Crowd of People.

AS in old Chaos (heaven with earth confus'd,
And ſtars with rocks together cruſh'd and bruis'd)
The Sun his light no further could extend
Than the next hill, which on his ſhoulders lean'd:
So in this throng bright Sachariſſa far'd,
Oppreſs'd by thoſe who ſtrove to be her guard:
As ſhips, though never ſo obſequious, fall
Foul in a tempeſt on their Admiral.
A greater favor this diſorder brought
Unto her ſervants, than their awful thought
Durſt entertain, when thus compell'd they preſt
The yielding marble of her ſnowy breaſt.
While Love inſults, diſguiſed in the cloud,
And welcome force, of that unruly crowd.
So th' amorous tree, while yet the air is calm,
Juſt diſtance keeps from his deſired Palm:
But when the wind her raviſh'd branches throws
Into his arms, and mingles all their boughs;
Though loth he ſeems her tender leaves to preſs,
More loth he is that friendly ſtorm ſhould ceaſe;
From whoſe rude bounty he the double uſe
At once receives, of pleaſure and excuſe.

The Story of PHOEBUS and DAPHNE applied.

THYRSIS, a youth of the inſpired train,
Fair Sachariſſa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus ſung the no leſs amorous boy;
Like Daphne ſhe, as lovely, and as coy!
With Numbers he the flying Nymph purſues;
With Numbers ſuch as Phœbus' ſelf might uſe!
Such is the chace, when love and fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and through flowery meads;
Invok'd to teſtify the lover's care,
Or form ſome image of his cruel Fair.
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er theſe he fled; and now approaching near,
Had reach'd the Nymph with his harmonious Lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to ſtay.
Yet, what he ſung in his immortal ſtrain,
Though unſucceſsful, was not ſung in vain:
All, but the Nymph that ſhould redreſs his wrong,
Attend his paſſion, and approve his ſong.
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unſought praiſe,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

FABULA PHOEBI ET DAPHNES.

ARCADIÆ juvenis Thyrſis, Phœbique ſacerdos,
Ingenti fruſtra Sachariſſæ ardebat amore.
Haud Deus ipſe olim Daphni majora canebat;
Nec fuit aſperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illâ:
Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per ſaxa, volans per florida vates
Paſcua:

Paſcua: formoſam nunc his componere Nympham,
Nunc illis crudelem infanâ mente ſolebat.
Audîît illa procul miſerum, cytharamque ſonantem;
Audîît, at nullis reſpexit mota querelis!
Ne tamen omnino caneret deſertus, ad alta
Sidera perculſi referunt nova carmina montes.
Sic, non quæſitis cumulatus laudibus, olim
Elapsâ reperit Daphne ſua laurea Phœbus.

S O N G.

SAY, lovely Dream! where couldſt thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colors of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal place.

In heaven itſelf thou ſure wert dreſt
With that angel-like diſguiſe:
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my joy with cloſed eyes.

But ah! this image is too kind
To be other than a dream:
Cruel Sachariſſa's mind
Never put on that ſweet extreme!

Fair Dream! if thou intend'ſt me grace,
Change that heavenly face of thine;
Paint deſpis'd love in thy face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
With a pity-moving ſhape;
Such as wander by the brook
Of Lethe, or from graves eſcape.

Then to that matchleſs Nymph appear,
In whoſe ſhape thou ſhineſt ſo;
Softly in her ſleeping ear,
With humble words expreſs my woe.

Perhaps from greatneſs, ſtate, and pride,
Thus ſurpriſed ſhe may fall:
Sleep does diſproportion hide,
And, death reſembling, equals all.

TO MRS. BRAUGHTON,
Servant to SACHARISSA.

FAIR fellow-ſervant! may your gentle ear
Prove more propitious to my ſlighted care,
Than the bright dame's we ſerve: for her relief
(Vex'd with the long expreſſions of my grief)
Receive theſe plaints: nor will her high diſdain
Forbid my humble Muſe to court her train.
So, in thoſe nations which the ſun adore,
Some modeſt Perſian, or ſome weak-eyed Moor,
No higher dares advance his dazzled ſight,
Than to ſome gilded cloud, which near the light
Of their aſcending God adorns the eaſt,
And, graced with his beams, out-ſhines the reſt.

Thy

Thy ſkilful hand contributes to our woe,
And whets thoſe arrows which confound us ſo
A thouſand Cupids in thoſe curls do ſit,
(Thoſe curious nets!) thy ſlender fingers knit:
The Graces put not more exactly on
Th' attire of Venus, when the Ball ſhe won:
Than Sachariſſa by thy care is dreſt,
When all our youth prefers her to the reſt.

You the ſoft ſeaſon know, when beſt her mind
May be to pity or to love inclin'd:
In ſome well-choſen hour ſupply his fear,
Whoſe hopeleſs love durſt never tempt the ear
Of that ſtern Goddeſs: you, her prieſt, declare
What offerings may propitiate the Fair:
Rich orient pearl, bright ſtones that ne'er decay,
Or poliſh'd lines which longer laſt than they.
For if I thought ſhe took delight in thoſe,
To where the chearful morn does firſt diſcloſe
(The ſhady night removing with her beams)
Wing'd with bold love, I'd fly to fetch ſuch gems.
But ſince her eyes, her teeth, her lip excels
All that is found in mines, or fiſhes' ſhells;
Her nobler part as far exceeding theſe,
None but immortal gifts her mind ſhould pleaſe.
The ſhining jewels Greece and Troy beſtow'd
On * Sparta's Queen, her lovely neck did load,
And ſnowy wriſts: but when the town was burn'd,
Thoſe fading glories were to aſhes turn'd.

* Helen.

Her

Her beauty too had periſh'd, and her fame,
Had not the Muſe redeem'd them from the flame.

AT PENS-HURST.

WHILE in the park I ſing, the liſtening deer
Attend my paſſion, and forget to fear:
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the ſame:
To Gods appealing, when I reach their Bowers
With loud complaints, they anſwer me in ſhowers.
To Thee a wild and cruel ſoul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven!
Love's foe profeſs'd! why doſt thou falſly feign
Thyſelf a Sidney? from which noble ſtrain
* He ſprung, that could ſo far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;
That all we can of love or high deſire,
Seems but the ſmoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
Nor call her mother, who ſo well does prove
One breaſt may hold both chaſtity and love.
Never can ſhe, that ſo exceeds the ſpring
In joy and bounty, be ſuppos'd to bring
One ſo deſtructive: to no human ſtock
We owe this fierce unkindneſs; but the rock
That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whoſe ſide
Nature, to recompence the fatal pride
Of ſuch ſtern beauty, plac'd thoſe † healing ſprings;
Which not more help, than that deſtruction brings.

* Sir Philip Sidney. † Tunbridge-Wells.

Thy

Thy heart no ruder than the rugged ſtone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan
Melt to compaſſion: now, my traiterous ſong
With thee conſpires, to do the ſinger wrong:
While thus I ſuffer not myſelf to loſe
The memory of what augments my woes:
But with my own breath ſtill foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aſpire!
This laſt complaint th' indulgent ears did pierce
Of juſt Apollo, preſident of verſe;
Highly concerned that the Muſe ſhould bring
Damage to one, whom he had taught to ſing;
Thus he adviſ'd me: "On yon aged tree
"Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the ſea;
"That there with wonders thy diverted mind
"Some truce at leaſt may with this paſſion find."
Ah cruel Nymph! from whom her humble ſwain
Flies for relief unto the raging Main;
And from the winds and tempeſts does expect
A milder fate, than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he 'll pray, that the unkind may prove
Bleſt in her choice; and vows this endleſs love
Springs from no hope of what ſhe can confer,
But from thoſe gifts which Heaven has heap'd on her.

To my young Lady LUCY SIDNEY.

WHY came I ſo untimely forth
Into a world, which, wanting thee,
Could entertain us with no worth,
Or ſhadow of felicity?

That time ſhould me ſo far remove
From that which I was born to love!

Yet, faireſt bloſſom! do not ſlight
That age which you may know ſo ſoon:
The roſy morn reſigns her light,
And milder glory, to the noon:
And then what wonders ſhall you do,
Whoſe dawning beauty warms us ſo?

Hope waits upon the flowery prime;
And ſummer, though it be leſs gay,
Yet is not look'd on as a time
Of declination, or decay:
For, with a full hand, that does bring
All that was promis'd by the ſpring.

TO AMORET.

FAIR! that you may truly know
What you unto Thyrſis owe;
I will tell you how I do
Sachariſſa love, and You.

Joy ſalutes me, when I ſet
My bleſt eyes on Amoret:
But with wonder I am ſtrook,
While I on the other look:

If ſweet Amoret complains,
I have ſenſe of all her pains:
But for Sachariſſa I
Do not only grieve, but die.
All that of myſelf is mine,
Lovely Amoret! is thine,
Sachariſſa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain;
And, thoſe ſcorching beams to ſhun,
To thy gentle ſhadow run.
If the ſoul had free election
To diſpoſe of her affection;
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sachariſſa's ſcorn:
But 'tis ſure ſome Power above,
Which controls our wills in love!
If not a love, a ſtrong deſire
To create and ſpread that fire
In my breaſt, ſollicits me,
Beauteous Amoret! for thee.
'Tis amazement more than love,
Which her radiant eyes do move:
If leſs ſplendor wait on thine,
Yet they ſo benignly ſhine,
I would turn my dazzled ſight
To behold their milder light.
But as hard 'tis to deſtroy
That high flame, as to enjoy:
Which how eas'ly I may do,
Heaven (as eas'ly ſcal'd) *does know!*

Amoret!

Amoret! as ſweet and good
As the moſt delicious food,
Which, but taſted, does impart
Life and gladneſs to the heart.
Sacharisſa's beauty 's wine,
Which to madneſs doth incline:
Such a liquor, as no brain
That is mortal can ſuſtain.
Scarce can I to heaven excuſe
The devotion, which I uſe
Unto that adored dame:
For 'tis not unlike the ſame,
Which I thither ought to ſend.
So that if it could take end,
'Twould to heaven itſelf be due,
To ſucceed her, and not you:
Who already have of me
All that 's not idolatry:
Which, though not ſo fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the ſame.
Then ſmile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is ſhorter-liv'd than love.

On the friendſhip betwixt SACHARISSA and AMORET.

TELLL me, lovely loving Pair!
Why ſo kind, and ſo fevere?
Why ſo careleſs of our care,
Only to yourſelves ſo dear?

By

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the power of Love controul;
While the boy's deluded darts
Can arrive at neither ſoul.

For in vain to either breaſt
Still beguiled Love does come:
Where he finds a foreign gueſt;
Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like deſign,
When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
To ſome friend make all away.

Not the ſilver doves that fly,
Yok'd in Cytherea's car;
Not the wings that lift ſo high;
And convey her ſon ſo far;

Are ſo lovely, ſweet, and fair,
Or do more ennoble love;
Are ſo choicely match'd a pair,
Or with more conſent do move.

TO AMORET.

AMORET, the Milky Way,
Fram'd of many nameleſs ſtars!
The ſmooth ſtream, where none can ſay,
He this drop to that prefers!

Amoret,

Amoret, my lovely foe!
Tell me where thy ſtrength does lie?
Where the power that charms us ſo?
In thy ſoul, or in thy eye?

By that ſnowy neck alone:
Or thy grace in motion ſeen;
No ſuch wonders could be done;
Yet thy waiſt is ſtraight, and clean,
As Cupid's ſhaft; or Hermes' rod:
And powerful too, as either God.

A LA MALADE.

AH lovely Amoret, the care
Of all that know what 's good, or fair!
Is Heaven become our rival too?
Had the rich gifts, confer'd on you
So amply thence, the common end
Of giving lovers,—to pretend?
Hence, to this pining ſickneſs (meant
To weary thee to a conſent
Of leaving us) no power is given,
Thy beauties to impair: for Heaven
Sollicits thee with ſuch a care,
As roſes from the ſtalks we tear:
When we would ſtill preſerve them new,
And freſh, as on the buſh they grew.
With ſuch a grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch contempt on pain,

That

That languiſhing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So lightnings which in ſtorms appear
Scorch more than when the ſkies are clear.
And as pale ſickneſs does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made
In that fair lodging, ſtill more clear
Make the bright gueſt, your ſoul, appear.
So nymphs o'er pathleſs mountains borne,
Their light robes by the brambles torn
From their fair limbs, expoſing new
And unknown beauties to the view
Of following Gods, increaſe their flame,
And haſte, to catch the flying game.

Upon the Death of my Lady RICH.

MAY thoſe already curs'd Eſſexian plains,
Where haſty death and pining ſickneſs reigns,
Prove all a deſart! and none there make ſtay,
But ſavage beaſts, or men as wild as they!
There the fair light, which all our iſland grac'd,
Like Hero's taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did find,
As that expoſed to the boiſterous wind.
Ah, cruel heaven! to ſnatch ſo ſoon away
Her, for whoſe life had we had time to pray,
With thouſand vows, and tears, we ſhould have ſought
That ſad decree's ſuſpenſion to have wrought.
But we, alas, no whiſper of her pain
Heard, till 'twas ſin to wiſh her here again.

That horrid word, at once, like lightning ſpread,
Strook all our ears—the Lady Rich is dead!
Heart-rending news! and dreadful to thoſe few
Who her reſemble, and her ſteps purſue:
That Death ſhould licence have to rage among
The fair, the wiſe, the virtuous, and the young!
The * Paphian Queen from that fierce battle borne,
With goared hand, and veil ſo rudely torn,
Like terror did among th' Immortals breed;
Taught by her wound that Goddeſſes may bleed.
All ſtand amazed! but beyond the reſt
Th' † heroic dame whoſe happy womb ſhe bleſt,
Mov'd with juſt grief, expoſtulates with Heaven;
Urging the promiſe to th' obſequious given,
Of longer life: for ne'er was pious ſoul
More apt t' obey, more worthy to control.
A ſkilful eye at once might read the race
Of Caledonian Monarchs in her face.
And ſweet humility: her look and mind
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the ſcorn of vice, and pity too,
For thoſe that did what ſhe diſdain'd to do:
So gentle and ſevere, that what was bad,
At once her hatred, and her pardon had.
Gracious to all; but where her love was due,
So faſt, ſo faithful, loyal, and ſo true,
That a bold hand as ſoon might hope to force
The rolling lights of heaven, as change her courſe.
Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
Inſtruct us to record what ſhe was here!

* *Venus.* † Chriſtian Counteſs of Devonſhire.

And

And when this cloud of ſorrow 's over-blown,
Through the wide world we 'll make her graces known.
So freſh the wound is, and the grief ſo vaſt,
That all our art, and power of ſpeech, is waſte.
Here paſſion ſways, but there the Muſe ſhall raiſe
Eternal monuments of louder praiſe.

There our delight, complying with her fame,
Shall have occaſion to recite thy name,
Fair Sachariſſa!—and now only fair!
To ſacred friendſhip we 'll an altar rear;
(Such as the Romans did erect of old:)
Where, on a marble pillar, ſhall be told
The lovely paſſion each to other bare,
With the reſemblance of that matchleſs Pair.
Narciſſus to the thing for which he pin'd
Was not more like, than your's to her fair mind;
Save that ſhe grac'd the ſeveral parts of life,
A ſpotleſs virgin, and a faultleſs wife;
Such was the ſweet converſe 'twixt her and you,
As that ſhe holds with her aſſociates now.

How falſe is Hope, and how regardleſs Fate,
That ſuch a love ſhould have ſo ſhort a date!
Lately I ſaw her ſighing part from thee:
(Alas that ſuch the laſt farewel ſhould be!)
So look'd Aſtræa, her remove deſign'd,
On thoſe diſtreſſed friends ſhe left behind.
Conſent in virtue knit your hearts ſo faſt,
That ſtill the knot, in ſpite of death, does laſt:
For, as your tears, and ſorrow-wounded ſoul,
Prove well that on your part *this* bond is whole:

So, all we know of what they do above,
Is, that they happy are, and that they love.
Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave,
Content themſelves our frailer thoughts to have:
Well-choſen love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the ſky.
Then grieve no more, that one ſo heavenly ſhap'd
The crooked hand of trembling age eſcap'd.
Rather, ſince we beheld her not decay,
But that ſhe vaniſh'd ſo entire away,
Her wondrous beauty, and her goodneſs, merit
We ſhould ſuppoſe, that ſome propitious ſpirit
In that cœleſtial form frequented here;
And is not dead, but ceaſes to appear.

THE BATTLE OF THE SUMMER-ISLANDS.

CANTO I.

What fruits they have, and how heaven ſmiles
Upon thoſe late-diſcover'd iles.

AID me, Bellona! while the dreadful fight
Betwixt a nation, and two whales, I write:
Seas ſtain'd with gore I ſing, adventurous toil!
And how theſe monſters did diſarm an iſle.
Bermuda wall'd with rocks who does not know?
That happy iſland! where huge lemons grow;
And orange trees, which golden fruit do bear,
Of the Perſian golden boaſts of none ſo fair:
Where ſhining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
On the rich ſhore, of amber-grin, is found.

The

The lofty cedar, which to heaven aſpires,
The Prince of trees! is fuel for their fires:
The ſmoke, by which their loaded ſpits do turn,
For incenſe might on ſacred altars burn:
Their private roofs on odorous timber borne,
Such as might palaces for Kings adorn.
The ſweet palmitoes a new Bacchus yield,
With leaves as ample as the broadeſt ſhield:
Under the ſhadow of whoſe friendly boughs
They ſit, carouſing where their liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted through the fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato did the Romans ſhow;
With the rare fruit inviting them to ſpoil
Carthage, the miſtreſs of ſo rich a ſoil.
The naked rocks are not unfruitful there,
But, at ſome conſtant ſeaſons every year,
Their barren tops with luſcious food abound;
And with the eggs of various fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worſt of things, which they
To Engliſh landlords, as their tribute, pay.
Such is the mould, that the bleſt tenant feeds
On precious fruits, and pays his rent in weeds.
With candy'd plantains, and the juicy pine,
On choiceſt melons, and ſweet grapes, they dine:
And with potatoes fat their wanton ſwine.
Nature theſe cates with ſuch a laviſh hand
Pours out among them, that our coarſer land
Taſtes of that bounty; and does cloth return,
Which not for warmth, but ornament, is worn:

For the kind ſpring, which but ſalutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year:
Ripe fruits and bloſſoms on the ſame trees live;
At once they promiſe, what at once they give.
So ſweet the air, ſo moderate the clime;
None ſickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heaven ſure has kept this ſpot of earth uncurſt,
To ſhew how all things were created firſt.
The tardy plants in our cold orchards plac'd,
Reſerve their fruit for the next age's taſte:
There, a ſmall grain, in ſome few months, will be
A firm, a lofty, and a ſpacious tree.
The Palma-Chriſti, and the fair papà,
Now but a ſeed (preventing nature's law)
In half the circle of the haſty year
Project a ſhade, and lovely fruits do wear.
And as their trees, in our dull region ſet,
But faintly grow, and no perfection get;
So, in this northern tract, our hoarſer throats
Utter unripe and ill-conſtrained notes:
While the ſupporter of the Poet's ſtyle,
Phœbus, on them eternally does ſmile.
Oh! how I long my careleſs limbs to lay
Under the plantain's ſhade; and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain;
Invoke the Muſes, and improve my vein!
No paſſion there in my free breaſt ſhould move,
None but the ſweet, and beſt of paſſions, love.
There will I ſing, if gentle Love be by,
That tunes my lute, and winds the ſtring ſo high

As careleſs dames, whom wine and ſleep betray
To frantic dreams, their infants overlay:
So there ſometimes the raging ocean fails,
And her own brood expoſes; when the whales
Againſt ſharp rocks, like reeling veſſels, quaſh'd,
Though huge as mountains, are in pieces daſh'd:
Along the ſhore their dreadful limbs lie ſcatter'd;
Like hills with earthquakes, ſhaken, torn, and ſhatter'd.
Hearts ſure of braſs they had, who tempted firſt
Rude ſeas, that ſpare not what themſelves have nurſt.
The welcome news, through all the nation ſpread,
To ſudden joy, and hope, converts their dread:
What lately was their public terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey:
Diſpoſe already of th' untaken ſpoil;
And, as the purchaſe of their future toil,
Theſe ſhare the bones, and they divide the oil.
So was the huntſman by the bear oppreſt,
Whoſe hide he ſold—before he caught the beaſt!

They man their boats, and all the young men arm
With whatſoever may the monſters harm;
Pikes, halberts, ſpits, and darts that wound ſo far;
The tools of peace, and inſtruments of war.
Now was the time for vigorous lads to ſhow
What love, or honour, could invite them to:
A goodly theatre! where rocks are round
With reverend age, and lovely laſſes, crown'd.
Such was the lake which held this dreadful pair,
Within the bounds of noble Warwick's ſhare:

Warwick's

Warwick's bold Earl† than which no title bears
A greater ſound among our Britiſh Peers.
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The fate and honour, to that title due;
Whoſe brave adventures have transfer'd his name,
And through the new world ſpread his growing fame.—
But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

CANTO III.

The bloody fight, ſucceſsleſs toil,
And how the fiſhes ſack'd the iſle.

THE boat, which on the firſt aſſault did go,
Strook with a harping-ir'n the younger foe:
Who, when he felt his ſide ſo rudely goar'd,
Loud, as the ſea that nouriſh'd him, he roar'd.
As a broad bream to pleaſe ſome curious taſte,
While yet alive, in boiling water caſt,
Vex'd with unwonted heat, he flings about
The ſcorching braſs, and hurls the liquor out:
So, with the barbed javelin ſtung, he raves;
And ſcourges with his tail the ſuffering waves.
Like Spenſer's Talus with his iron flail,
He threatens ruin with his ponderous tail;
Diſſolving at one ſtroke the batter'd boat,
And down the men fall drenched in the moat:
With every fierce encounter they are forc'd
To quit their boats, and fare like men unhors'd.

The

The bigger whale like ſome huge carrack lay,
Which wanteth ſea-room with her foes to play:
Slowly ſhe ſwims, and when provok'd ſhe would
Advance her tail, her head ſalutes the mud:
The ſhallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tail's impetuous ſwinge:
The ſhining ſteel her tender ſides receive,
And there, like bees, they all their weapons leave.
This ſees the cub, and does himſelf oppoſe
Betwixt his cumber'd mother and her foes:
With deſperate courage he receives her wounds,
And men and boats his active tail confounds.
Their forces join'd the ſeas with billows fill,
And make a tempeſt, though the winds be ſtill.
Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content; and wiſh this cub away:
Their wiſh they have; he (to direct his dam
Unto the gap through which they thither came)
Before her ſwims, and quits the hoſtile lake;
A priſoner there, but for his mother's ſake.
She, by the rocks compell'd to ſtay behind,
Is by the vaſtneſs of her bulk confin'd.
They ſhout for joy! and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their darts are thrown.
Their lances ſpent, one, bolder than the reſt,
With his broad ſword provok'd the ſluggiſh beaſt:
Her oily ſide devours both blade and heft:
And there his ſteel the bold Bermudan left.
Courage the reſt from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the lake:

Bloc

Blood flows in rivers from her wounded ſide,
As if they would prevent the tardy tide,
And raiſe the flood to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal ſtreight:
She ſwims in blood, and blood does ſpouting throw
To heaven, that heaven men's cruelties might know.
Their fixed javelins in her ſide ſhe wears,
And on her back a grove of pikes appears:
You would have thought, had you the monſter ſeen
Thus dreſt, ſhe had another iſland been.
Roaring ſhe tears the air with ſuch a noiſe,
As well reſembled the conſpiring voice
Of routed armies, when the field is won;
To reach the ears of her eſcaped ſon.
He, though a league removed from the foe,
Haſtes to her aid: the pious * Trojan ſo,
Neglecting for Creüſa's life his own,
Repeats the danger of the burning town.
The men amazed bluſh to ſee the ſtock
Of monſters, human piety exceed.
Well proves this kindneſs what the Grecian ſung,
That Love's bright mother from the ocean ſprung.
Their courage droops, and hopeleſs now they wiſh
For compoſition with th' unconquer'd fiſh:
So ſhe their weapons would reſtore, again
Through rocks they'd hew her paſſage to the Main.
But how inſtructed in each other's mind?
Or what commerce can men with monſters find?

* Æneas.

Not

Not daring to approach their wounded foe,
Whom her courageous ſon protected ſo;
They charge their muſquets, and with hot deſire
Of fell revenge, renew the fight with fire:
Standing aloof, with lead they bruiſe the ſcales,
And tear the fleſh, of the incenſed whales.
But no ſucceſs their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their Fort they are about to ſend,
For the loud engines which their iſle defend:
But what thoſe Pieces, fram'd to batter walls,
Would have effected on thoſe mighty whales.
Great Neptune will not have us know; who ſends
A tide ſo high, that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much blood the monſters loſt, and they their arms.

S O N G.

PEACE, babbling Muſe!
I dare not ſing what you indite;
Her eyes refuſe
To read the paſſion which they write:
She ſtrikes my lute, but, if it ſound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
And I no leſs her anger dread,
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While ſome fierce lion does embrace
His breathleſs corpſe, and lick his face:
Wrap'd up in ſilent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

OF

OF LOVE.

ANGER, in haſty words, or blows,
Itſelf diſcharges on our foes:
And ſorrow too finds ſome relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So every paſſion, but fond Love,
Unto its own redreſs does move:
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own deſigns;
Makes him lament, and ſigh, and weep,
Diſorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Poſtures which render him deſpis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women (born to be control'd)
Stoop to the forward and the bold:
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who firſt the generous ſteed oppreſt,
Not kneeling did ſalute the beaſt;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horſe.
Unwiſely we the wiſer Eaſt
Pity, ſuppoſing them oppreſt
With tyrants' force, whoſe law is will,
By which they govern, ſpoil, and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no leſs rigor here.
Should ſome brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty laſſes, bright and young;

And

And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his preſent flame;
Behold as many Gallants here,
With modeſt guiſe, and ſilent fear,
All to one female idol bend:
While her high pride does ſcarce deſcend
To mark their follies; he would ſwear
That theſe her guard of eunuchs were:
And that a more majeſtic Queen,
Or humbler ſlaves, he had not ſeen.
All this with indignation ſpoke,
In vain I ſtruggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning ſtrook
My blaſted ſoul; and made me bow,
Lower than thoſe I pity'd now.
So the tall ſtag, upon the brink
Of ſome ſmooth ſtream, about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With ſhame remembers that he fled
The ſcorned dogs; reſolves to try
The combat next: but, if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He ſtrait reſumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untaſte ſpring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, out-flies the wind.

TO

TO PHYLLIS.

PHYLLIS! why ſhould we delay
Pleaſures ſhorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can!)
Stretch our lives beyond their ſpan;
Beauty like a ſhadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or, would youth and beauty ſtay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath ſwifter wings than Time:
Change in love to heaven does climb;
Gods, that never change their ſtate,
Vary oft their love and hate.
Phyllis! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two:
Let not you and I enquire,
What has been our paſt deſire:
On what ſhepherd you have ſmil'd,
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd:
Leave it to the planets too,
What we ſhall hereafter do:
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of preſent love.

TO MY LORD OF FALKLAND.

BRAVE Holland leads, and with him Falkland goes.
Who hears this told, and does not ſtrait ſuppoſe
We ſend the Graces and the Muſes forth,
To civilize and to inſtruct the North?
Not that theſe ornaments make ſwords leſs ſharp;
Apollo bears as well his bow as harp:
And though he be the patron of that ſpring,
Where in calm peace the ſacred virgins ſing;
He courage had to guard th' invaded throne
Of Jove, and caſt the ambitious giant down.
Ah, noble friend! with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great ſoul thou art (longing to twiſt
Bays with that ivy, which ſo early kiſs'd
Thy youthful temples) with what horror we
Think on the blind events of war and thee!
To fate expoſing that all-knowing breaſt
Among the throng, as cheaply as the reſt:
Where oaks and brambles (if the copſe be burn'd)
Confounded lie, to the ſame aſhes turn'd.
Some happy wind over the ocean blow
This tempeſt yet, which frights our iſland ſo!
Guarded with ſhips, and all the ſea our own,
From Heaven this miſchief on our heads is thrown.
In a late dream, the Genius of this land,
Amaz'd, I ſaw, like the * fair Hebrew ſtand;

* Rebekah.

When

When firſt ſhe felt the twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the ſeat of civil war.
Inclin'd to whoſe relief, and with preſage
Of better fortune for the preſent age,
Heaven ſends, quoth I, this diſcord for our good;
To warm, perhaps, but not to waſte our blood:
To raiſe our drooping ſpirits, grown the ſcorn
Of our proud neighbours; who ere long ſhall mourn
(Though now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occaſion to reſume our arms.
A lion ſo with ſelf-provoking ſmart
(His rebel tail ſcourging his nobler part)
Calls up his courage; then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

FOR DRINKING OF HEALTHS.

LET brutes and vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought and nature urges, drink:
A more indulgent miſtreſs guides our ſp'rits,
Reaſon, that dares beyond our appetites:
She would our care, as well as thirſt, redreſs;
And with Divinity rewards exceſs.
Deſerted Ariadne, thus ſupply'd,
Did perjur'd Theſeus' cruelty deride:
Bacchus embrac'd, from her exalted thought
Baniſh'd the man, her paſſion, and his fault.
Bacchus and Phœbus are by Jove ally'd,
And each by other's timely heat ſupply'd:
All that the grapes owe to his ripening fires,
Is paid in Numbers which their juice inſpires.

Wine fills the veins, and healths are underſtood
To give our friends a title to our blood:
Who, naming me, doth warm his courage ſo,
Shews for my ſake what his bold hand would do.

SONG.

I.

CHLORIS farewel! I now muſt go:
For if with thee I longer ſtay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me ſo,
I ſhall prove blind, and loſe my way.

II.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
Among the reſt, me hither brought:
Finding this fame fall ſhort of truth,
Made me ſtay longer than I thought.

III.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath,
A ſervant to another's will:
Yet, for thy love, I'd forfeit both,
Could I be ſure to keep it ſtill.

IV.

But what aſſurance can I take?
When thou, foreknowing this abuſe,
For ſome more worthy lover's ſake,
May'ſt leave me with ſo juſt excuſe.

V. For

V.

For thou may'ſt ſay, 'twas not thy fault
That thou didſt thus inconſtant prove;
Being by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

VI.

No, Chloris, no: I will return,
And raiſe thy ſtory to that height,
That ſtrangers ſhall at diſtance burn;
And ſhe diſtruſt me reprobate.

VII.

Then ſhall my love this doubt diſplace,
And gain ſuch truſt, that I may come
And banquet ſometimes on thy face,
But make my conſtant meals at home.

Of my Lady ISABELLA playing on the lute.

SUCH moving ſounds, from ſuch a careleſs touch!
So unconcern'd herſelf, and we ſo much!
What art is this, that with ſo little pains
Tranſports us thus, and o'er our ſpirits reigns?
The trembling ſtrings about her fingers crowd,
And tell their joy for every kiſs aloud:
Small force there needs to make them tremble ſo;
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes ſtand, and, while ſhe charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the liſtening deer:
Muſic ſo ſoftens and diſarms the mind,
That not an arrow does reſiſtance find.

Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts herſelf the triumph of her eyes:
So Nero once, with harp in hand, ſurvey'd
His flaming Rome, and as it burn'd he play'd.

To a LADY ſinging a Song of his compoſing.

CHLORIS, yourſelf you ſo excel,
When you vouchſafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a ſpirit, with this ſpell
Of my own teaching, I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the ſhaft that made him die,
Eſpy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to ſoar ſo high.

Had Echo with ſo ſweet a grace
Narciſſus' loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burn'd.

OF MRS. ARDEN.

BEHOLD, and liſten, while the Fair
Breaks in ſweet ſounds the willing air:
And, with her own breath, fans the fire
Which her bright eyes do firſt inſpire.
What reaſon can that love control,
Which more than one way courts the ſoul?
So, when a flaſh of lightning falls
On our abodes, the danger calls

For

For human aid; which hopes the flame
To conquer, though from heaven it came:
But, if the winds with that conſpire,
Men ſtrive not, but deplore the fire.

Of the MARRIAGE of the DWARFS.

DESIGN, or chance, make others wive;
But nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As ſhe deny'd her little bed
To him, for whom Heaven ſeem'd to frame,
And meaſure out, this only dame.
Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whoſe heads thoſe arrows fly
Of ſad diſtruſt, and jealouſy:
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.
To him the faireſt nymphs do ſhow
Like moving mountains topp'd with ſnow;
And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea ſeem:
None may preſume her faith to prove;
He proffers death that proffers love.
Ah, Chloris! that kind nature thus
From all the world had ſever'd us;
Creating for ourſelves us two,
As love has me for only you!

LOVE'S FAREWELL.

TREADING the path to nobler ends,
A long farewell to love I gave:
Reſolv'd my country, and my friends,
All that remain'd of me ſhould have.

And this reſolve no mortal dame,
None but thoſe eyes, could have o'erthrown:
The nymph I dare not, need not, name,
So high, ſo like herſelf alone.

Thus the tall oak, which now aſpires
Above the fear of private fires;
Grown and deſign'd for nobler uſe,
Not to make warm, but build the houſe;
Though from our meaner flames ſecure,
Muſt that which falls from heaven endure.

FROM A CHILD.

MADAM, as in ſome climes the warmer ſun
Makes it full ſummer ere the ſpring 's begun;
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before our violets dare look abroad:
So, meaſure not by any common uſe,
The early love your brighter eyes produce.
When lately your fair hand in woman's weed
Wrap'd my glad head, I wiſh'd me ſo indeed,
That haſty time might never make me grow
Out of thoſe favours you afford me now:
That I might ever ſuch indulgence find;
And you not bluſh, or think yourſelf too kind.

Who

Who now, I fear, while I theſe joys expreſs,
Begin to think how you may make them leſs:
The ſound of love makes your ſoft heart afraid,
And guard itſelf, though but a child invade,
And innocently at your white breaſt throw
A dart as white, a ball of new-fall'n ſnow.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her ſlender waiſt confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremeſt ſphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer:
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compaſs! and yet there
Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the reſt the ſun goes round.

TO THE MUTABLE FAIR,

HERE, Cælia! for thy ſake I part
With all that grew ſo near my heart:
The paſſion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the conſtancy!
And, that I may ſucceſsful prove,
Transform myſelf to what you love.

Fool that I was! ſo much to prize
Thoſe ſimple virtues you deſpiſe:
Fool! that with ſuch dull arrows ſtrove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove.
For you, that are in motion ſtill,
Decline our force, and mock our ſkill:
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Againſt a wind-mill our vain lance.

Now will I wander through the air,
Mount, make a ſtoop at every Fair;
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawleſs as the ſea or wind)
Purſue you whereſoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal ſtars do travel ſo,
As we their names and courſes know;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books:
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art: the motion us'd
By thoſe free vapors are ſo light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd ſight
Deſpairs to find the rules that guide
Thoſe gilded ſhadows as they ſlide.
And therefore of the ſpacious air
Jove's royal conſort had the care:
And by that power did once eſcape,
Declining bold Ixion's rape;
She with her own reſemblance grac'd
A ſhining cloud, which he embrac'd.

Such was that image, ſo it ſmil'd
With ſeeming kindneſs, which beguil'd
Your Thyrſis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Cælia caught.
'Twas ſhap'd like her; but for the Fair,
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.
A fate for which he grieves the leſs,
Becauſe the Gods had like ſucceſs.
For in their ſtory, one, we ſee,
Purſues a nymph, and takes a tree:
A ſecond, with a lover's haſte,
Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd;
But ſhe that did a Virgin ſeem,
Poſſeſt, appears a wandering ſtream:
For his ſuppoſed Love, a third
Lays greedy hold upon a bird;
And ſtands amaz'd, to find his dear
A wild inhabitant of th' air.
To theſe old tales ſuch nymphs as you
Give credit, and ſtill make them new;
The amorous now like wonders find,
In the ſwift changes of your mind.
But, Cælia, if you apprehend
The Muſe of your incenſed friend:
Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live, repeat the ſame;
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he ſwears he 'll not complain.
For ſtill to be deluded ſo,
Is all the pleaſure lovers know;

Who,

Who, like good falconers, take delight,
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

TO FLAVIA.

SONG.

I.

'TIS not your beauty can engage
My wary heart:
The ſun, in all his pride and rage,
Has not that art;
And yet he ſhines as bright as you,
If brightneſs could our ſouls ſubdue.

II.

'Tis not the pretty things you ſay,
Nor thoſe you write,
Which can make Thyrſis' heart your prey:
For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind,
In ſome of our own ſex we find.

III.

No, Flavia! 'tis your love I fear;
Love's ſureſt darts,
Thoſe which ſo ſeldom fail him, are
Headed with hearts:
Their very ſhadows make us yield;
Diſſemble well, and win the field.

THE

THE FALL.

SEE! how the willing earth gave way,
To take th' impreſſion where ſhe lay!
See! how the mould, as loth to leave
So ſweet a burden, ſtill doth cleave
Cloſe to the nymph's ſtain'd garment! Here
The coming ſpring would firſt appear;
And all this place with roſes ſtrow,
If buſy feet would let them grow.
Here Venus ſmil'd, to ſee blind Chance
Itſelf, before her Son, advance;
And a fair image to preſent,
Of what the Boy ſo long had meant.
'Twas ſuch a chance as this made all
The world into this order fall;
Thus the firſt lovers, on the clay
Of which they were compoſed lay:
So in their prime, with equal grace,
Met the firſt patterns of our race.
Then bluſh not, Fair! or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and he 'll tremble ſtrait:
How could he then ſupport your weight?
How could the youth, alas! but bend
When his whole heaven upon him lean'd?
If aught by him amiſs were done,
'Twas that he let you riſe ſo ſoon.

OF

OF SYLVIA.

OUR ſighs are heard, juſt Heaven declares
The ſenſe it has of lovers' cares:
She that has ſo far the reſt outſhin'd,
Sylvia the fair, while ſhe was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandſome now.
So when the ſky makes us endure
A ſtorm, itſelf becomes obſcure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from Flavia's ſelf her name;
Leſt ſhe, provoking heaven, ſhould prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thouſand ſuch as I,
Their grief untold, ſhould pine and die;
Than her bright morning, overcaſt
With ſullen clouds, ſhould be defac'd.

THE BUD.

LATELY on yonder ſwelling buſh,
Big with many a coming roſe,
This early bud began to bluſh,
And did but half itſelf diſcloſe:
I pluck'd it, though no better grown;
And now you ſee how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the leaves inſpire,
With ſuch a purple light they ſhone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And ſpreading ſo, would flame anon:
All that was meant by air or ſun,
To the young flower, my breath has done.

If our looſe breath ſo much can do,
What may the ſame in forms of love,
Of pureſt love, and muſic too,
When Flavia it aſpires to move?
When that, which lifeleſs buds perſuades
To wax more ſoft, her youth invades?

SONG.

BEHOLD the brand of beauty toſt!
See how the motion does dilate the flame!
Delighted Love his ſpoils does boaſt,
And triumph in this game.
Fire, to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder, and our fear;
Moving the mind,
As lightning hurled through the air.

High heaven the glory does increaſe
Of all her ſhining lamps, this artful way:
The ſun in figures, ſuch as theſe,
Joys with the moon to play:

To

To the ſweet ſtrains they advance,
Which do reſult from their own ſpheres;
As this nymph's dance
Moves with the numbers which ſhe hears.

On the Diſcovery of a Lady's PAINTING.

PYGMALEON's fate revers'd is mine:
His marble love took fleſh and blood;
All that I worſhip'd as divine,
That beauty! now 'tis underſtood,
Appears to have no more of life,
Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women yet, who apprehend
Some ſudden cauſe of cauſeleſs fear,
Although that ſeeming cauſe take end,
And they behold no danger near,
A ſhaking through their limbs they find,
Like leaves ſaluted by the wind:

So, though the beauty do appear
No beauty, which amaz'd me ſo;
Yet from my breaſt I cannot tear
The paſſion, which from thence did grow;
Nor yet out of my fancy raſe
The print of that ſuppoſed face.

A real

A real beauty, though too near,
The fond Narciſſus did admire:
I doat on that which is no where;
The ſign of beauty feeds my fire.
No mortal flame was e'er ſo cruel
As this, which thus ſurvives the fuel!

TO A LADY,
From whom he received a Silver Pen.

MADAM! intending to have try'd
The ſilver favour which you gave,
In ink the ſhining point I dy'd,
And drench'd it in the ſable wave:
When, griev'd to be ſo foully ſtain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppoſe you had deſerv'd to take
From her fair hand ſo fair a boon;
Yet how deſerved I to make
So ill a change; who ever won
Immortal praiſe for what I wrote,
Inſtructed by her noble thought?

I, that expreſſed her commands
To mighty Lords and Princely dames,
Always moſt welcome to their hands;
Proud that I would record their names;
Muſt now be taught an humble ſtyle,
Some meaner beauty to beguile!

So I, the wronged pen to pleaſe,
Make it my humble thanks expreſs
Unto your Ladyſhip, in theſe:
And now 'tis forced to confeſs,
That your great ſelf did ne'er indite,
Nor that, to one more noble, write.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! ſince firſt our calm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increaſe,
And growing miſchiefs make you kind.

So the fair tree, which ſtill preſerves
Her fruit and ſtate, while no wind blows;
In ſtorms from that uprightneſs ſwerves,
And the glad earth about her ſtrows
With treaſure, from her yielding boughs.

SONG.

WHILE I liſten to thy voice,
Chloris! I feel my life decay:
That powerful noiſe
Calls my fleeting ſoul away.
Oh! ſuppreſs that magic ſound,
Which deſtroys without a wound!

Peace, Chloris, peace! or ſinging die;
That together you and I
To heaven may go:
For all we know
Of what the Bleſſed do above
Is, that they ſing, and that they love.

OF LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

NOT caring to obſerve the wind,
Or the new ſea explore,
Snatch'd from myſelf, how far behind
Already I behold the ſhore!

May not a thouſand dangers ſleep
In the ſmooth boſom of this Deep?
No: 'tis ſo rockleſs, and ſo clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with precious things; not torn
From ſhip-wreck'd veſſels, but there born.

Sweetneſs, truth, and every grace,
Which time, and uſe, are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read diſtinctly in her face.

Some other nymphs, with colours faint,
And pencil ſlow, may Cupid paint,
And a weak heart in time deſtroy;
She has a ſtamp, and prints the Boy:
Can, with a ſingle look, inflame
The coldeſt breaſt, the rudeſt tame.

THE SELF-BANISH'D.

IT is not that I love you leſs,
  Than when before your feet I lay:
But, to prevent the ſad increaſe
  Of hopeleſs love, I keep away.

In vain, alas! for every thing,
  Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring,
  And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the ſpring, from the new ſun
  Already has a fever got,
Too late begins thoſe ſhafts to ſhun,
  Which Phœbus through his veins has ſhot:

Too late he would the pain aſſwage,
  And to thick ſhadows does retire:
About with him he bears the rage,
  And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never muſt
  Your baniſh'd ſervant trouble you:
For if I break, you may miſtruſt
  The vow I made—to love you too.

SONG.

SONG.

GO, lovely roſe!
Tell her that waſtes her time, and me,
That now ſhe knows,
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet, and fair, ſhe ſeems to be.

Tell her that 's young,
And ſhuns to have her graces ſpy'd,
That hadſt thou ſprung
In deſerts, where no men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty, from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herſelf to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

Then die! that ſhe
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How ſmall a part of time they ſhare,
That are ſo wondrous ſweet and fair!

THYRSIS, GALATEA.

THYRSIS.

AS lately I on ſilver Thames did ride,
Sad Galatea on the bank I ſpy'd:
Such was her look as ſorrow taught to ſhine;
And thus ſhe grac'd me with a voice divine.

GALATEA.

You that can tune your ſounding ſtrings ſo well,
Of Ladies' beauties, and of love to tell,
Once change your note; and let your lute report
The juſteſt grief that ever touch'd the Court.

THYRSIS.

Fair nymph! I have in your delights no ſhare;
Nor ought to be concerned in your care;
Yet would I ſing, if I your ſorrows knew;
And to my aid invoke no Muſe but you.

GALATEA.

Hear then, and let your ſong augment our grief,
Which is ſo great, as not to wiſh relief.
She that had all which nature gives, or chance;
Whom fortune join'd with virtue to advance
To all the joys this iſland could afford,
The greateſt Miſtreſs, and the kindeſt Lord:
Who with the royal, mixt her noble, blood;
And in high grace with Gloriana ſtood:

He

Her bounty, ſweetneſs, beauty, goodneſs, ſuch,
That none e'er thought her happineſs too much:
So well inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as Heaven had been to her!
The virgin's part, the mother, and the wife,
So well ſhe acted in the ſpan of life,
That though few years (too few alas!) ſhe told,
She ſeem'd in all things, but in beauty, old.
As unripe fruit, whoſe verdant ſtalks do cleave
Cloſe to the tree, which grieves no leſs to leave
The ſmiling pendant which adorns her ſo,
And until autumn, on the bough ſhould grow:
So ſeem'd her youthful ſoul not eaſily forc'd,
Or from ſo fair, ſo ſweet, a ſeat divorc'd.
Her fate at once did haſty ſeem, and ſlow;
At once too cruel, and unwilling too.

THYRSIS.

Under how hard a law are mortals born!
Whom now we envy, we anon muſt mourn:
What Heaven ſets higheſt, and ſeems moſt to prize,
Is ſoon removed from our wondering eyes!
But ſince the * Siſters did ſo ſoon untwine
So fair a thread, I'll ſtrive to piece the line.
Vouchſafe, ſad nymph! to let me know the dame,
And to the Muſes I'll commend her name:
Make the wide country echo to your moan,
The liſtening trees, and ſavage mountains, groan;

* Parcæ.

What rock's not moved when the death is ſung
Of one ſo good, ſo lovely, and ſo young?

GALATEA.

'Twas Hamilton!—whom I had nam'd before,
But naming her, grief lets me ſay no more.

On the Head of a STAG.

SO we ſome antique Hero's ſtrength
Learn by his lance's weight, and length;
As theſe vaſt beams expreſs the beaſt,
Whoſe ſhady brows alive they dreſt.
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty Nimrod did purſue.
What huntſman of our feeble race,
Or dogs, dare ſuch a monſter chaſe?
Reſembling, with each blow he ſtrikes,
The charge of a whole troop of pikes.
O fertile head! which every year
Could ſuch a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming earth did never bring,
So ſoon, ſo hard, ſo huge a thing:
Which might it never have been caſt,
(Each year's growth added to the laſt)
Theſe lofty branches had ſupply'd
The Earth's bold ſons' prodigious pride:
Heaven with theſe engines had been ſcal'd,
When mountains heap'd on mountains fail'd.

To

To a LADY in Retirement.

SEES not my Love, how time reſumes
The glory which he lent theſe flowers?
Though none ſhould taſte of their perfumes,
Yet muſt they live but ſome few hours:
Time, what we forbear, devours!

Had Helen, or th' * Egyptian Queen,
Been near ſo thrifty of their graces;
Thoſe beauties muſt at length have been
The ſpoil of age, which finds out faces
In the moſt retired places.

Should ſome malignant planet bring
A barren drought, or ceaſeleſs ſhower,
Upon the autumn, or the ſpring,
And ſpare us neither fruit nor flower;
Winter would not ſtay an hour.

Could the reſolve of love's neglect
Preſerve you from the violation
Of coming years, then more reſpect
Were due to ſo divine a faſhion;
Nor would I indulge my paſſion.

* Cleopatra.

The MISER'S SPEECH; in a Maſque.

BALLS of this metal ſlack'd Atlanta's pace,
And on the * amorous youth beſtow'd the race:
Venus (the nymph's mind meaſuring by her own)
Wi om the rich ſpoils of cities overthrown
Had proſtrated to Mars, could well adviſe
Th' adventurous lover how to gain the prize.
Nor leſs may Jupiter to gold aſcribe:
For, when he turn'd himſelf into a bribe,
Who can blame Danaë, or the brazen tower,
That they withſtood not that almighty ſhower?
Never till then, did Love make Jove put on
A form more bright, and nobler, than his own:
Nor were it juſt, would he reſume that ſhape,
That ſlack devotion ſhould his thunder ſcape.
'Twas not revenge for griev'd Apollo's wrong,
Thoſe aſs's ears on Midas' temples hung:
But fond repentance of his happy wiſh,
Becauſe his meat grew metal like his diſh.
Would Bacchus bleſs me ſo, I'd conſtant hold
Unto my wiſh, and die creating gold.

UPON BEN JONSON.

MIRROR of Poets! Mirror of our age!
Which, her whole face beholding on thy Stage,
Pleas'd, and diſpleas'd, with her own faults, endures
A remedy like thoſe whom muſic cures.

* Hippomenes.

Thou

Thou haſt alone thoſe various inclinations,
Which nature gives to ages, ſexes, nations:
So traced with thy all-reſembling pen,
That whate'er cuſtom has impos'd on men,
Or ill-got habit (which deforms them ſo,
That ſcarce a brother can his brother know)
Is repreſented to the wondering eyes
Of all that ſee or read thy comedies.
Whoever in thoſe glaſſes looks, may find
The ſpots return'd, or graces, of his mind:
And, by the help of ſo divine an art,
At leiſure view and dreſs his nobler part.
Narciſſus, cozen'd by that flattering Well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, diſcovering the deform'd eſtate
Of his fond mind, preſerv'd himſelf with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In fleſh and blood ſo well, that Plato had
Beheld, what his high fancy once embrac'd,
Virtue with colours, ſpeech, and motion grac'd.
The ſundry poſtures of thy copious Muſe
Who would expreſs, a thouſand tongues muſt uſe;
Whoſe fate 's no leſs peculiar than thy art;
For as thou couldſt all characters impart,
So none could render thine; which ſtill eſcapes,
Like Proteus, in variety of ſhapes:
Who was, nor this, nor that; but all we find,
And all we can imagine, in mankind.

ON MR. JOHN FLETCHER'S PLAYS.

FLETCHER! to thee we do not only owe
All theſe good plays, but thoſe of others too:
Thy wit repeated, does ſupport the Stage;
Credits the laſt, and entertains this age.
No Worthies, form'd by any Muſe but thine,
Could purchaſe robes, to make themſelves ſo fine.
What brave commander is not proud, to ſee
Thy brave Melantius in his gallantry?
Our greateſt Ladies love to ſee their ſcorn
Out-done by thine, in what themſelves have worn:
Th' impatient widow, ere the year be done,
Sees thy Aſpaſia weeping in her gown.
I never yet the Tragic ſtrain aſſay'd,
Deter'd by that inimitable * Maid.
And, when I venture at the comic ſtyle,
Thy Scornful Lady ſeems to mock my toil.
Thus has thy Muſe at once improv'd and mar'd
Our ſport in Plays, by rendering it too hard!
So, when a ſort of luſty ſhepherds throw
The bar by turns, and none the reſt out-go
So far, but that the beſt are meaſuring caſts,
Their emulation and their paſtime laſts:
But, if ſome brawny Yeoman of the Guard
Step in, and toſs the axle-tree a yard,
Or more, beyond the furtheſt mark, the reſt
Deſpairing ſtand, their ſport is at the beſt.

* The Maid's Tragedy.

TO MR. GEORGE SANDYS,

On his TRANSLATION of some Parts of the BIBLE.

HOW bold a work attempts that pen,
Which would enrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of those men,
Who have with the same spirit sung,
Wherewith they now assist the choir
Of angels, who their songs admire!
Whatever those inspired souls
Were urged to express, did shake
The aged Deep, and bots the Poles;
Their numerous thunder could awake
Dull earth, which does with Heaven consent
To all they write, and all they meant.
Say, [illegible] what could [illegible]
Courage, or [illegible] to [illegible] so high?
Tell me, [illegible] what [illegible] time so
To [illegible] of all [illegible]
To [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] * [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

* [illegible]

TO MR. HENRY LAWES,

Who had then newly ſet a Song of mine, in the Year 1635.

VERSE makes Heroic virtue live;
But you can life to verſes give.
As when in open air we blow,
The breath (though ſtrain'd) ſounds flat and low:
But if a trumpet take the blaſt,
It lifts it high, and makes it laſt:
So in your Airs our Numbers dreſt,
Make a ſhrill ſally from the breaſt
Of nymphs, who ſinging what we pen'd,
Our paſſions to themſelves commend;
While Love, victorious with thy art,
Governs at once their voice and heart.
You, by the help of tune and time,
Can make that Song, which was but Rhyme:
Noy * pleading, no man doubts the cauſe;
Or queſtions verſes ſet by Lawes.
As a church-window, thick with paint,
Lets in a light but dim and faint:
So others, with diviſion, hide
The light of ſenſe, the Poets' pride:
But you alone may truly boaſt
That not a ſyllable is loſt:
The writer's and the ſetter's ſkill
At once the raviſh'd ears do fill.

* The Attorney General.

Let

Let thoſe which only warble long,
And gargle in their throats a ſong,
Content themſelves with *Ut*, *Re*, *Mi*;
Let words and ſenſe be ſet by thee.

TO SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT,
Upon his Two Firſt Books of GONDIBERT, written in FRANCE.

THUS the wiſe nightingale, that leaves her home,
Her native wood, when ſtorms and winter come;
Purſuing conſtantly the chearful ſpring,
To foreign groves does her old muſic bring.
The drooping Hebrews' baniſh'd harps, unſtrung
At Babylon, upon the willows hung:
Yours ſounds aloud, and tells us you excel
No leſs in courage, than in ſinging well;
While, unconcern'd, you let your country know,
They have impoveriſh'd themſelves, not you:
Who, with the Muſes' help, can mock thoſe fates
Which threaten kingdoms, and diſorder ſtates.
So Ovid, when from Cæſar's rage he fled,
The Roman Muſe to Pontus with him led:
Where he ſo ſung, that we, through pity's glaſs,
See Nero milder than Auguſtus was.
Hereafter ſuch, in thy behalf, ſhall be
Th' indulgent cenſure of poſterity.
To baniſh thoſe who with ſuch art can ſing,
Is a rude crime, which its own curſe doth bring:
Ages to come ſhall ne'er know how they fought,
Nor how to love their preſent youth be taught.

This

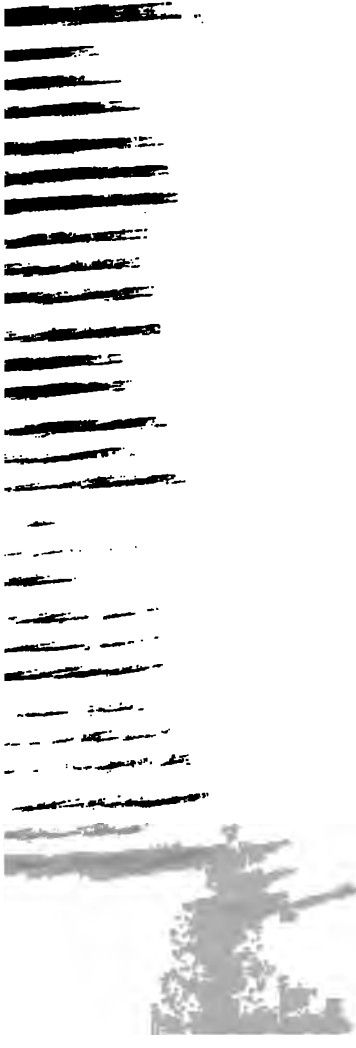
This to thyſelf.—Now to thy matchleſs book:
Wherein thoſe few that can with judgment look,
May find old love in pure freſh language told;
Like new-ſtamp'd coin, made out of Angel-gold:
Such truth in love as th' antique world did know,
In ſuch a ſtyle as Courts may boaſt of now:
Which no bold tales of Gods or monſters ſwell;
But human paſſions, ſuch as with us dwell.
Man is thy theme; his virtue, or his rage,
Drawn to the life in each elaborate page.
Mars, nor Bellona, are not named here;
But ſuch a Gondibert as both might fear:
Venus had here, and Hebe, been outſhin'd,
By thy bright Birtha, and thy Rhodalind.
Such is thy happy ſkill, and ſuch the odds
Betwixt thy Worthies, and the Grecian Gods!
Whoſe Deities in vain had here come down,
Where mortal beauty wears the ſovereign crown:
Such as, of fleſh compos'd, by fleſh and blood,
Though not reſiſted, may be underſtood.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND, MR. WASE,
The Tranſlator of GRATIUS.

THUS, by the muſic, we may know
When noble wits a-hunting go,
Through groves that on Parnaſſus grow.

The Muſes all the chace adorn;
My friend on Pegaſus is borne:
And young Apollo winds the horn.

Having



To his worthy Friend Maſter EVELYN,
Upon his Tranſlation of LUCRETIUS.

LUCRETIUS (with a ſtork-like fate,
Born and tranſlated in a ſtate)
Comes to proclaim in Engliſh verſe,
No monarch rules the univerſe:
But chance and atoms make this ALL
In order democratical;
Where bodies freely run their courſe,
Without deſign, or fate, or force.
And this in ſuch a ſtrain he ſings,
As if his Muſe, with Angels' wings,
Had ſoar'd beyond our utmoſt ſphere,
And other worlds diſcover'd there.
For his immortal, boundleſs wit,
To nature does no bounds permit;
But boldly has remov'd thoſe bars
Of heaven, and earth, and ſeas, and ſtars,
By which they were before ſuppos'd,
By narrow wits, to be inclos'd;
Till his free Muſe threw down the pale,
And did at once diſpark them all.
So vaſt this argument did ſeem,
That the wiſe author did eſteem
The Roman language (which was ſpread
O'er the whole world, in triumph led)
A tongue too narrow to unfold
The wonders which he would have told.

This

This ſpeaks thy glory, noble friend!
And Britiſh language does commend:
For here, Lucretius whole we find,
His words, his muſic, and his mind.
Thy art has to our country brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
Ovid tranſlated, Virgil too,
Shew'd long ſince what our tongue could do:
Nor Lucan we, nor Horace ſpar'd;
Only Lucretius was too hard.
Lucretius, like a Fort, did ſtand
Untouch'd; till your victorious hand
Did from his head this garland bear,
Which now upon your own you wear.
A garland! made of ſuch new bays,
And ſought in ſuch untrodden ways;
As no man's temples e'er did crown,
Save this great author's, and your own.

To his worthy Friend Sir THOMAS HIGGONS, Upon his Tranſlation of the VENETIAN TRIUMPH.

THE * winged lion's not ſo fierce in fight,
As Liberi's hand preſents him to our ſight:
Nor would his pencil make him half ſo fierce,
Or roar ſo loud, as Buſinello's verſe:
But your tranſlation does all three excel,
The fight, the piece, and lofty Buſinel.

* The Arms of Venice.

As their ſmall gallies may not hold compare
With our tall ſhips, whoſe ſails employ more air:
So does th' Italian to your genius veil,
Mov'd with a fuller and a nobler gale.
Thus, while your Muſe ſpreads the Venetian ſtory,
You make all Europe emulate her glory:
You make them bluſh, weak Venice ſhould defend
The cauſe of heaven, while they for words contend;
Shed Chriſtian blood, and populous cities raſe,
Becauſe they're taught to uſe ſome different phraſe.
If, liſtening to your charms, we could our jars
Compoſe, and on the Turk diſcharge theſe wars;
Our Britiſh arms the ſacred tomb might wreſt
From Pagan hands, and triumph o'er the eaſt:
And then you might our own high deeds recite,
And with great Taſſo celebrate the fight.

* VERSES TO DR. GEORGE ROGERS,
On his taking the Degree of Doctor in Phyſic at Padua, in the Year 1664.

WHEN as of old the earth's bold children ſtrove,
With hills on hills, to ſcale the throne of Jove;
Pallas and Mars ſtood by their ſovereign's ſide,
And their bright arms in his defence employ'd:
While

* This little Poem (firſt inſerted among Waller's Works in 1772) was printed, together with ſeveral others on the ſame occaſion, by Dr. Rogers, along with

While the wiſe Phœbus, Hermes, and the reſt,
Who joy in peace, and love the Muſes beſt,
Deſcending from their ſo diſtemper'd ſeat,
Our groves and meadows choſe for their retreat.
There firſt Apollo try'd the various uſe
Of herbs, and learn'd the virtues of their juice,
And fram'd that Art, to which who can pretend
A juſter title than our noble Freind;
Whom the like tempeſt drives from his abode,
And like employment entertains abroad?
This crowns him here; and in the bays ſo earn'd,
His country's honour is no leſs concern'd;
Since it appears not all the Engliſh rave,
To ruin bent: ſome ſtudy how to ſave;
And as Hippocrates did once extend
His ſacred art, whole cities to amend;
So we, brave Freind, ſuppoſe that thy great ſkill,
Thy gentle mind, and fair example, will,
At thy return, reclaim our frantic iſle,
Their ſpirits calm, and peace again ſhall ſmile.

EDM. WALLER, Anglus.

with his inaugural exerciſe at Padua; and afterwards in the ſame manner re-publiſhed by him at London, together with his Harveian Oration before the College of Phyſicians, in the year 1682, while Mr. Waller was yet living. Though the above verſes were firſt printed in 1664, they ſeem to have been written before the Reſtoration, as appears from the lines towards the concluſion. STOCKDALE.

CHLORIS AND HYLAS.

Made to a Saraband.

CHLORIS.

HYLAS, oh Hylas! why ſit we mute,
Now that each bird ſaluteth the ſpring?
Wind up the ſlacken'd ſtrings of thy lute,
Never canſt thou want matter to ſing:
For love thy breaſt does fill with ſuch a fire,
That whatſoe'er is fair moves thy deſire.

HYLAS.

Sweeteſt! you know, the ſweeteſt of things
Of various flowers the bees do compoſe:
Yet no particular taſte it brings
Of violet, woodbine, pink, or roſe:
So, love the reſult is of all the graces
Which flow from a thouſand ſeveral faces.

CHLORIS.

Hylas! the birds which chaunt in this grove,
Could we but know the language they uſe,
They would inſtruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconſtant Muſe:
For love their breaſts does fill with ſuch a fire,
That what they once do chuſe, bounds their deſire.

HYLAS.

Chloris! this change the birds do approve,
Which the warm ſeaſon hither does bring:
Time from yourſelf does further remove
You, than the winter from the gay ſpring:

She

She that like lightning ſhin'd while her face laſted,
The oak now reſembles which lightning hath blaſted.

In Anſwer of Sir JOHN SUCKLING'S Verſes.

CON.

STAY here, fond youth, and aſk no more; be wiſe,
Knowing too much, long ſince loſt Paradiſe.

PRO.

And, by your knowledge, we ſhould be bereft
Of all that Paradiſe which yet is left.

CON.

The virtuous joys thou haſt, thou wouldſt ſhould ſtill
Laſt in their pride: and wouldſt not take it ill
If rudely, from ſweet dreams, and for a toy,
Thou wak'd? he wakes himſelf that does enjoy.

PRO.

How can the joy, or hope, which you allow
Be ſtyled virtuous, and the end not ſo?
Talk in your ſleep, and ſhadows ſtill admire!
'Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire;
But---to ſleep better: for whoe'er drinks deep
Of this Nepenthe, rocks himſelf aſleep.

CON.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but deſtroys;
And while it pleaſeth much, yet ſtill it cloys.
Who thinks he ſhould be happier made for that,
As reaſonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a ſurfeit: this once paſt,
What reliſhes? ev'n kiſſes loſe their taſte.

PRO.

Blessings may be repeated, [illegible] they cloy:
But shall we starve, 'cause [illegible] things destroy?
And if Fruition did the taste impair
Of kisses, why should yonder happy pair,
Whose [illegible] Hymen warrants all the night,
[illegible] the day too in this less delight?

CON.

[illegible]; alas! we know
[illegible] that mankind does, is so.
[illegible] a large extent we see,
[illegible], children there must be.——
[illegible] but since there are enough
[illegible] drudgery, what need we plough?

PRO.

I need not plough, since what the stooping hine
Gets of my pregnant land, must all be mine:
But in this nobler tillage, 'tis not so;
You when Anchises did fair Venus know,
What interest had poor Vulcan in the boy,
Famous Æneas, or the present joy?

CON.

Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've been,
Are like Romances read, or scenes once seen:
Fruition dulls, or spoils the Play, much more
Than if one read, or knew, the plot before.

PRO.

Plays and Romances, read and seen, do fall
our opinions: yet, not seen at all,

Whom

Whom would they pleaſe? To an heroic tale
Would you not liſten, leſt it ſhould grow ſtale?

CON.

'Tis expectation makes a bleſſing dear;
Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.

PRO.

If 'twere not heaven if we knew what it were,
'Twould not be heaven to thoſe that now are there.

CON.

And as in proſpects we are there pleas'd moſt,
Where ſomething keeps the eye from being loſt,
And leaves us room to gueſs: ſo here, reſtraint
Holds up delight, that with exceſs would faint.

PRO.

Reſtraint preſerves the pleaſure we have got,
But he ne'er has it, that enjoys it not.
In goodly proſpects, who contracts the ſpace,
Or takes not all the beauty of the place?
We wiſh remov'd what ſtandeth in our light,
And nature blame for limiting our ſight:
Where you ſtand wiſely winking, that the view
Of the fair proſpect may be always new.

CON.

They, who know all the wealth they have, are poor;
He 's only rich that cannot tell his ſtore.

PRO.

Not he that knows the wealth he has, is poor;
But he that dares not touch, nor uſe his ſtore.

TO A FRIEND,

Of the different Succeſs of their Loves.

THRICE happy Pair! of whom we cannot know
Which firſt began to love, or loves moſt now:
Fair courſe of paſſion! where two lovers ſtart,
And run together, heart ſtill yok'd with heart:
Succeſsful youth! whom Love has taught the way
To be victorious, in the firſt eſſay.
Sure love 's an art beſt practiſed at firſt,
And where th' experienced ſtill proſper worſt!
I, with a different fate, purſued in vain
The haughty Cælia; till my juſt diſdain
Of her neglect, above that paſſion borne,
Did pride to pride oppoſe, and ſcorn to ſcorn.
Now ſhe relents; but all too late, to move
A heart directed to a nobler love:
The ſcales are turn'd, her kindneſs weighs no more
Now, than my vows and ſervice did before.
So, in ſome well-wrought hangings, you may ſee
How Hector leads, and how the Grecians flee:
Here the fierce Mars his courage ſo inſpires,
That with bold hands the Argive fleet he fires:
But there, from heaven the * blue-ey'd virgin falls,
And frighted Troy retires within her walls:
They that are foremoſt in that bloody race,
Turn head anon, and give the conquerors chaſe.
So like the chances are of love and war,
That they alone in this diſtinguiſh'd are;
In love, the victors from the vanquiſh'd fly:
'T is they that wound, and they purſue that die.

* Minerva.

An

An APOLOGY for having loved before.

THEY that never had the uſe
Of the grape's ſurprizing juice,
To the firſt delicious cup
All their reaſon render up:
Neither do, nor care to know,
Whether it be beſt or no.

So, they that are to love inclin'd,
Sway'd by chance, not choice or art,
To the firſt that 's fair or kind,
Make a preſent of their heart:
'Tis not ſhe that firſt we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To man, that was in th' evening made,
Stars gave the firſt delight;
Admiring, in the gloomy ſhade,
Thoſe little drops of light:
Then, at Aurora, whoſe fair hand
Remov'd them from the ſkies,
He gazing toward the eaſt did ſtand,
She entertain'd his eyes.

But when the bright ſun did appear,
All thoſe he 'gan deſpiſe;
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher riſe:

He

Be neither night, nor wish't to know
A more refulgent light
For that (as mine your beauties now),
Employ'd his utmost sight.

TO ZELINDA.

FAIREST piece of well-form'd earth!
Urge not thus your haughty birth:
The power, which you have o'er us, lies
Not in your race, but in your eyes.
None but a prince! —alas! that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice.
Should you no honey vow to taste,
But what the master-bees have plac'd
In compass of their cells, how small
A portion to your share would fall!
Nor all appear among those few,
Worthy the stock from whence they grew:
The sap, which at the root is bred,
In trees, through all the boughs is spread;
But virtues, which in parents shine,
Make not like progress through the line.
'Tis not from whom, but where, we live:
The place does oft those graces give.
Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
A stock perhaps, or herd, had led:
* He that the world subdued, had been
But the best wrestler on the green.

* Alexander.

'Tis

'Tis art, and knowledge, which draw forth
The hidden ſeeds of native worth:
They blow thoſe ſparks, and make them riſe
Into ſuch flames as touch the ſkies:
To the old Heroes hence was given
A pedigree, which reach'd to heaven:
Of mortal ſeed they were not held,
Which other mortals ſo excell'd.
And beauty too, in ſuch exceſs
As yours, Zelinda! claims no leſs:
Smile but on me, and you ſhall ſcorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born.
I can deſcribe the ſhady grove,
Where your lov'd mother ſlept with Jove:
And yet excuſe the faultleſs dame,
Caught with her ſpouſe's ſhape and name:
Thy matchleſs form will credit bring
To all the wonders I ſhall ſing.

To my Lady MORTON, on NEW-YEAR'S-DAY, at the LOUVRE in PARIS.

MADAM! new-years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are ſo kind;
Still as they paſs, they court and ſmile on you;
And make your beauty, as themſelves, ſeem new.
To the fair Villars we Dalkeith prefer;
And faireſt Morton now as much to her:
So like the ſun's advance your titles ſhow,
Which, as he riſes, does the warmer grow.

But

But thus to ſtyle you fair, your ſex's praiſe,
Gives you but myrtle, who may challenge bays;
From armed foes to bring a * Royal prize,
Shews your brave heart victorious as your eyes.
If Judith, marching with the General's head,
Can give us paſſion when her ſtory 's read;
What may the living do, which brought away
Though a leſs bloody, yet a nobler prey?
Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand,
Snatch'd her fair charge, the Princeſs, like a brand:
A brand! preſerv'd to warm ſome Prince's heart;
And make whole kingdoms take her † Brother's part.
So Venus, from prevailing Greeks, did ſhrowd
The ‡ hope of Rome, and ſav'd him in a cloud.
This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and abſolve this age.
Dark ſhades become the portrait of our time;
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime!
Let him that draws it hide the reſt in night;
This portion only may endure the light,
Where the kind Nymph, changing her faultleſs ſhape,
Becomes unhandſome, handſomely to ſcape,
When through the guards, the river, and the ſea,
Faith, beauty, wit, and courage, made their way.
As the brave eagle does with ſorrow ſee
The foreſt waſted; and that lofty tree

* Henrietta Maria, youngeſt Daughter to K. Ch. I.
† K. Charles II.
‡ Æneas.

Which

Which holds her neſt about to be o'erthrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown;
She will not leave them, nor ſhe cannot ſtay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away:
So fled the dame, and o'er the ocean bore
Her princely burthen to the Gallic ſhore.
Born in the ſtorms of war, this Royal Fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempeſtuous air,
Though now ſhe flies her native iſle (leſs kind,
Leſs ſafe for her than either ſea or wind!)
Shall, when the bloſſom of her beauty 's blown,
See her great Brother on the Britiſh throne:
Where peace ſhall ſmile, and no diſpute ariſe,
But which rules moſt, his ſceptre, or her eyes.

TO A FAIR LADY,

Playing with a Snake.

STRANGE! that ſuch horror, and ſuch grace,
Should dwell together in one place;
A Fury's arm, an Angel's face!

'Tis innocence, and youth, which makes
In Chloris' fancy ſuch miſtakes,
To ſtart at love, and play with ſnakes.

By this, and by her coldneſs, barr'd,
Her ſervants have a taſk too hard:
The tyrant has a double guard!

Thrice

Thrice happy ſnake! that in her ſleeve
May boldly creep; we dare not give
Our thoughts ſo unconfin'd a leave.

Contented in that neſt of ſnow
He lies, as he his bliſs did know;
And to the wood no more would go.

Take heed, fair Eve! you do not make
Another tempter of this ſnake:
A marble one, ſo warm'd, would ſpeak.

THE NIGHT-PIECE,

Or, a Picture drawn in the Dark.

DARKNESS, which faireſt nymphs diſarms,
Defends us ill from Mira's charms:
Mira can lay her beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye;
Quit all that Lely's art can take,
And yet a thouſand captives make.
Her ſpeech is grac'd with ſweeter ſound,
Than in another's ſong is found:
And all her well-plac'd words are darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts.
As the bright ſtars, and Milky Way,
Shew'd by the night, are hid by day:
So we, in that accompliſh'd mind,
Help'd by the night, new graces find,

Which

Which by the ſplendor of her view,
Dazzled before, we never knew.
While we converſe with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark:
Her ſhining image is a light
Fixt in our hearts, and conquers night.
Like jewels to advantage ſet,
Her beauty by the ſhade does get:
There, bluſhes, frowns, and cold diſdain,
All that our paſſion might reſtrain,
Is hid, and our indulgent mind
Preſents the fair idea kind.
Yet, friended by the night, we dare
Only in whiſpers tell our care:
He that on her his bold hand lays
With Cupid's pointed arrows plays;
They with a touch (they are ſo keen!)
Wound us unſhot, and ſhe unſeen.
All near approaches threaten death,
We may be ſhip-wreck'd by her breath:
Love, favour'd once with that ſweet gale,
Doubles his haſte, and fills his ſail;
Till he arrive where ſhe muſt prove
The haven, or the rock, of love.
So, we th' Arabian coaſt do know
At diſtance, when the ſpices blow;
By the rich odour taught to ſteer,
Though neither day nor ſtars appear.

Part

Part of the Fourth Book of VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS tranſlated.

Beginning at Verſe 437.

" * * * * Taleſque miſerrima fletus
" Fertque refertque ſoror. * * * * "

And ending with

" Adnixi torquent ſpumas, et cærula verrunt." Ver. 583.

ALL this her weeping * ſiſter does repeat
To the ſtern † man, whom nothing could intreat;
Loſt were her prayers, and fruitleſs were her tears!
Fate, and great Jove, had ſtopt his gentle ears.
As when loud winds a well-grown oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way and that they bend
His reeling trunk; and with a boiſterous ſound
Scatter his leaves, and ſtrew them on the ground:
He fixed ſtands; as deep his roots do lie
Down to the centre, as his top is high:
No leſs on every ſide the Hero preſt,
Feels love, and pity, ſhake his noble breaſt;
And down his cheeks though fruitleſs tears do roll,
Unmov'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul.
Then Dido, urged with approaching fate,
Begins the light of cruel heaven to hate.

* Anna. † Æneas.

Her

Her reſolution to diſpatch, and die,
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy!
The water, conſecrate for ſacrifice,
Appears all black to her amazed eyes;
The wine to putrid blood converted flows,
Which from her none, not her own ſiſter, knows.
Beſides, there ſtood, as ſacred to her * Lord,
A marble temple which ſhe much ador'd;
With ſnowy fleeces and freſh garlands crown'd;
Hence every night proceeds a dreadful ſound;
Her huſband's voice invites her to his tomb:
And diſmal owls preſage the ills to come.
Beſides, the prophecies of wizards old
Increas'd her terror, and her fall foretold:
Scorn'd and deſerted to herſelf ſhe ſeems;
And finds Æneas cruel in her dreams.
So, to mad Pentheus, double Thebes appears;
And Furies howl in his diſtemper'd ears.
Oreſtes ſo, with like diſtraction toſt,
Is made to fly his mother's angry ghoſt.
Now grief and fury to their height arrive;
Death ſhe decrees, and thus does it contrive.
Her grieved ſiſter, with a chearful grace,
(Hope well-diſſembled ſhining in her face)
She thus deceives. Dear ſiſter! let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love.
Beyond the land of Æthiopia lies
The place where Atlas does ſupport the ſkies:

* Sichæus.

Hence came an old magician, that did keep
Th' Heſperian fruit, and made the dragon ſleep:
Her potent charms do troubled ſouls relieve,
And, where ſhe liſts, makes calmeſt minds to grieve:
The courſe of rivers, and of heaven, can ſtop,
And call trees down from th' airy mountain's top.
Witneſs, ye Gods! and thou, my deareſt part!
How loth I am to tempt this guilty art.
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed, where I my ruin did embrace:
With all the reliques of our impious gueſt,
Arms, ſpoils, and preſents, let the pile be dreſt;
(The knowing woman thus preſcribes) that we
May raſe the man out of our memory.
Thus ſpeaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which ſhe doth thoſe ſacred rites pretend.
Nor worſe effects of grief her ſiſter thought
Would follow, than Sichæus' murder wrought;
Therefore obeys her: and now heaped high
The cloven oaks and lofty pines do lie;
Hung all with wreaths and flowery garlands round;
So by herſelf was her own funeral crown'd!
Upon the top the Trojan's image lies,
And his ſharp ſword, wherewith anon ſhe dies.
They by the altar ſtand, while with looſe hair
The magic propheteſs begins her prayer:
On Chaos, Erebus, and all the Gods,
Which in th' infernal ſhades have their abodes,
She loudly calls; beſprinkling all the room
With drops, ſuppos'd from Lethe's lake to come.

She

She ſeeks the knot which on the forehead grows
Of new-foal'd colts, and herbs by moon-light mows.
A cake of leaven in her pious hands
Holds the devoted Queen, and barefoot ſtands:
One tender foot was bare, the other ſhod,
Her robe ungirt, invoking every God,
And every Power; if any be above,
Which takes regard of ill-requited love!
Now was the time, when weary mortals ſteep
Their careful temples in the dew of Sleep:
On ſeas, on earth, and all that in them dwell,
A death-like quiet and deep ſilence fell:
But not on Dido! whoſe untamed mind
Refus'd to be by ſacred night confin'd:
A double paſſion in her breaſt does move,
Love, and fierce anger for neglected love.
Thus ſhe afflicts her ſoul: What ſhall I do?
With fate inverted, ſhall I humbly woo?
And ſome proud prince, in wild Numidia born,
Pray to accept me, and forget my ſcorn?
Or, ſhall I with th' ungrateful Trojan go,
Quit all my ſtate, and wait upon my foe?
Is not enough, by ſad experience! known
The perjur'd race of falſe Laomedon?
With my Sidonians ſhall I give them chace,
Bands hardly forced from their native place?
No—die! and let this ſword thy fury tame;
Nought but thy blood can quench this guilty flame.
Ah ſiſter! vanquiſh'd with my paſſion, thou
Betray'dſt me firſt, diſpenſing with my vow.

Had I been conſtant to Sichæus ſtill,
And ſingle liv'd, I had not known this ill!
Such thoughts torment the Queen's enraged breaſt,
While the Dardanian does ſecurely reſt
In his tall ſhip, for ſudden flight prepar'd;
To whom once more the ſon of Jove appear'd;
Thus ſeems to ſpeak the youthful Deity,
Voice, hair, and colour, all like Mercury.
Fair Venus' ſeed! canſt thou indulge thy ſleep,
Nor better guard in ſuch great danger keep?
Mad, by neglect to loſe ſo fair a wind!
If here thy ſhips the purple morning find,
Thou ſhalt behold this hoſtile harbour ſhine
With a new fleet, and fires, to ruin thine:
She meditates revenge, reſolv'd to die;
Weigh anchor quickly, and her fury fly.
This ſaid, the God in ſhades of night retir'd:
Amaz'd Æneas, with the warning fir'd,
Shakes off dull ſleep, and rouſing up his men,
Behold! the Gods command our flight again.
Fall to your oars, and all your canvas ſpread:
What God ſoe'er that thus vouchſafes to lead,
We follow gladly, and thy will obey,
Aſſiſt us ſtill, ſmoothing our happy way,
And make the reſt propitious!—With that word,
He cuts the cable with his ſhining ſword:
Through all the navy doth like ardor reign,
They quit the ſhore, and ruſh into the main:
Plac'd on their banks, the luſty Trojans ſweep
Neptune's ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

On

On the Picture of a FAIR YOUTH, Taken after he was Dead.

AS gather'd flowers, while their wounds are new,
Look gay and freſh, as on the ſtalk they grew;
Torn from the root that nouriſh'd them a while
(Not taking notice of their fate) they ſmile;
And, in the hand which rudely pluck'd them, ſhow
Fairer than thoſe that to their autumn grow:
So love and beauty ſtill that viſage grace:
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place.
Alive, the hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Thoſe lovely features, which cold Death has ſpar'd.
No wonder then he ſped in love ſo well,
When his high paſſion he had breath to tell;
When that accompliſh'd ſoul, in this fair frame,
No buſineſs had, but to perſuade that dame;
Whoſe mutual love advanc'd the youth ſo high,
That, but to heaven, he could no higher fly.

On a BRIDE of divers Colours, woven by Four Ladies.

TWICE twenty ſlender virgin-fingers twine
This curious web, where all their fancies ſhine:
As nature them, ſo they this ſhade have wrought;
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not Juno's bird, when, his fair train diſ-ſpread,
He wooes the female to his painted bed;
No, not the bow, which ſo adorns the ſkies,
So glorious is, or boaſts ſo many dyes.

A PANEGYRIC TO MY LORD PROTECTOR,

Of the preſent Greatneſs, and joint Intereſt, of his HIGHNESS and this Nation.

WHILE with a ſtrong, and yet a gentle, hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command;
Protect us from ourſelves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let partial ſpirits ſtill aloud complain:
Think themſelves injur'd that they cannot reign:
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune ſhew'd his face
To chide the winds, and ſave the Trojan race:
So has your Highneſs, rais'd above the reſt,
Storms of ambition, toſſing us, repreſt.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Reſtor'd by you, is made a glorious ſtate;
The ſeat of empire, where the Iriſh come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The ſea 's our own: and now, all nations greet,
With bending ſails, each veſſel of our fleet:
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or ſwelling ſails upon the globe may go.

Heaven (that hath plac'd this iſland to give law,
To balance Europe, and her ſtates to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain ſmile;
The greateſt Leader, and the greateſt Iſle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent,
By the rude ocean, from the continent;
Or thus created; it was ſure deſign'd
To be the ſacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th' oppreſſed ſhall henceforth reſort,
Juſtice to crave, and ſuccour, at your Court;
And then your Highneſs, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector ſhall be known.

Fame, ſwifter than your winged navy, flies
Through every land that near the ocean lies;
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine uſe.

With ſuch a Chief the meaneſt nation bleſt,
Might hope to lift her head above the reſt:
What may be thought impoſſible to do
By us, embraced by the Sea and You?

Lords of the world's great waſte, the ocean, we
Whole foreſts ſend to reign upon the ſea;
And every coaſt may trouble, or relieve:
But none can viſit us without your leave.

Angels, and we, have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy ſeats arrive:
While we deſcend at pleaſure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidſt the boundleſs ocean ſet,
Of her own growth hath all that nature craves;
And all that 's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the ſky;
So, what our earth, and what our heaven, denies,
Our ever-conſtant friend, the ſea, ſupplies.

The taſte of hot Arabia's ſpice we know,
Free from the ſcorching ſun that makes it grow:
Without the worm, in Perſian ſilks we ſhine;
And, without planting, drink of every vine.

To dig for wealth, we weary not our limbs;
Gold, though the heavieſt metal, hither ſwims:
Ours is the harveſt where the Indians mow,
We plough the Deep, and reap what others ſow.

Things of the nobleſt kind our own ſoil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our ſteeds:
Rome, though her eagle through the world had flown
Could never make this iſland all her own.

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
France-conquering Henry flouriſh'd; and now You:
For whom we ſtay'd, as did the Grecian ſtate,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,
He wiſt not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet: a world reſerv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did ſubdue.

He ſafely might old troops to battle lead,
Againſt th' unwarlike Perſian and the Mede;
Whoſe haſty flight did, from a bloodleſs field,
More ſpoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall ſo ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garriſons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more ſhall make them come;
Our Engliſh iron holds them faſt at home.

They, that henceforth muſt be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of ſnow,
May blame the ſun; but muſt extol your grace,
Which in our ſenate hath allow'd them place.

Prefer'd by conqueſt, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they riſe, to be with us made one:
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquiſh'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Iriſh, with like fate,
Advanc'd to be a portion of our ſtate:
While by your valour, and your bounteous mind,
Nations divided by the ſea are join'd.

Holland, to gain your friendſhip, is content
To be our out-guard on the Continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuſe,
Preventing poſts, the terror and the news;
Our Neighbour-Princes trembled at their roar:
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

Your never-failing ſword made war to ceaſe;
And now you heal us with the acts of peace:
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and reſtrain our rage.

Leſs pleaſure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in reſtoring ſuch as are undone:
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear,
But man alone can whom he conquers ſpare.

To pardon, willing; and to punish, loth;
You ſtrike with one hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that proſtrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When fate or error had our age miſled,
And o'er this nation ſuch confuſion ſpread;
The only cure, which could from heaven come dow
Was ſo much power and piety in one!

One! whoſe extraction from an antient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may ſhine:
The meaneſt, in your nature mild and good;
The noble, reſt ſecured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to ſuch things as theſe;
How ſuch a ruling ſpirit you could reſtrain,
And practiſe firſt over yourſelf to reign.

Your private life did a juſt pattern give,
How fathers, huſbands, pious ſons, ſhould live:
Born to command, your Princely virtues ſlept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchleſs worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a proſperous end.

Still as you riſe, the ſtate, exalted too,
Finds no diſtemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great ſcene! when, without noiſe,
The riſing ſun night's vulgar lights deſtroys.

Had you, ſome ages paſt, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we ſhould read your ſtory:
But living virtue, all atchievements paſt,
Meets envy ſtill, to grapple with at laſt.

This Cæſar found: and that ungrateful age,
With loſing him, went back to blood and rage:
Miſtaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that ſtroke.

That ſun once ſet, a thouſand meaner ſtars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars:
To ſuch a tempeſt as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great ſenate could not wield that ſword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them Lord;
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You!

You! that had taught them to ſubdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high ſpirits compoſe:
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So, when a lion ſhakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that firſt took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beaſt,
He bends to him, but frights away the reſt.

As the vex'd world, to find repoſe, at laſt
Itſelf into Auguſtus' arms did caſt:
So England now does, with like toil oppreſt,
Her weary head upon your boſom reſt.

Then let the Muſes, with ſuch notes as theſe,
Inſtruct us what belongs unto our peace!
Your battles they hereafter ſhall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight;

Tell of towns ſtorm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of duſt did choak
Contending troops, and ſeas lay hid in ſmoke.

Illuſtrious acts high raptures do infuſe,
And every conqueror creates a Muſe:
Here in low ſtrains your milder deeds we ſing;
But there, my Lord! we 'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head: while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquiſh'd nations, and the ſea beſide:
While all your Neighbour-Princes unto you,
Like Joſeph's ſheaves, pay reverence and bow.

Of

Of a WAR with SPAIN, and FIGHT at SEA.

NOW, for ſome ages, had the pride of Spain
Made the ſun ſhine on half the world in vain;
While ſhe bid war to all, that durſt ſupply.
The place of thoſe her cruelty made die.
Of nature's bounty men forbore to taſte;
And the beſt portion of the earth lay waſte.
From the new world, her ſilver and her gold
Came, like a tempeſt, to confound the old.
Feeding with theſe the brib'd Electors' hopes,
Alone ſhe gives us Emperors and Popes:
With theſe accompliſhing her vaſt deſigns,
Europe was ſhaken with her Indian mines.
When Britain, looking with a juſt diſdain
Upon this gilded majeſty of Spain;
And knowing well that empire muſt decline,
Whoſe chief ſupport and ſinews are of coin;
Our nation's ſolid virtue did oppoſe,
To the rich troublers of the world's repoſe.
And now ſome months, incamping on the Main,
Our naval army had beſieged Spain:
They that the whole world's monarchy deſign'd,
Are to their ports by our bold Fleet confin'd;
From whence our red Croſs they triumphant ſee,
Riding without a rival on the ſea.
Others may uſe the ocean as their road,
Only the Engliſh make it their abode:

Whoſe

Whoſe ready ſails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with th' inconſtant ſky:
Our oaks ſecure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a ſteady foot.

Mean-while, the Spaniards in America
Near to the Line the ſun approaching ſaw;
And hop'd their European coaſts to find
Clear'd from our ſhips by the autumnal wind:
Their huge capacious galleons ſtuff'd with plate,
The labouring winds drive ſlowly tow'rds their fate.
Before St. Lucar they their guns diſcharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a barge:
This heard ſome ſhips of ours (though out of view)
And, ſwift as eagles, to the quarry flew:
So heedleſs lambs, which for their mothers bleat,
Wake hungry lions, and become their meat.

Arriv'd, they ſoon begin that tragic play,
And with their ſmoky cannons baniſh day:
Night, horror, ſlaughter, with confuſion meets,
And in their ſable arms embrace the fleets.
Through yielding planks the angry bullets fly,
And, of one wound, hundreds together die:
Born under different ſtars, one fate they have;
The ſhip their coffin, and the ſea their grave!

Bold were the men which on the ocean firſt
Spread their new ſails, when ſhipwreck was the worſt:
More danger now from man alone we find,
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind.
They that had ſail'd from near th' antarctic Pole,
Their treaſure ſafe, and all their veſſels whole,

In

In ſight of their dear country ruin'd be,
Without the guilt of either rock or ſea!
What they would ſpare, our fiercer art deſtroys,
Surpaſſing ſtorms in terror and in noiſe.
Once Jove from Ida did both hoſts ſurvey,
And, when he pleas'd to thunder, part the fray:
Here, Heaven in vain that kind retreat ſhould ſound;
The louder cannon had the thunder drown'd.
Some we made prize: while others, burnt and rent,
With their rich lading to the bottom went:
Down ſinks at once (ſo Fortune with us ſports!)
The pay of armies, and the pride of Courts.
Vain man! whoſe rage buries as low that ſtore,
As avarice had digg'd for it before:
What earth, in her dark bowels, could not keep
From greedy hands, lies ſafer in the Deep:
Where Thetis kindly does from mortals hide
Thoſe ſeeds of luxury, debate, and pride.
And now, into her lap the richeſt prize
Fell, with the nobleſt of our enemies:
The * Marquis (glad to ſee the fire deſtroy
Wealth, that prevailing foes were to enjoy)
Out from his flaming ſhip his children ſent,
To periſh in a milder element:
Then laid him by his burning Lady's ſide;
And, ſince he could not ſave her, with her dy'd.
Spices and gums about them melting fry;
And, phœnix-like, in that rich neſt they die:

* Of Bajadoz.

Alive,

Alive, in flames of equal love they burn'd;
And now, together are to aſhes turn'd:
Aſhes! more worth than all their funeral coſt;
Than the huge treaſure which was with them loſt.
Theſe dying lovers, and their floating ſons,
Suſpend the fight, and ſilence all our guns:
Beauty and youth, about to periſh, finds
Such noble pity in brave Engliſh minds;
That (the rich ſpoil forgot, their valour's prize)
All labour now to ſave their enemies.
How frail our paſſions! how ſoon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly care!
They that but now for honour and for plate
Made the ſea bluſh with blood, reſign their hate;
And, their young foes endeavouring to retrieve,
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.
With theſe returns victorious Montagu,
With laurels in his hand, and half Peru.
Let the brave Generals divide that bough,
Our great Protector hath ſuch wreaths enough:
His conquering head has no more room for bays.
Then let it be, as the glad nation prays:
Let the rich ore forthwith be melted down,
And the ſtate fix'd by making him a crown:
With ermin clad and purple, let him hold
A royal ſceptre, made of Spaniſh gold.

Upon the Death of the LORD PROTECTOR.

WE muſt reſign! Heaven his great ſoul doth claim
In ſtorms, as loud as his immortal fame:
His dying groans, his laſt breath ſhakes our Iſle;
And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile:
About his palace their broad roots are toſt
Into the air.—So Romulus was loſt!
New Rome in ſuch a tempeſt miſs'd her King;
And, from obeying, fell to worſhiping.
On Oeta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruin'd oaks and pines about him ſpread.
The poplar too, whoſe bough he wont to wear
On his victorious head, lay proſtrate there.
Thoſe his laſt fury from the mountain rent:
Our dying Hero from the continent
Raviſh'd whole towns; and forts from Spaniards reft,
As his laſt legacy to Britain left.
The ocean, which ſo long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaſter mind;
Our bounds' enlargement was his lateſt toil;
Nor hath he left us priſoners to our Iſle:
Under the tropic is our language ſpoke:
And part of Flanders hath receiv'd our yoke.
From civil broils he did us diſengage;
Found nobler objects for our martial rage:
And, with wiſe conduct, to his country ſhow'd
The antient way of conquering abroad.
Ungrateful then! if we no tears allow
To him, that gave us peace and empire too.

Princes that fear'd him, grieve; concern'd to ſee
No pitch of glory from the grave is free.
Nature herſelf took notice of his death,
And, ſighing, ſwell'd the ſea with ſuch a breath,
That, to remoteſt ſhores her billows roll'd,
Th' approaching fate of their great ruler told.

TO THE KING,

Upon his MAJESTY'S happy Return.

THE riſing ſun complies with our weak ſight,
Firſt gilds the clouds, then ſhews his globe of light
At ſuch a diſtance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his haſty beams would do.
But your full majeſty at once breaks forth
In the meridian of your reign. Your worth,
Your youth, and all the ſplendor of your ſtate,
(Wrap'd up, till now, in clouds of adverſe Fate!)
With ſuch a flood of light invade our eyes,
And our ſpread hearts with ſo great joy ſurprize;
That, if your grace incline that we ſhould live,
You muſt not, Sir! too haſtily forgive.
Our guilt preſerves us from th' exceſs of joy,
Which ſcatters ſpirits, and would life deſtroy.
All are obnoxious! and this faulty land,
Like fainting Eſther, does before you ſtand,
Watching your ſceptre: the revolted ſea
Trembles, to think ſhe did your foes obey.
Great Britain, like blind Polypheme, of late,
In a wild rage, became the ſcorn and hate

Of

Of her proud neighbours, who began to think
She with the weight of her own force would ſink.
But you are come, and all their hopes are vain;
This Giant-Iſle has got her eye again.
Now, ſhe might ſpare the ocean; and oppoſe
Your conduct to the fierceſt of her foes.
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad; and now, your thunder ſhall.
Princes that ſaw you different paſſions prove;
For now they dread the object of their love;
Nor without envy can behold his height,
Whoſe converſation was their late delight.
So Semele, contented with the rape
Of Jove, diſguiſed in a mortal ſhape,
When ſhe beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rays, was with amazement kill'd.
And though it be our ſorrow and our crime,
To have accepted life ſo long a time
Without you here; yet does this abſence gain
No ſmall advantage to your preſent reign:
For, having view'd the perſons and the things,
The councils, ſtate, and ſtrength, of Europe's Kings,
You know your work; ambition to reſtrain,
And ſet them bounds, as Heaven does to the Main.
We have you now with ruling wiſdom fraught,
Not ſuch as books, but ſuch as practice, taught.
So the loſt ſun, while leaſt by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night for our concerns employ'd:
He ripens ſpices, fruit, and precious gums,
Which from remoteſt regions hither comes.

This ſeat of yours (from th' other world remov'd)
Had Archimedes known, he might have prov'd
His engine's force, fix'd here; your power and ſkill
Make the world's motion wait upon your will.

Much-ſuffering Monarch! the firſt Engliſh-born,
That has the crown of theſe three nations worn!
How has your patience with the barbarous rage
Of your own ſoil contended half an age?
Till (your try'd virtue and your ſacred word
At laſt preventing your unwilling ſword)
Armies and fleets, which kept you out ſo long,
Own'd their great Sovereign, and redreſs'd his wrong.
When ſtrait the people, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,
Break forth at once, like powder ſet on fire;
And, with a noble rage, their King require.
So th' injur'd ſea, which from her wonted courſe,
To gain ſome acres, avarice did force,
If the new banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old channel ſtay;
Raging, the late-got land ſhe overflows,
And all that 's built upon 't to ruin goes.

Offenders now, the chiefeſt, do begin
To ſtrive for grace, and expiate their ſin:
All winds blow fair, that did the world embroil;
Your vipers treacle yield, and ſcorpions oil.

If then ſuch praiſe the * Macedonian got,
For having rudely cut the Gordian knot;

* Alexander.

What

What glory 's due to him, that could divide
Such ravel'd intereſts? has the knot unty'd,
And, without ſtroke, ſo ſmooth a paſſage made,
Where craft and malice ſuch impeachments laid?
But while we praiſe you, you aſcribe it all
To His high hand, which threw the untouch'd wall
Of ſelf-demoliſh'd Jericho ſo low:
His Angel 'twas that did before you go;
Tam'd ſavage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like ears of corn when wind ſalutes the field.
Thus, patience crown'd, like Job's, your trouble [ends,
Having your foes to pardon, and your friends:
For, though your courage were ſo firm a rock,
What private virtue could endure the ſhock?
Like your Great Maſter, you the ſtorm withſtood,
And pity'd thoſe who love with frailty ſhew'd.
Rude Indians, torturing all the royal race,
Him with the throne and dear-bought ſceptre grace
That ſuffers beſt: what region could be found,
Where your heroic head had not been crown'd?
The next experience of your mighty mind
Is, how you combat Fortune now ſhe 's kind:
And this way too you are victorious found;
She flatters with the ſame ſucceſs ſhe frown'd.
While, to yourſelf ſevere, to others kind,
With power unbounded, and a will confin'd,
Of this vaſt empire you poſſeſs the care,
The ſofter parts fall to the people's ſhare.
Safety and equal government are things
Which ſubjects make as happy as their Kings.

Faith, law, and piety (that banish'd train:)
Justice and truth, with you return again:
The city's trade, and country's easy life,
Once more shall flourish, without fraud or strife.
Your reign no less assures the ploughman's peace,
Than the warm sun advances his increase;
And does the shepherds as securely keep,
From all their fears, as they preserve their sheep.
But above all, the Muse-inspired train
Triumph, and raise their drooping heads again:
Kind Heaven at once has, in your person, sent
Their sacred judge, their guard, and argument.

" Nec magis expressi vultus per aheneа signa,
" Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
" Clarorum apparent * * * *" HORAT.

ON ST. JAMES'S PARK,
As lately improved by his MAJESTY.

OF the first paradise there 's nothing found,
Plants set by Heaven are vanish'd, and the ground;
Yet the description lasts: who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this Paradise relate?
Instead of rivers rolling by the side
Of Eden's garden, here flows in the tide:
The sea, which always serv'd his empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleasure too.
Of famous cities we the founders know;
But rivers old as seas, to which they go,

Are

Are nature's bounty: 'tis of more renown
To make a river, than to build a town.
For future ſhade, young trees upon the banks
Of the new ſtream appear in even ranks:
The voice of Orpheus, or Amphion's hand,
In better order could not make them ſtand.
May they increaſe as faſt, and ſpread their boughs,
As the high fame of their great owner grows!
May he live long enough to ſee them all
Dark ſhadows caſt, and as his palace tall!
Methinks I ſee the love that ſhall be made,
The lovers walking in that amorous ſhade:
The gallants dancing by the river ſide;
They bathe in ſummer, and in winter ſlide.
Methinks I hear the muſic in the boats,
And the loud Echo which returns the notes;
While overhead a flock of new-ſprung fowl
Hangs in the air, and does the ſun controul,
Darkening the ſky: they hover o'er, and ſhrowd
The wanton ſailors with a feather'd cloud.
Beneath, a ſhoal of ſilver fiſhes glides,
And plays about the gilded barges' ſides:
The Ladies angling in the cryſtal lake,
Feaſt on the waters with the prey they take:
At once victorious with their lines and eyes,
They make the fiſhes and the men their prize.
A thouſand Cupids on the billows ride,
And Sea-Nymphs enter with the ſwelling tide:
From Thetis ſent as ſpies, to make report,
And tell the wonders of her Sovereign's Court.

All that can, living, feed the greedy eye,
Or dead, the palate, here you may deſcry;
The choiceſt things that furniſh'd Noah's ark,
Or Peter's ſheet, inhabiting this Park:
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whoſe loaded branches hide the lofty mound.
Such various ways the ſpacious alleys lead,
My doubtful Muſe knows not what path to tread.
Yonder, the harveſt of cold months laid up,
Gives a freſh coolneſs to the royal cup:
There ice, like cryſtal firm, and never loſt,
Tempers hot July with December's froſt;
Winter's dark priſon, whence he cannot fly,
Though the warm ſpring, his enemy, draws nigh.
Strange! that extremes ſhould thus preſerve the ſnow,
High on the Alps, or in deep caves below.
Here a well-poliſh'd Mall gives us the joy,
To ſee our Prince his matchleſs force employ:
His manly poſture, and his graceful mien,
Vigour and youth in all his motions ſeen;
His ſhape ſo lovely, and his limbs ſo ſtrong,
Confirm our hopes we ſhall obey him long.
No ſooner has he touch'd the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than half the Mall:
And ſuch a fury from his arm has got,
As from a ſmoking culverin 'twere ſhot.
Near this my Muſe, what moſt delights her, ſees
A living gallery of aged trees:
Bold ſons of earth, that thruſt their arms ſo high,
As if once more they would invade the ſky.

In

In ſuch green palaces the firſt Kings reign'd,
Slept in their ſhades, and Angels entertain'd:
With ſuch old counſellors they did adviſe,
And, by frequenting ſacred groves, grew wiſe.
Free from th' impediments of light and noiſe,
Man, thus retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs.
Here Charles contrives the ordering of his ſtates,
Here he reſolves his neighbouring Princes' fates:
What nation ſhall have peace, where war be made,
Determin'd is in this oraculous ſhade;
The world, from India to the frozen North,
Concern'd in what this ſolitude brings forth.
His fancy objects from his view receives;
The proſpect thought and contemplation gives.
That ſeat of empire here ſalutes his eye,
To which three kingdoms do themſelves apply;
The ſtructure by a * Prelate rais'd, Whitehall,
Built with the fortune of Rome's Capital:
Both, diſproportion'd to the preſent ſtate
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate.
From hence he does that † antique Pile behold,
Where royal heads receive the ſacred gold:
It gives them crowns, and does their aſhes keep;
There made like Gods, like mortals there they ſleep:
Making the circle of their reign complete,
Thoſe ſuns of empire! where they riſe, they ſet.
When others fell, this ſtanding did preſage
The crown ſhould triumph over popular rage:

* Cardinal Wolſey. † Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Hard

Hard by that * Houſe where all our ills were ſhap'd,
Th' auſpicious temple ſtood, and yet eſcap'd.
So, ſnow on Ætna does unmelted lie,
Whence rolling flames and ſcatter'd cinders fly;
The diſtant country in the ruin ſhares,
What falls from heaven the burning mountain ſpares.
Next, that † capacious Hall he ſees, the room
Where the whole nation does for juſtice come:
Under whoſe large roof flouriſhes the gown,
And judges grave on high tribunals frown.
Here like the people's paſtor he does go,
His flock ſubjected to his view below:
On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private paſſion does indulgence find:
The pleaſures of his youth ſuſpended are,
And made a ſacrifice to public care.
Here, free from court-compliances, he walks;
And with himſelf, his beſt adviſer, talks:
How peaceful olives may his temples ſhade,
For mending laws, and for reſtoring trade:
Or, how his brows may be with laurel charg'd,
For nations conquer'd, and our bounds enlarg'd.
Of antient prudence here he ruminates,
Of riſing kingdoms, and of falling ſtates:
What ruling arts gave great Auguſtus fame;
And how Alcides purchas'd ſuch a name.
His eyes, upon his ‡ native Palace bent,
Cloſe by, ſuggeſts a greater argument:

* H. of Commons. † Weſtminſter-hall. ‡ St. James's.

His

His thoughts rise higher, when he does reflect
On what the world may from that star expect,
Which at his birth appear'd; to let us see,
Day, for his sake, could with the night agree:
A Prince, on whom such different lights did smile,
Born the divided world to reconcile!
Whatever Heaven, or high-extracted blood,
Could promise, or foretel, he will make good:
Reform these nations, and improve them more,
Than this fair Park, from what it was before.

Of the Invasion and Defeat of the TURKS, in the Year 1683.

THE modern Nimrod, with a safe delight
Pursuing beasts, that save themselves by flight;
Grown proud, and weary of his wonted game,
Would Christians chase, and sacrifice to fame.
A Prince, with eunuchs and the softer sex
Shut up so long, would warlike nations vex,
Provoke the German, and, neglecting Heaven,
Forget the truce for which his oath was given.
His Grand Visier, presuming to invest
The chief * imperial city of the West,
With the first charge compell'd in haste to rise,
His treasure, tents, and cannon, left a prize:
The standard lost, and Janizaries slain,
Render the hopes he gave his master vain.

* Vienna.

The

The flying Turks, that bring the tidings home,
Renew the memory of his father's doom:
And his guard murmurs, that ſo often brings
Down from the throne their unſucceſsful Kings.

The trembling Sultan 's forc'd to expiate
His own ill-conduct by another's fate:
The Grand Viſier, a tyrant, though a ſlave,
A fair example to his maſter gave;
He Baſſas' heads, to ſave his own, made fly,
And now, the Sultan to preſerve, muſt die.

The fatal bow-ſtring was not in his thought,
When, breaking truce, he ſo unjuſtly fought:
Made the world tremble with a numerous hoſt,
And of undoubted victory did boaſt.
Strangled he lies! yet ſeems to cry aloud,
To warn the mighty, and inſtruct the proud,
That of the Great, neglecting to be juſt,
Heaven in a moment makes an heap of duſt.

The Turks ſo low, why ſhould the Chriſtians loſe
Such an advantage of their barbarous foes?
Neglect their preſent ruin to complete,
Before another Solyman they get?
Too late they would with ſhame, repenting, dread
That numerous herd, by ſuch a lion led.
He Rhodes and Buda from the Chriſtians tore,
Which timely union might again reſtore.

But, ſparing Turks, as if with rage poſſeſt,
The Chriſtians periſh, by themſelves oppreſt:
Cities and provinces ſo dearly won,
That the victorious people are undone!

Wha

What Angel ſhall deſcend, to reconcile
The Chriſtian-ſtates, and end their guilty toil?
A Prince more fit from Heaven we cannot aſk,
Than Britain's King, for ſuch a glorious taſk:
His dreadful navy, and his lovely mind,
Gives him the fear and favour of mankind.
His warrant does the Chriſtian faith defend;
On that relying, all their quarrels end.
The peace is ſign'd, and Britain does obtain,
What Rome had fought from her fierce ſons in vain.
In battles won, Fortune a part doth claim,
And ſoldiers have their portion in the fame:
In this ſucceſsful union we find
Only the triumph of a worthy mind.
'Tis all accompliſh'd by his royal word,
Without unſheathing the deſtructive ſword:
Without a tax upon his ſubjects laid,
Their peace diſturb'd, their plenty, or their trade.
And what can they to ſuch a Prince deny,
With whoſe deſires the greateſt Kings comply?
The arts of peace are not to him unknown,
This happy way he march'd into the throne:
And we owe more to Heaven, than to the ſword,
The wiſh'd return of ſo benign a Lord.
Charles, by old Greece with a new freedom grac'd,
Above her antique Heroes ſhall be plac'd.
What Theſeus did, or Theban Hercules,
Holds no compare with this victorious peace:
Which on the Turks ſhall greater honour gain,
Than all their giants and their monſters ſlain.

Thoſe

Thoſe are bold tales, in fabulous ages told;
This glorious act the living do behold.

TO THE QUEEN,

Upon her MAJESTY's Birth-day, after her happy Recovery from a dangerous Sickneſs.

FAREWELL the year which threaten'd ſo
The faireſt light the world can ſhow.
Welcome the new! whoſe every day,
Reſtoring what was ſnatch'd away
By pining ſickneſs from the Fair,
That matchleſs beauty does repair;
So faſt, that the approaching ſpring
(Which does to flowery meadows bring
What the rude winter from them tore)
Shall give her all ſhe had before.
But we recover not ſo faſt
The ſenſe of ſuch a danger paſt;
We, that eſteem'd you ſent from Heaven,
A pattern to this Iſland given;
To ſhew us what the Bleſs'd do there,
And what alive they practis'd here;
When that which we immortal thought,
We ſaw ſo near deſtruction brought,
Felt all which you did then endure;
And tremble yet, as not ſecure.
So, though the ſun victorious be,
And from a dark eclipſe ſet free;
The influence, which we fondly fear,
Afflicts our thoughts the following year.

But, that which may relieve our care
Is, that you have a help ſo near
For all the evil you can prove;
The kindneſs of your Royal Love.
He that was never known to mourn,
So many kingdoms from him torn,
His tears reſerv'd for you: more dear,
More priz'd than all theſe kingdoms were!
For, when no healing art prevail'd,
When cordials and elixirs fail'd,
On your pale cheek he dropt the ſhower,
Reviv'd you like a dying flower.

Sung by Mrs. KNIGHT to her MAJESTY, on her Birth-Day.

THIS happy day two lights are ſeen,
A glorious Saint, a matchleſs Queen:
Both nam'd alike, both crown'd appear,
The Saint above, th' Infanta here.
May all thoſe years, which Catharine
The Martyr did for heaven reſign,
Be added to the line
Of your bleſt life among us here!
For all the pains that ſhe did feel,
And all the torments of her wheel,
May you as many pleaſures ſhare!

May Heaven itſelf content
With Catharine the Saint!

Without

Without appearing old,
An hundred times may you,
With eyes as bright as now,
This welcome day behold!

OF HER MAJESTY,
On NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1683.

WHAT revolutions in the world have been!
How are we chang'd, ſince we firſt ſaw the Queen!
She, like the Sun, does ſtill the ſame appear;
Bright as ſhe was at her arrival here!
Time has commiſſion mortals to impair,
But things cœleſtial is oblig'd to ſpare.
May every new year find her ſtill the ſame,
In health and beauty, as ſhe hither came!
When Lords and Commons, with united voice,
Th' Infanta nam'd, approv'd the royal choice:
Firſt of our Queens, whom not the King alone,
But the whole nation, lifted to the throne.
With like conſent, and like deſert, was crown'd
The * glorious Prince, that does the Turk confound.
Victorious both! His conduct wins the day;
And her example chaces vice away.
Though louder fame attend the martial rage,
'Tis greater glory to reform the age.

* John Sobieſki, K. of Poland.

OF

OF TEA,
Commended by her MAJESTY.

VENUS her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;
Tea both excels, which ſhe vouchſafes to praiſe.
The beſt of Queens, and beſt of herbs, we owe
To that bold nation which the way did ſhew
To the fair region, where the ſun does riſe;
Whoſe rich productions we ſo juſtly prize.
The Muſe's friend, Tea, does our fancy aid;
Repreſs thoſe vapours which the head invade;
And keeps that palace of the ſoul ſerene,
Fit, on her Birth-day, to ſalute the Queen.

PROLOGUE for the Lady-Actors:
Spoken before K. CHARLES II.

AMAZE us not with that majeſtic frown;
But lay aſide the greatneſs of your crown!
And for that look, which does your people awe,
When in your throne and robes you give them law,
Lay it by here; and give a gentler ſmile!
Such as we ſee great Jove's in picture, while
He liſtens to Apollo's charming lyre,
Or judges of the ſongs he does inſpire.
Comedians on the Stage ſhew all their ſkill,
And after do as love and fortune will:
We are leſs careful, hid in this diſguiſe;
In our own cloaths more ſerious, and more wiſe.

Modeſt at home, upon the Stage more bold;
We ſeem warm lovers, though our breaſts be cold;
A fault committed here deſerves no ſcorn,
If we act well the parts to which we 're born.

Of her Royal HIGHNESS, Mother to the Prince of ORANGE: And of her Portrait written by the late Ducheſs of YORK while ſhe lived with her.

HEROIC Nymph! in tempeſts the ſupport,
In peace the glory, of the Britiſh Court!
Into whoſe arms, the Church, the State, and all
That precious is, or ſacred here, did fall.
Ages to come, that ſhall your bounty hear,
Will think you miſtreſs of the Indies were:
Though ſtreighter bounds your fortune did confine,
In your large heart was found a wealthy Mine:
Like the bleſt oil, the widow's laſting feaſt,
Your treaſure, as you pour'd it out, increas'd.
While ſome your beauty, ſome your bounty ſing,
Your native Iſle does with your praiſes ring:
But above all, a * Nymph of your own train,
Gives us your character in ſuch a ſtrain,
As none but ſhe, who in that court did dwell,
Could know ſuch worth; or worth deſcribe ſo well.
So, while we mortals here at heaven do gueſs,
And more our weakneſs than the place expreſs;
Some angel, a domeſtic there, comes down,
And tells the wonders he hath ſeen and known.

* Lady Anne Hyde.

TO

TO THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS, when ſhe was taking leave of the Court at DOVER.

THAT ſun of beauty did among us riſe,
England firſt ſaw the light of your fair eyes.
In Engliſh too your early wit was ſhown:
Favour that language! which was then your own,
When, though a child, through guards you made your way:
What fleet, or army, could an angel ſtay?
Thrice happy Britain! if ſhe could retain,
Whom ſhe firſt bred, within her ambient Main.
Our late-burnt London, in apparel new,
Shook off her aſhes to have treated you:
But we muſt ſee our glory ſnatch'd away,
And with warm tears increaſe the guilty ſea:
No wind can favour us; howe'er it blows,
We muſt be wreck'd, and our dear treaſure loſe!
Sighs will not let us half our ſorrows tell——
Fair, lovely, great, and beſt of Nymphs, farewel!

Upon her * MAJESTY'S new Buildings at SOMERSET-HOUSE.

GREAT Queen! that does our Iſland bleſs,
With Princes and with Palaces:
Treated ſo ill, chac'd from your throne,
Returning, you adorn the town;

* Henrietta Maria, Q. Dowager of K. Charles I.

And, with a brave revenge, to show
Their glory went and came with you.
While peace from hence, and you, were gone,
Your houses in that storm o'erthrown,
Those wounds which civil rage did give,
At once you pardon and relieve.
Constant to England in your love,
As birds are to their wonted grove;
Though by rude hands their nests are spoil'd,
There, the next spring, again they build.
Accusing some malignant star,
Not Britain, for that fatal war;
Your kindness banishes your fear,
Resolv'd to fix for ever here.
But what new Mine this work supplies?
Can such a pile from ruin rise?
This like the first creation shows,
As if at your command it rose.
Frugality and bounty too,
(Those different virtues) meet in you;
From a confin'd, well-manag'd, store,
You both employ and feed the poor.
Let foreign Princes vainly boast
The rude effects of pride and cost;
Of vaster fabrics, to which they
Contribute nothing, but the pay.
This, by the Queen herself design'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind:
The state and order does proclaim
The genius of that Royal Dame.

E:

Each part with juſt proportion grac'd;
And all to ſuch advantage plac'd;
That the fair view her window yields,
The town, the river, and the fields,
Entering, beneath us we deſcry;
And wonder how we came ſo high.
She needs no weary ſteps aſcend;
All ſeems before her feet to bend:
And here, as ſhe was born, ſhe lies;
High, without taking pains to riſe.

OF A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

FAIR hand! that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet from the ſtain of ink preſerve it white:
Whoſe travel o'er that ſilver field does ſhow,
Like track of leverets in morning ſnow.
Love's image thus in pureſt minds is wrought,
Without a ſpot, or blemiſh, to the thought.
Strange that your fingers ſhould the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours, or of oil!
For, though a painter boughs and leaves can make;
'Tis you alone can make them bend and ſhake:
Whoſe breath ſalutes your new-created grove,
Like ſouthern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the foreſt dance; but you
Can make the motion, and the foreſt too.

TO A LADY,

From whom he received the foregoing Copy, which for many years had been loſt.

NOTHING lies hid from radiant eyes;
All they ſubdue become their ſpies:
Secrets, as choiceſt jewels, are
Preſented to oblige the Fair:
No wonder then, that a loſt thought
Should there be found, where ſouls are caught.

The picture of fair Venus (that
For which men ſay the Goddeſs ſat)
Was loſt, till Lely from your look
Again that glorious image took.

If Virtue's ſelf were loſt, we might
From your fair mind new copies write:
All things, but one, you can reſtore;
The heart you get returns no more.

OF THE LADY MARY,

Princeſs of ORANGE.

AS once the lion honey gave,
Out of the ſtrong ſuch ſweetneſs came;
A royal Hero, no leſs brave,
Produc'd this ſweet, this lovely dame.

To her, the Prince that did oppoſe
Such mighty armies in the field,
And Holland from prevailing foes
Could ſo well free, himſelf does yield.

Not Belgia's fleet (his high command)
Which triumphs where the ſun does riſe;
Nor all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him from her conquering eyes.

Orange, with youth, experience has;
In action young, in council old:
Orange is what Auguſtus was,
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

On that fair tree, which bears his name,
Bloſſoms and fruit at once are found:
In him we all admire the ſame,
His flowery youth with wiſdom crown'd!

Empire and freedom reconcil'd
In Holland are, by great Naſſaw:
Like thoſe he ſprung from, juſt and mild,
To willing people he gives law.

Thrice-happy pair! ſo near ally'd,
In royal blood, and virtue too!
Now Love has you together ty'd
May none this triple knot undo!

The Church ſhall be the happy place
Where ſtreams which from the ſame ſource run,
Though divers lands awhile they grace,
Unite again, and are made one.

A thouſand thanks the nation owes
To him that does protect us all:
For, while he thus his niece beſtows,
About our iſle he builds a wall;

A wall! like that which Athens had,
By th' oracle's advice, of wood:
Had their's been ſuch as Charles has made,
That mighty ſtate till now had ſtood.

TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,

1677.

WELCOME, great Prince, unto this land,
Skill'd in the arts of war and peace;
Your birth does call you to command,
Your nature does incline to peace.

When Holland, by her foes oppreſt,
No longer could ſuſtain their weight;
To a native Prince they thought it beſt
To recommend their dying ſtate.

Your very name did France expel;
Thoſe conquer'd towns which lately coſt
So little blood, unto you fell
With the ſame eaſe they once were loſt.

'Twas not your force did them defeat;
They neither felt your ſword nor fire;
But ſeemed willing to retreat,
And to your greatneſs did conſpire.

Nor have you ſince ingrateful been,
When at Seneff your did expoſe,
And at Mount Caſſal, your own men,
Whereby you might ſecure your foes.

Let Maeſtricht ſiege enlarge your name,
And your retreat at Charleroy;
Warriors by flying may gain fame,
And Parthian-like their foes deſtroy.

Thus Fabius gain'd repute of old,
When Roman glory gaſping lay;
In council ſlow, in action cold,
His country ſav'd, running away.

What better method could you take?
When you by beauty's charms muſt move,
And muſt at once a progreſs make
I' th' ſtratagems of war and love.

He that a Princeſs' heart would gain,
Muſt learn ſubmiſſively to yield;
The ſtubborn ne'er their ends obtain;
The vanquiſh'd maſters are o' th' field.

Go on, brave Prince, with like ſucceſs,
Still to encreaſe your hop'd renown;
Till to your conduct and addreſs,
Not to your birth, you owe a crown.

Proud Alva with the power of Spain
Could not the noble Dutch enſlave;
And wiſer Parma ſtrove in vain,
For to reduce a race ſo brave.

They now thoſe very armies pay
By which they were forc'd to yield to you;
Their ancient birthright they betray,
By their own votes you them ſubdue.

Who can then liberty maintain
When by ſuch arts it is withſtood?
Freedom to Princes is a chain,
To all that ſpring from Royal Blood.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boaſt, as ſafely vain,
Their works ſhall with the world remain;
Both bound together, live or die,
The verſes and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line ſhould long
Laſt, in a daily-changing tongue?
While they are new, envy prevails;
And as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art:
Time, if we uſe ill-choſen ſtone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets that laſting marble ſeek,
Muſt carve in Latin or in Greek:
We write in ſand; our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his ſenſe can only boaſt;
The glory of his numbers loſt!
Years have defac'd his matchleſs ſtrain;
And yet he did not ſing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
The ſhining ſubjects of his rage,
Hoping they ſhould immortal prove,
Rewarded with ſucceſs his love.

This was the generous poet's ſcope;
And all an Engliſh pen can hope;
To make the Fair approve his flame,
That can ſo far extend their fame.

Verſe, thus deſign'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty; if it prove
But as long-liv'd as preſent love.

Upon the Earl of ROSCOMMON'S TRANSLATION of HORACE, De Arte Poeticâ: And of the Uſe of Poetry.

ROME was not better by her Horace taught,
Than we are here to comprehend his thought:
The Poet writ to noble Piſo there;
A noble Piſo does inſtruct us here:
Gives us a pattern in his flowing ſtile;
And with rich precepts does oblige our iſle:
Britain! whoſe genius is in verſe expreſs'd;
Bold and ſublime, but negligently dreſs'd.
Horace will our ſuperfluous branches prune,
Give us new rules, and ſet our harp in tune;
Direct us how to back the winged horſe,
Favour his flight, and moderate his force.
Though Poets may of inſpiration boaſt,
Their rage, ill govern'd, in the clouds is loſt.
He that proportion'd wonders can diſcloſe,
At once his fancy and his judgment ſhows.

Chaſte moral writing we may learn from hence;
Neglect of which no wit can recompence.
The fountain which from Helicon proceeds,
That ſacred ſtream ſhould never water weeds;
Nor make the crop of thorns and thiſtles grow,
Which envy or perverted nature ſow.

Well-ſounding verſes are the charm we uſe,
Heroic thoughts and virtue to infuſe:
Things of deep ſenſe we may in proſe unfold;
But they move more in lofty numbers told:
By the loud trumpet, which our courage aids,
We learn that ſound, as well as ſenſe, perſuades.

The Muſe's friend, unto himſelf ſevere,
With ſilent pity looks on all that err:
But where a brave, a public action ſhines,
That he rewards with his immortal lines.
Whether it be in council or in fight,
His country's honour is his chief delight:
Praiſe of great acts he ſcatters as a ſeed,
Which may the like in coming ages breed.

Here taught the fate of verſes (always priz'd
With admiration, or as much deſpis'd)
Men will be leſs indulgent to their faults;
And patience have to cultivate their thoughts.
Poets loſe half the praiſe they ſhould have got,
Could it be known what they diſcreetly blot:
Finding new words, that to the raviſh'd ear
May like the language of the Gods appear:
Such as, of old, wiſe bards employ'd, to make
Unpoliſh'd men their wild retreats forſake:

Law-giving

Law-giving Heroes, fam'd for taming brutes,
And raiſing cities with their charming lutes.
For rudeſt minds with harmony were caught,
And civil life was by the Muſes taught.
So, wandering bees would periſh in the air,
Did not a ſound, proportion'd to their ear,
Appeaſe their rage, invite them to the hive,
Unite their force, and teach them how to thrive:
To rob the flowers, and to forbear the ſpoil;
Preſerv'd in winter by their ſummer's toil:
They give us food, which may with nectar vie,
And wax, that does the abſent ſun ſupply.

AD COMITEM MONUMETENSEM.

De BENTIVOGLIO ſuo.

FLORIBUS Angligenis non hanc tibi necto corollam,
Cùm ſatìs indigenis te probet ipſe liber:
Per me Roma ſciet tibi ſe debere, quòd Anglo
Romanus didicit cultiùs ore loqui.
Ultima quæ tellus Aquilas duce Cæſare vidit.
Candida Romulidum te duce ſcripta videt.
Conſilio ut quondam Patriam nil juveris eſto!
Sed ſtudio cives ingenioque juvas.
Namque dolis liber hic inſtructus, & arte Batava,
A Belga nobis ut caveamus, ait.
Horremus per te civilis dira furoris
Vulnera; diſcordes Flandria quaſſa monet.

Hic

Hic diſcat miles pugnare, orare ſenator;
Qui regnant, leni ſceptra tenere manu.
Macte, Comes! virtute novâ; veſtri ordinis ingens
Ornamentum, ævi deliciæque tui!
Dum ſtertunt alii ſomno vinoque ſepulti,
Nobilis antiquo ſtemmate digna facis.

TO MR. KILLEGREW,

Upon his altering his Play PANDORA, from a Tragedy into a Comedy, becauſe not approved on the Stage.

SIR, you ſhould rather teach our age the way
Of judging well, than thus have chang'd your Play:
You had oblig'd us by employing wit,
Not to reform Pandora, but the Pit.
For, as the nightingale, without the throng
Of other birds, alone attends her ſong;
While the loud daw, his throat diſplaying, draws
The whole aſſembly of his fellow daws:
So muſt the writer, whoſe productions ſhould
Take with the vulgar, be of vulgar mould:
Whilſt nobler fancies make a flight too high
For common view, and leſſen as they fly.

On

...e Duke of MONMOUTH's Expedition into SCOTLAND, in the Summer Solstice.

SWIFT as Jove's meſſenger (* the winged god)
With ſword as potent as his charming rod,
He flew to execute the King's command:
And, in a moment, reach'd that northern land;
Where day, contending with approaching night,
Aſſiſts the Hero with continued light.
On foes ſurpriz'd, and by no night conceal'd,
He might have ruſh'd; but noble pity held
His hand a while, and to their choice gave ſpace,
Which they would prove, his valour or his grace.
This not well heard, his cannon louder ſpoke,
And then, like lightning, through that cloud he broke.
His fame, his conduct, and that martial look,
The guilty Scots with ſuch a terror ſtrook;
That to his courage they reſign the field,
Who to his bounty had refus'd to yield.
Glad that ſo little loyal blood it coſt,
He grieves ſo many Britons ſhould be loſt:
Taking more pains, when he beheld them yield,
To ſave the flyers, than to win the field:
And at the Court his intereſt does employ
That none, who 'ſcap'd his fatal ſword, ſhould die.

* Mercury.

And

And now, theſe raſh bold men their error find,
Not truſting one, beyond his promiſe kind:
One! whoſe great mind, ſo bountiful and brave,
Had learn'd the art to conquer and to ſave.
In vulgar breaſts no royal virtues dwell;
Such deeds as theſe his high extraction tell:
And give a ſecret joy to * him that reigns,
To ſee his blood triumph in Monmouth's veins:
To ſee a leader, whom he got and choſe,
Firm to his friends, and fatal to his foes.
But ſeeing envy, like the ſun, does beat
With ſcorching rays, on all that 's high and great:
This, ill-requited Monmouth! is the bough
The Muſes ſend, to ſhade thy conquering brow.
Lampoons, like ſquibs, may make a preſent blaze;
But time and thunder pay reſpect to bays.
Achilles' arms dazzle our preſent view;
Kept by the Muſe as radiant, and as new,
As from the forge of Vulcan firſt they came;
Thouſands of years are paſt, and they the ſame.
Such care ſhe takes to pay deſert with fame!
Than which, no Monarch, for his crown's defence,
Knows how to give a nobler recompence.

* King Charles II.

TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR,

A PERSON OF HONOUR,

Who lately writ a religious book, intituled, "Hiſtorical "Applications, and Occaſional Meditations upon "ſeveral ſubjects."

BOLD is the man that dares engage
For piety, in ſuch an age!
Who can preſume to find a guard
From ſcorn, when Heaven 's ſo little ſpar'd?
Divines are pardon'd; they defend
Altars on which their lives depend:
But the prophane impatient are,
When nobler pens make this their care:
For why ſhould theſe let in a beam
Of divine light, to trouble them;
And call in doubt their pleaſing thought,
That none believes what we are taught?
High birth and fortune warrant give
That ſuch men write what they believe:
And, feeling firſt what they indite,
New credit give to antient light.
Amongſt theſe few, our author brings
His well-known pedigree from Kings.
This book, the image of his mind,
Will make his name not hard to find:
I wiſh the throng of Great and Good
Made it leſs eaſily underſtood!

TO

TO A PERSON OF HONOUR,

Upon his incomparable, incomprehenſible Poem, intituled, THE BRITISH PRINCES.

SIR! you've oblig'd the Britiſh nation more,
Than all their Bards could ever do before;
And, at your own charge, monuments as hard
As braſs or marble, to your fame have rear'd.
For, as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how their brave anceſtors could fight;
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no leſs virtuouſly improv'd your own:
That 'twill be doubtful, whether you do write,
Or they have acted, at a nobler height.
You, of your antient Princes, have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd:
Explain'd their cuſtoms and their rights anew,
Better than all their Druids ever knew:
Unriddled thoſe dark oracles, as well
As thoſe that made them, could themſelves foretell.
For, as the Britons long have hop'd in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again;
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in your Poem plac'd him on his throne.
Such magic power has your prodigious pen,
To raiſe the dead, and give new life to men:
Make rival Princes meet in arms and love,
Whom diſtant ages did ſo far remove.

For, as eternity has neither paſt
Nor future, authors ſay, nor firſt nor laſt;
But is all inſtant; your eternal Muſe
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then why ſhould you, whoſe miracles of art
Can life at pleaſure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-buſied head,
T' obſerve what times they liv'd in, or were dead?
For, ſince you have ſuch arbitrary power,
It were defect in judgment to go lower;
Or ſtoop to things ſo pitifully lewd,
As uſe to take the vulgar latitude.
For no man 's fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not ſome proportion with your wit.
As light can no way but by light appear,
He muſt bring ſenſe, that underſtands it here.

TO MR. CREECH,

On his Tranſlation of LUCRETIUS.

WHAT all men wiſh'd, though few could hop to ſee,
We are now bleſt with, and oblig'd by thee.
Thou! from the antient learned Latin ſtore,
Giv'ſt us one author, and we hope for more.
May they enjoy thy thoughts!—Let not the Stage
The idleſt moment of thy hours engage.
Each year that place ſome wondrous monſter breeds,
And the Wits' garden is o'er-run with weeds.
There Farce is Comedy; bombaſt call'd ſtrong;
Soft words, with nothing in them, make a ſong.

'Tl

'Tis hard to ſay they ſteal them now-a-days;
For ſure the antients never wrote ſuch plays.
Theſe ſcribbling inſects have what they deſerve,
Not plenty, nor the glory for to ſtarve.
That Spenſer knew, that Taſſo felt before;
And Death found ſurly Ben exceeding poor.
Heaven turn the omen from their image here!
May he with joy the well-plac'd laurel wear!
Great Virgil's happier fortune may he find,
And be our Cæſar, like Auguſtus, kind!
But let not this diſturb thy tuneful head;
Thou writ'ſt for thy delight, and not for bread:
Thou art not curſt to write thy verſe with care;
But art above what other poets fear.
What may we not expect from ſuch a hand,
That has, with books, himſelf at free command?
Thou know'ſt in youth, what age has fought in vain;
And bring'ſt forth ſons without a mother's pain.
So eaſy is thy ſenſe, thy verſe ſo ſweet,
Thy words ſo proper, and thy phraſe ſo fit;
We read, and read again: and ſtill admire [fire!
Whence came this youth, and whence this wondrous
Pardon this rapture, Sir! But who can be
Cold and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on thee?
Thy goodneſs may my ſeveral faults forgive,
And by your help theſe wretched lines may live.
But if, when view'd by your ſeverer ſight,
They ſeem unworthy to behold the light;
Let them with ſpeed in deſerv'd flames be thrown!
They'll ſend no ſighs, nor murmur out a groan;
But, dying ſilently, your juſtice own.

THE TRIPLE COMBAT.

WHEN through the world fair Mazarine had run,
Bright as her fellow-traveller, the ſun;
Hither at length the Roman eagle flies,
As the laſt triumph of her conquering eyes.
As heir to Julius, ſhe may pretend
A ſecond time to make this iſland bend.
But Portſmouth, ſpringing from the antient race
Of Britons, which the Saxon here did chaſe;
As they great Cæſar did oppoſe, makes head,
And does againſt this new invader lead.
That goodly Nymph, the taller of the two,
Careleſs and fearleſs to the field does go.
Becoming bluſhes on the other wait,
And her young look excuſes want of ſtature.
Beauty gives courage; for, ſhe knows, the day
Muſt not be won the Amazonian way.
Legions of Cupids to the battle come,
For Little Britain theſe, and thoſe for Rome.
Dreſs'd to advantage, this illuſtrious pair
Arriv'd, for combat in the liſt appear.
What may the Fates deſign! for never yet
From diſtant regions two ſuch beauties met.
Venus had been an equal friend to both,
And Victory to declare herſelf ſeems loth:
Over the camp with doubtful wings ſhe flies;
Till Chloris ſhining in the field ſhe ſpies.
The lovely Chloris well-attended came,
A thouſand Graces waited on the dame:

Her

Her matchleſs form made all the Engliſh glad,
And foreign beauties leſs aſſurance had.
Yet, like the three on Ida's top, they all
Pretend alike, conteſting for the ball.
Which to determine, Love himſelf declin'd,
Leſt the neglected ſhould become leſs kind.
Such killing looks! ſo thick the arrows fly!
That 'tis unſafe to be a ſtander-by.
Poets, approaching to deſcribe the fight,
Are by their wounds inſtructed how to write.
They with leſs hazard might look on, and draw
The ruder combats in Alſatia:
And, with that foil of violence and rage,
Set off the ſplendor of our golden age:
Where Love gives law, Beauty the ſceptre ſways;
And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.

Of an ELEGY made by Mrs. WHARTON on the Earl of ROCHESTER.

THUS mourn the Muſes! on the hearſe
Not ſtrowing tears, but laſting verſe;
Which ſo preſerves the Hero's name,
They make him live again in fame.
Chloris, in lines ſo like his own,
Gives him ſo juſt and high renown;
That ſhe th' afflicted world relieves,
And ſhews that ſtill in her he lives.
Her wit as graceful, great, and good:
Ally'd in genius, as in blood.

His loſs ſupply'd, now all our fears
Are, that the Nymph ſhould melt in tears.
Then, faireſt Chloris! comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our ſake;
Left his fair ſoul, that lives in you,
Should from the world for ever go.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS! what 's eminent we know,
Muſt for ſome cauſe be valued ſo:
Things without uſe, though they be good,
Are not by us ſo underſtood.
The early roſe, made to diſplay
Her bluſhes to the youthful May,
Doth yield her ſweets, ſince he is fair,
And courts her with a gentle air.
Our ſtars do ſhew their excellence,
Not by their light, but influence:
When brighter comets, ſince ſtill known,
Fatal to all, are lik'd by none.
So, your admired beauty ſtill
Is, by effects, made good or ill.

Upon our late Loſs of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

THE failing bloſſoms which a young plant bears,
Engage our hope for the ſucceeding years:
And hope is all which art or nature brings,
At the firſt trial, to accompliſh things.

Mankind

Mankind was firſt created an eſſay;
That ruder draught the Deluge waſh'd away.
How many ages paſs'd, what blood and toil,
Before we made one Kingdom of this Iſle!
How long in vain had nature ſtriv'd to frame
A perfect princeſs, ere her Highneſs came?
For joys ſo great we muſt with patience wait,
'Tis the ſet price of happineſs complete.
As a firſt-fruit, Heaven claim'd that lovely boy:
The next ſhall live, and be the nation's joy.

INSTRUCTIONS to a PAINTER,

For the Drawing of the Poſture, and Progreſs, of his MAJESTY'S Forces at Sea, under the Command of his HIGHNESS-ROYAL: Together with the Battle, and Victory, obtained over the DUTCH, June 3, 1665.

FIRST draw the ſea; that portion, which between
The greater world, and this of ours, is ſeen:
Here place the Britiſh, there the Holland fleet,
Vaſt floating armies! both prepar'd to meet.
Draw the whole world, expecting who ſhould reign,
After this combat, o'er the conquer'd Main.
Make Heaven concern'd, and an unuſual ſtar
Declare th' importance of th' approaching war.
Make the ſea ſhine with gallantry, and all
The Engliſh youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant Duke! whoſe early deeds abroad,
Such rage in fight, and art in conduct ſhow'd.

His

His bright ſword now a dearer intereſt draws,
His Brother's glory, and his country's cauſe.
Let thy bold pencil, hope and courage ſpread
Through the whole navy, by that Hero led:
Make all appear, where ſuch a prince is by,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or reſolv'd to die.
With his extraction, and his glorious mind,
Make the proud ſails ſwell, more than with the winds
Preventing cannon, make his louder fame
Check the Batavians, and their fury tame.
So hungry wolves, though greedy of their prey,
Stop, when they find a lion in their way.
Make him beſtride the ocean, and mankind
Aſk his conſent to uſe the ſea and wind:
While his tall ſhips in the barr'd Channel ſtand,
He graſps the Indies in his armed hand.
Paint an eaſt-wind, and make it blow away
Th' excuſe of Holland for their navy's ſtay:
Make them look pale, and, the bold Prince to ſhun,
Through the cold north, and rocky regions run.
To find the coaſt where morning firſt appears,
By the dark Pole the wary Belgian ſteers;
Confeſſing now, he dreads the Engliſh more
Than all the dangers of a frozen ſhore;
While from our arms, ſecurity to find,
They fly ſo far, they leave the day behind.
Deſcribe their fleet abandoning the ſea,
And all their merchants left a wealthy prey;
Our firſt ſucceſs in war make Bacchus crown,
And half the vintage of the year our own.

The Dutch their wine and all their brandy loſe;
Diſarm'd of that, from which their courage grows:
While the glad Engliſh, to relieve their toil,
In Healths to their great Leader drink the ſpoil.
His high commands to Afric's coaſt extend,
And make the Moors before the Engliſh bend:
Thoſe barbarous pirates willingly receive
Conditions, ſuch as we are pleas'd to give.
Deſerted by the Dutch, let nations know,
We can our own and their great buſineſs do:
Falſe friends chaſtiſe, and common foes reſtrain,
Which, worſe than tempeſts, did infeſt the Main.
Within thoſe Streights make Holland's Smyrna fleet
With a ſmall ſquadron of the Engliſh meet:
Like falcons theſe, thoſe like a numerous flock
Of fowl, which ſcatter to avoid the ſhock.
There paint confuſion in a various ſhape,
Some ſink, ſome yield, and flying ſome eſcape.
Europe and Africa, from either ſhore,
Spectators are, and hear our cannon roar:
While the divided world in this agree,
Men that fight ſo, deſerve to rule the ſea.

But, nearer home, thy pencil uſe once more,
And place our navy by the Holland ſhore;
The world they compaſs'd while they fought with Spain;
But here already they reſign the Main:
Thoſe greedy mariners, out of whoſe way
Diffuſive nature could no region lay,
At home, preſerv'd from rocks and tempeſts, lie;
Compell'd, like others, in their beds to die.

Their

Their single towns th' Iberian armies prest;
We all their Provinces at once invest:
And in a month ruin their traffick more,
Than that long war could in an age before.
But who can always on the billows lie?
The watery wilderness yields no supply.
Spreading our sails, to Harwich we resort,
And meet the Beauties of the British court.
Th' illustrious Duchess, and her glorious train,
(Like Thetis with her nymphs) adorn the Main.
The gazing Sea-Gods, since the * Paphian Queen
Sprung from among them, no such sight had seen.
Charm'd with the graces of a troop so fair,
Those deathless Powers for us themselves declare:
Resolv'd the aid of Neptune's Court to bring;
And help the nation where such Beauties spring:
The soldier here his wasted store supplies,
And takes new valour from the Ladies' eyes.
Mean-while, like bees when stormy winter 's gone,
The Dutch (as if the sea were all their own)
Desert their ports; and, failing in their way,
Our Hamburgh merchants are become their prey.
Thus flourish they, before th' approaching fight;
As dying tapers give a blazing light.
To check their pride, our fleet half victual'd goes;
Enough to serve us till we reach our foes.
Who now appear so numerous and bold,
The action worthy of our arms we hold.

* Venus.

A greater

A greater force than that which here we find,
Ne'er preſs'd the ocean, nor employ'd the wind.
Reſtrain'd a-while by the unwelcome night,
Th' impatient Engliſh ſcarce attend the light.
But how the morning (heaven ſeverely clear!)
To the fierce work indulgent does appear:
And Phœbus lifts above the waves his light,
That he might ſee, and thus record, the fight.
As when loud winds from different quarters ruſh,
Vaſt clouds encountering one another cruſh:
With ſwelling ſails, ſo from their ſeveral coaſts,
Join the Bataviſh and the Britiſh hoſts.
For a leſs prize, with leſs concern and rage,
The Roman fleets at Actium did engage:
They, for the empire of the world they knew;
Theſe, for the old contend, and for the new.
At the firſt ſhock, with blood and powder ſtain'd,
Nor heaven nor ſea their former face retain'd:
Fury and art produce effects ſo ſtrange,
They trouble nature, and her viſage change.
Where burning ſhips the baniſh'd ſun ſupply,
And no light ſhines, but that by which men die;
There York appears; ſo prodigal is he
Of royal blood, as antient as the ſea!
Which down to him, ſo many ages told,
Has through the veins of mighty Monarchs roll'd!
The great Achilles march'd not to the field,
Till Vulcan that impenetrable ſhield
And arms had wrought: yet there no bullets flew;
But ſhafts, and darts, which the weak Phrygians threw.

Our

Our bolder Hero on the deck does ſtand
Expos'd, the bulwark of his native land:
Defenſive arms laid by as uſeleſs here,
Where maſſy balls the neighbouring rocks do tear.
Some Power unſeen thoſe Princes does protect,
Who for their country thus themſelves neglect.
Againſt him firſt Opdam his ſquadron leads,
Proud of his late ſucceſs againſt the Swedes:
Made by that action, and his high command,
Worthy to periſh by a Prince's hand.
The tall Batavian in a vaſt ſhip rides,
Bearing an army in her hollow ſides:
Yet, not inclin'd the Engliſh ſhip to board,
More on his guns relies, than on his ſword;
From whence a fatal volley we receiv'd,
It miſs'd the Duke, but his great heart it griev'd:
* Three worthy perſons from his ſide it tore,
And dy'd his garment with their ſcatter'd gore.
Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives;
More to be valued than a thouſand lives!
On ſuch a theatre as this to die;
For ſuch a cauſe, and ſuch a witneſs by!
Who would not thus a ſacrifice be made,
To have his blood on ſuch an altar laid?
The reſt about him ſtrook with horror ſtood,
To ſee their Leader cover'd o'er with blood:

* Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muſkerry, and Mr. Boyle.

So trembled Jacob, when he thought the ſtains
Of his ſon's coat had iſſued from his veins.
He feels no wound, but in his troubled thought;
Before for honour, now revenge, he fought:
His friends in pieces torn (the bitter news
Not brought by Fame) with his own eyes he views.
His mind at once reflecting on their youth,
Their worth, their love, their valour, and their truth;
The joys of Court, their mothers, and their wives,
To follow him, abandon'd,—and their lives!
He ſtorms, and ſhoots: but flying bullets now,
To execute his rage, appear too ſlow:
They miſs, or ſweep but common ſouls away;
For ſuch a loſs, Opdam his life muſt pay.
Encouraging his men, he gives the word,
With fierce intent that hated ſhip to board:
And make the guilty Dutch, with his own arm,
Wait on his friends, while yet their blood is warm.
His winged veſſel like an eagle ſhows,
When through the clouds to truſs a ſwan ſhe goes:
The Belgian ſhip unmov'd, like ſome huge rock
Inhabiting the ſea, expects the ſhock.
From both the fleets men's eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the buſineſs of the day:
Bullets their flight, and guns their noiſe ſuſpend;
The ſilent ocean does th' event attend;
Which Leader ſhall the doubtful victory bleſs,
And give an earneſt of the war's ſucceſs;
When Heaven itſelf, for England to declare,
Turns ſhip, and men, and tackle into air.

Their

Their new commander from his charge is tost,
When that young Prince had so unjustly lost,
Whose great progenitors, with better fate,
And better conduct, sway'd their infant-state.
His flight tow'rds heaven th' aspiring Belgian took;
But fell, like Phaeton, with thunder strook:
From vaster hopes than his, he seem'd to fall,
That durst attempt the British Admiral:
From her broadsides a ruder flame is thrown,
Than from the fiery chariot of the sun:
That, bears the radiant ensign of the day;
And she, the flag that governs in the sea.
The Duke (ill-pleas'd that fire should thus prevent
The work, which for his brighter sword he meant)
Anger still burning in his valiant breast,
Goes to complete revenge upon the rest.
So, on the guardless herd, their keeper slain,
Rushes a tiger in the Libyan plain.
The Dutch, accustom'd to the raging sea,
And in black storms the frowns of heaven to see,
Never met tempest which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the Prince's look appears.
Fierce, goodly, young! Mars he resembles, when
Jove sends him down to scourge perfidious men:
Such as with foul ingratitude have paid,
Both those that led, and those that gave them aid.
Where he gives on, disposing of their fates,
Terror, and death, on his loud cannon waits:

* Prince of Orange.

With

With which he pleads his Brother's cauſe ſo well,
He ſhakes the throne to which he does appeal.
The ſea with ſpoils his angry bullets ſtrow,
Widows and orphans making as they go:
Before his ſhip, fragments of veſſels torn,
Flags, arms, and Belgian carcaſes, are borne:
And his deſpairing foes, to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their canvas to invite the wind.
So the rude Boreas, where he lifts to blow,
Makes clouds above, and billows fly below,
Beating the ſhore; and with a boiſterous rage,
Does heaven at once, and earth, and ſea, engage.

The Dutch, elſewhere, did through the watery field
Perform enough to have made others yield;
But Engliſh courage, growing as they fight,
In danger, noiſe, and ſlaughter takes delight:
Their bloody taſk, unweary'd ſtill, they ply,
Only reſtrain'd by death or victory.
Iron and lead, from earth's dark entrails torn,
Like ſhowers of hail, from either ſide are borne:
So high the rage of wretched mortals goes,
Hurling their mother's bowels at their foes!
Ingenious to their ruin, every age
Improves the arts and inſtruments of rage:
Death-haſtening ills nature enough has ſent,
And yet men ſtill a thouſand more invent!

But Bacchus now, which led the Belgians on
So fierce at firſt, to favour us begun:
Brandy and wine (their wonted friends) at length
Render them uſeleſs, and betray their ſtrength.

[illegible] garden flowers,
[illegible] moderate showers:
[illegible] ever-seeking rain,
[illegible] heads again.
[illegible] ships on one another fall,
[illegible] though to [illegible] all.
[illegible] the favouring wind,
[illegible] advantage find;
[illegible] among the heap they throw,
[illegible] Belgians blow.
[illegible] invades the powder-rooms; and then
[illegible] and their vessels men.
The [illegible] Batavians on the [illegible] float;
[illegible] own, to pass in Charon's, boat.
[illegible] Royal Admiral success
[illegible] marks of victory) does bless:
The [illegible] ships, the taken, and the slain,
[illegible] triumph o'er the conquer'd Main.
[illegible] Holland as their hasty flight
[illegible] the noise and tumult of the fight;
His [illegible] roar, fore-runner of his fame,
Makes their Hague tremble, and their Amsterdam:
The British thunder does their houses rock,
And the Duke seems at every door to knock.
His dreadful Streamer (like a comet's hair,
Threatening destruction) hastens their despair:
Makes them deplore their scatter'd fleet as lost;
And fear our present landing on their coast.
The trembling Dutch th' approaching Prince behold,
As sheep a lion, leaping tow'rds their fold;

Those

Thoſe piles, which ſerve them to repel the Main,
They think too weak his fury to reſtrain.
" What wonders may not Engliſh valour work,
" Led by th' example of victorious York?
" Or, what defence againſt him can they make,
" Who, at ſuch diſtance, does their country ſhake?
" His fatal hand their bulwarks will o'erthrow;
" And let in both the ocean and the foe."
Thus cry the people:—and, their land to keep,
Allow our title to command the Deep:
Blaming their States' ill conduct, to provoke
Thoſe arms, which freed them from the Spaniſh yoke.
Painter! excuſe me, if I have a-while
Forgot thy art, and us'd another ſtyle:
For, though you draw arm'd Heroes as they fit;
The taſk in battle does the Muſes fit:
They, in the dark confuſion of a fight,
Diſcover all; inſtruct us how to write;
And light and honour to brave actions yield;
Hid in the ſmoke and tumult of the field.
Ages to come ſhall know that Leader's toil,
And his great name, on whom the Muſes ſmile;
Their dictates here let thy fam'd pencil trace;
And this relation with thy colours grace.
Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met;
And our * Great Monarch high above them ſet:
Like young Auguſtus let his image be,
Triumphing for that victory at ſea;

* King Charles II.

Where * Egypt's Queen, and Eaſtern Kings, o'erthrown,
Made the poſſeſſion of the world his own.
Laſt draw the Commons at his royal feet,
Pouring out treaſure to ſupply his fleet:
They vow with lives and fortunes to maintain
Their King's eternal title to the Main:
And, with a preſent to the Duke, approve
His valour, conduct, and his country's love.

TO THE † KING.

GREAT Sir! diſdain not in this piece to ſtand,
Supreme commander both of ſea and land:
Thoſe which inhabit the celeſtial bower,
Painters expreſs with emblems of their power;
His club Alcides, Phœbus has his bow,
Jove has his thunder, and your navy You.
But your great providence no colours here
Can repreſent; nor pencil draw that care,
Which keeps you waking, to ſecure our peace,
The nation's glory, and our trade's increaſe:
You, for theſe ends, whole days in council ſit;
And the diverſions of your youth forget.
Small were the worth of valour and of force,
If your high wiſdom govern'd not their courſe:
You as the ſoul, as the Firſt Mover you
Vigour and life on every part beſtow:
How to build ſhips, and dreadful ordnance caſt,
Inſtruct the artiſts; and reward their haſte.

* Cleopatra. † King Charles II.

So,

So, Jove himſelf, when Typhon heaven does brave,
Deſcends to viſit Vulcan's ſmoky cave:
Teaching the brawny Cyclops how to frame
His thunder, mix'd with terror, wrath, and flame.
Had the old Greeks diſcover'd your abode,
Crete had not been the cradle of their God:
On that ſmall iſland they had look'd with ſcorn;
And in Great Britain thought the Thunderer born.

A Preſage of the RUIN of the TURKISH EMPIRE: Preſented to his Majeſty King JAMES II. on his Birth-Day.

SINCE James the Second grac'd the Britiſh throne,
Truce, well-obſerv'd, has been infring'd by none:
Chriſtians to him their preſent union owe,
And late ſucceſs againſt the common foe:
While neighbouring princes, loth to urge their fate,
Court his aſſiſtance, and ſuſpend their hate.
So angry bulls the combat do forbear,
When from the wood a lion does appear.
This happy day peace to our Iſland ſent;
As now he gives it to the Continent.
A Prince more fit for ſuch a glorious taſk,
Than England's King, from Heaven we cannot aſk:
He (great and good!) proportion'd to the work,
Their ill-drawn ſwords ſhall turn againſt the Turk.
Such Kings, like ſtars with influence unconfin'd,
Shine with aſpect propitious to mankind.

Favour the innocent, repreſs the bold;
And, while they flouriſh, make an age of gold.
Bred in the camp, fam'd for his valour young;
At ſea ſucceſsful, vigorous, and ſtrong;
His fleet, his army, and his mighty mind,
Eſteem and reverence through the world do find.
A Prince, with ſuch advantages as theſe,
Where he perſuades not, may command a peace.
Britain declaring for the juſter ſide,
The moſt ambitious will forget their pride:
They that complain will their endeavours ceaſe,
Advis'd by him, inclin'd to preſent peace;
Join to the Turk's deſtruction; and then bring
All their pretences to ſo juſt a King.
If the ſucceſsful troublers of mankind,
With laurel crown'd, ſo great applauſe do find;
Shall the vex'd world leſs honour yield to thoſe
That ſtop their progreſs, and their rage oppoſe?
Next to that power which does the ocean awe,
Is, to ſet bounds, and give ambition law.
The Britiſh Monarch ſhall the glory have,
That famous Greece remains no longer ſlave:
That ſource of art, and cultivated thought!
Which they to Rome, and Romans hither, brought.
The baniſh'd Muſes ſhall no longer mourn;
But may with Liberty to Greece return:
Though ſlaves (like birds that ſing not in a cage)
They loſt their genius and poetic rage;
Homers again, and Pindars, may be found;
And his great actions with their numbers crown'd.

The Turk's vaſt empire does united ſtand:
Chriſtians, divided under the command
Of jarring princes, would be ſoon undone,
Did not this Hero make their intereſt one:
Peace to embrace, ruin the common foe,
Exalt the Croſs, and lay the Creſcent low.
Thus may the Goſpel to the riſing ſun
Be ſpread, and flouriſh where it firſt begun:
And this great day (ſo juſtly honour'd here!)
Known to the eaſt, and celebrated there.

"Hæc ego longævus cecini tibi, maxime regum!
"Auſus & ipſe manu juvenum tentare laborem."

VIRG.

TO THE DUCHESS,

When he preſented this Book to her ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MADAM! I here preſent you with the rage,
And with the Beauties, of a former age:
Wiſhing you may with as great pleaſure view
This, as we take in gazing upon you.
Thus we writ then: your brighter eyes inſpire
A nobler flame, and raiſe our genius higher.
While we your wit and early knowledge fear,
To our productions we become ſevere:
Your matchleſs beauty gives our fancy wing;
Your judgment makes us careful how we ſing.

Lines not compos'd, as heretofore, in haſte,
Poliſh'd like marble, ſhall like marble laſt:
And make you through as many ages ſhine,
As Taſſo has the Heroes of your line.
Though other names our wary writers uſe,
You are the ſubject of the Britiſh Muſe:
Dilating miſchief to yourſelf unknown,
Men write, and die, of wounds they dare not own.
So the bright ſun burns all our graſs away,
While it means nothing but to give us day.

Theſe VERSES were writ in the TASSO of her ROYAL HIGHNESS.

TASSO knew how the fairer ſex to grace;
But in no one durſt all perfection place:
In her alone that owns this book, is ſeen
Clorinda's ſpirit, and her lofty mien;
Sophronia's piety, Erminia's truth,
Armida's charms, her beauty, and her youth.
Our Princeſs here, as in a glaſs, does dreſs
Her well-taught mind; and every grace expreſs,
More to our wonder than Rinaldo fought:
The Hero's race excels the Poet's thought.

ON

ON MRS. HIGGONS.

INGENIOUS Higgons never ſought
To hide the candour of her thought;
And now her cloaths are loſt, we find
The nymph as naked as her mind:
Like Eve while yet ſhe was untaught
To hide herſelf or know a fault.
For a ſnatch'd ribbon ſhe would frown,
But cares too little for her gown;
It makes her laugh, and all her grief
Is left it ſhould undo the thief.
Already ſhe begins to ſtretch
Her wit, to ſave the guilty wretch:
And ſays, ſhe was of goods bereft
By her own bounty, not by theft.
She thought not fit to keep her cloaths
Till they were eaten up with moths;
But made a nobler uſe of ſtore,
To clothe the naked and the poor.
Should all that do approve the fair,
Her loſs contribute to repair,
Of London ſhe would have the fate,
And riſe (undone) in greater ſtate;
In points, and hoods, and Indian gown,
As glorious as the new-built town.

OF

DIVINE LOVE.

A

POEM

IN SIX CANTOS.

" Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia libant;
" Sic nos Scripturæ depaſcimur aurea dicta;
" Aurea! perpetuâ ſemper digniſſima vitâ! * *
" Nam Divinus Amor cùm cæpit vociferari,
" Diffugiunt animi terrores. * *" LUCRET. Lib. iii.

" Exul eram, requieſque mihi, non fama, petita eſt,
" Mens intenta ſuis ne foret uſque malis; * *
" Namque ubi mota calent ſacrâ mea pectora Musâ,
" Altior humano ſpiritus ille malo eſt."
OVID. de Triſt. Lib. iv. El. 1.

THE ARGUMENTS.

I. Aſſerting the authority of the Scripture, in which this Love is revealed.

II. The preference and Love of God to man in the Creation.

III. The ſame Love more amply declared in our Redemption.

IV. How neceſſary this Love is to reform mankind, and how excellent in itſelf.

V. Shewing how happy the world would be, if this Love were univerſally embraced.

VI. Of preſerving this Love in our memory; and how uſeful the contemplation thereof is.

CANTO I.

THE Grecian Muſe has all their Gods ſurviv'd,
Nor Jove at us, nor Phœbus, is arriv'd:
Frail Deities! which firſt the Poets made,
And then invok'd, to give their fancies aid.
Yet, if they ſtill divert us with their rage,
What may be hop'd for in a better age;
When, not from Helicon's imagin'd ſpring,
But Sacred Writ, we borrow what we ſing?
This with the fabric of the world begun;
Elder than light, and ſhall out-laſt the ſun.
Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
The falſe pretenders, Delphos, Ammon, fall:
Long ſince deſpis'd and ſilent, they afford
Honour and triumph to th' eternal Word.

As late philoſophy our globe has grac'd,
And rolling earth among the planets plac'd:
So has this Book entitled us to heaven;
And rules, to guide us to that manſion, given:
Tells the conditions how our peace was made;
And is our pledge for the Great Author's aid.
His power in nature's ample book we find;
But the leſs volume does expreſs his mind.

This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught,
That his bleſt Gods vouchſafe us not a thought:
But unconcern'd let all below them ſlide,
As fortune does, or human wiſdom, guide.

Religion thus remov'd, the ſacred yoke,
And band of all ſociety, is broke:
What uſe of oaths, of promiſe, or of teſt,
Where men regard no God, but intereſt?
What endleſs war would jealous nations tear,
If none above did witneſs what they ſwear!
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet juſt,
Among themſelves to find ſo little truſt!
Were Scripture ſilent, nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falſehood and our ſhame.
To know our thoughts the object of his eyes,
Is the firſt ſtep tow'rds being good or wiſe:
For though with judgment we on things reflect,
Our Will determines, not our Intellect:
Slaves to their paſſion, Reaſon men employ
Only to compaſs what they would enjoy.
His fear, to guard us from ourſelves, we need;
And Sacred Writ our Reaſon does exceed.
For though Heaven ſhews the glory of the Lord,
Yet ſomething ſhines more glorious in his Word:
His mercy this (which all his work excels!)
His tender kindneſs and compaſſion tells:
While we, inform'd by that celeſtial Book,
Into the bowels of our Maker look.
Love there reveal'd (which never ſhall have end,
Nor had beginning) ſhall our ſong commend:
Deſcribe itſelf, and warm us with that flame,
Which firſt from heaven, to make us happy, came.

CANTO

CANTO II.

THE fear of hell, or aiming to be bleſt,
Savours too much of private intereſt.
This mov'd not Moſes, nor the zealous Paul;
Who for their friends abandon'd ſoul and all:
A greater yet from heaven to hell deſcends,
To ſave, and make his enemies his friends.
What line of praiſe can fathom ſuch a love,
Which reach'd the loweſt bottom from above?
The * Royal Prophet, that extended grace
From heaven to earth, meaſur'd but half that ſpace.
The Law was regnant, and confin'd his thought;
Hell was not conquer'd when that Poet wrote:
Heaven was ſcarce heard of, until He came down
To make the region where love triumphs known.
That early love of creatures yet unmade,
To frame the world th' Almighty did perſuade;
For love it was that firſt created light,
Mov'd on the waters, chac'd away the night
From the rude Chaos; and beſtow'd new grace
On things diſpos'd of to their proper place;
Some, to reſt here; and ſome, to ſhine above:
Earth, ſea, and heaven, were all th' effects of love.
And love would be return'd. But there was none
That to themſelves or others yet were known:
The world a palace was, without a gueſt,
Till one appears, that muſt excel the reſt:

* David.

One!

[illegible] capacious mind
[illegible] the Maker find:
[illegible] and give each ſtar a name:
[illegible] through ocean tame;
[illegible] with ſwelling ſails might go,
[illegible] experience know:
[illegible] obedient to his will,
[illegible] the fertile earth to till.
[illegible] Word, God had accompliſh'd all,
[illegible] he did a council call:
[illegible] hand, to give the duſt he took
[illegible] figure and majeſtic look:
[illegible] own breath, convey'd into his breaſt
[illegible], and a ſoul fit to command the reſt.
Worthy alone to celebrate his name
[illegible] ſuch a gift; and tell from whence it came.
Birds ſing his praiſes in a wilder note;
But not with laſting numbers, and with thought;
Man's great prerogative! But above all
His grace abounds in his new favourite's fall.
If he create, it is a world he makes;
If he be angry, the creation ſhakes:
From his juſt wrath our guilty parents fled;
He curſt the earth, but bruis'd the ſerpent's head.
Amidſt the ſtorm, his bounty did exceed,
In the rich promiſe of the Virgin's ſeed:
Though juſtice death, as ſatisfaction, craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.

CANTO

CANTO III.

NOT willing terror ſhould his image move;
He gives a pattern of eternal love;
His Son deſcends, to treat a peace with thoſe
Which were, and muſt have ever been, his foes.
Poor he became, and left his glorious ſeat,
To make us humble, and to make us great:
His buſineſs here was happineſs to give
To thoſe, whoſe malice could not let him live.
Legions of Angels, which he might have us'd,
(For us reſolv'd to periſh) he refus'd:
While they ſtood ready to prevent his loſs,
Love took him up, and nail'd him to the Croſs.
Immortal love! which in his bowels reign'd,
That we might be by ſuch great love conſtrain'd.
To make return of love: upon this Pole
Our duty does, and our religion, roll.
To love is to believe, to hope, to know;
'Tis an eſſay, a taſte of heaven below!
He to proud potentates would not be known;
Of thoſe that lov'd him, he was hid from none.
Till love appear, we live in anxious doubt;
But ſmoke will vaniſh when that flame breaks out;
This is the fire that would conſume our droſs,
Refine, and make us richer by the loſs.
Could we forbear diſpute, and practiſe love,
We ſhould agree, as Angels do above.

[illegible] alone does find
[illegible] there, but [illegible] stay behind:
Both faith and hope, and all the meaner train
Of moral virtues, at the door remain.
Love only enters as a native there;
For, born in heaven, it does but sojourn here.
He that alone would wise and mighty be,
Commands that others love as well as he.
Love as he lov'd!—How can we soar so high?—
He can add wings, when he commands to fly.
Nor should we be with this command dismay'd;
He that examples gives, will give his aid:
For he took flesh, that, where his precepts fail,
His practice, as a pattern, may prevail.
His love at once, and dread, instruct our thought;
As Man he suffer'd, and as God he taught.
Will for the deed he takes; we may with ease
Obedient be; for if we love, we please.
Weak though we are, to love is no hard task,
And love for love is all that Heaven does ask.
Love! that would all men just and temperate make,
Kind to themselves, and others for his sake.
'Tis with our minds as with a fertile ground;
Wanting this love, they must with weeds abound,
(Unruly passions) whose effects are worse
Than thorns and thistles, springing from the curse.

CANTO

CANTO IV.

TO glory man, or misery, is born;
Of his proud fate the envy or the scorn:
Wretched he is, or happy, in extreme;
Base in himself, but great in Heaven's esteem,
With love, of all created things the best,
Without it, more pernicious than the rest.
For greedy wolves unguarded sheep devour
But while their hunger lasts, and then give o'er:
Man's boundless avarice his want exceeds,
And on his neighbours round about him feeds.
His pride and vain ambition are so vast,
That, deluge-like, they lay whole nations waste:
Debauches and excess (though with less noise)
As great a portion of mankind destroys.
The beasts and monsters Hercules oppress
Might, in that age, some provinces infest:
These more destructive monsters are the bane
Of every age, and in all nations reign:
But soon would vanish, if the world were bless'd
With sacred love, by which they are repress'd.
Impendent death, and guilt that threatens hell,
Are dreadful guests, which here with mortals dwell;
And a vex'd conscience, mingling with their joy
Thoughts of despair, does their whole life annoy:
But, love appearing, all those terrors fly;
We live contented, and contented die.

They in whose breaſt this ſacred love has place,
Death, as a paſſage to their joy, embrace.
Clouds and thick vapours, which obſcure the day,
The ſun's victorious beams may chace away;
Thoſe which our life corrupt and darken, love
(The nobler ſtar!) muſt from the ſoul remove.
Spots are obſerv'd in that which bounds the year;
This brighter ſun moves in a boundleſs ſphere:
Of Heaven the joy, the glory, and the light;
Shines among Angels, and admits no night.

CANTO

CANTO V.

THIS iron age (ſo fraudulent and bold!)
Touch'd with this love, would be an age of gold:
Not, as they feign'd, that oaks ſhould honey drop,
Or land neglected bear an unſown crop:
Love would make all things eaſy, ſafe, and cheap;
None for himſelf would either ſow or reap:
Our ready help and mutual love would yield
A nobler harveſt than the richeſt field;
Famine and death, confin'd to certain parts,
Extended are by barrenneſs of hearts.
Some pine for want, where others ſurfeit now;
But then we ſhould the uſe of plenty know.
Love would betwixt the rich and needy ſtand;
And ſpread Heaven's bounty with an equal hand:
At once the givers and receivers bleſs;
Increaſe their joy, and make their ſuffering leſs.
Who for himſelf no miracle would make,
Diſpens'd with ſeveral for the people's ſake:
He that, long-faſting, would no wonder ſhow,
Made loaves and fiſhes, as they eat them, grow.
Of all his power, which boundleſs was above,
Here he us'd none, but to expreſs his love:
And ſuch a love would make our joy exceed,
Not when our own, but other mouths, we feed.
Laws would be uſeleſs, which rude nature awe;
Love, changing nature, would prevent the law:
Tigers and lions into dens we thruſt;
But milder creatures with their freedom truſt.

Devils are chain'd and tremble; but the Spouſe
No force but love, nor bond but bounty, knows.
Men (whom we now ſo fierce and dangerous ſee)
Would guardian-angels to each other be:
Such wonders can this mighty love perform;
Vultures to doves, wolves into lambs transform!
Love what Iſaiah propheſy'd can do,
Exalt the valleys, lay the mountains low;
Humble the lofty, the rejected raiſe,
Smooth and make ſtreight our rough and crooked way
Love, ſtrong as death, and like it, levels all;
With that poſſeſt, the great in title fall:
Themſelves eſteem but equal to the leaſt,
Whom Heaven with that high character has bleſt.
This love, the centre of our union, can
Alone beſtow complete repoſe on man:
Tame his wild appetite, make inward peace,
And foreign ſtrife among the nations ceaſe.
No martial trumpet ſhould diſturb our reſt,
Nor Princes arm, though to ſubdue the Eaſt;
Where for the Tomb ſo many Heroes (taught
By thoſe that guided their devotion) fought.
Thrice happy we, could we like ardour have
To gain his love, as they to win his grave!
Love as he lov'd! A love ſo unconfin'd,
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
Self-love would ceaſe, or be dilated, when
We ſhould behold as many ſelfs as men:
All of one family, in blood ally'd,
His precious blood, that for our ranſom dy'd!

CANTO

CANTO VI.

THOUGH the creation (ſo divinely taught!)
Prints ſuch a lively image on our thought,
That the firſt ſpark of new-created light,
From Chaos ſtrook, affects our preſent ſight:
Yet the firſt Chriſtians did eſteem more bleſt
The day of riſing, than the day of reſt;
That every week might new occaſion give,
To make his triumph in their memory live.
Then let our Muſe compoſe a ſacred charm,
To keep his blood among us ever warm:
And ſinging, as the Bleſſed do above,
With our laſt breath dilate this flame of love.
But, on ſo vaſt a ſubject, who can find
Words that may reach th' ideas of his mind?
Our language fails: or, if it could ſupply,
What mortal thought can raiſe itſelf ſo high?
Deſpairing here, we might abandon art,
And only hope to have it in our heart.
But though we find this ſacred taſk too hard,
Yet the deſign, th' endeavour, brings reward.
The contemplation does ſuſpend our woe,
And make a truce with all the ills we know.
As Saul's afflicted ſpirit, from the ſound
Of David's harp, a preſent ſolace found:
So on this theme while we our Muſe engage,
No wounds are felt, of fortune or of age.

On divine love to meditate in peace,
And make all care of meaner things to cease.
Amaz'd at once, and comforted, to find
A boundless Power so infinitely kind;
The soul contending to that light to fly
From her dark cell, we practise how to die:
Employing thus the Poet's winged art,
To reach this love, and grave it in our heart.
Joy so complete, so solid, and severe,
Would leave no place for meaner pleasures there:
Pale they would look, as stars that must be gone,
When from the east the rising sun comes on.

OF THE

FEAR OF GOD.

IN TWO CANTOS.

CANTO I.

THE fear of God is freedom, joy, and peace;
And makes all ills that vex us here to ceaſe:
Though the word Fear ſome men may ill endure,
'Tis ſuch a fear as only makes ſecure.
Aſk of no Angel to reveal thy fate;
Look in thy heart, the mirror of thy ſtate.
He that invites will not th' invited mock;
Opening to all that do in earneſt knock.
Our hopes are all well-grounded on this fear;
All our aſſurance rolls upon that ſphere.
This fear, that drives all other fears away,
Shall be my ſong; the morning of our day!
Where that fear is, there 's nothing to be fear'd;
It brings from heaven an Angel for a guard:
Tranquillity and peace this fear does give;
Hell gapes for thoſe that do without it live.
It is a beam, which he on man lets fall,
Of light; by which he made and governs all.

'Tis

'Tis God alone should not offended be:
But we please others, as more great than he.
For a good cause, the sufferings of man
May well be borne: his more than Angels can.
Man, since his fall, in no mean station rests,
Above the Angels, or below the beasts.
He with true joy their hearts does only fill,
That thirst and hunger to perform his will.
Others, though rich, shall in this world be vext;
And sadly live, in terror of the next.
The * world's great conqueror would his point pursue,
And wept because he could not find a new:
Which had he done, yet still he would have cry'd,
To make him work, until a third he spy'd.
Ambition, avarice, will nothing owe
To Heaven itself, unless it make them grow.
Though richly fed, man's care does still exceed:
Has but one mouth, yet would a thousand feed.
In wealth and honour, by such men possest,
If it encrease not, there is found no rest.
All their delight is while their wish comes in;
Bad when it stops, as there had nothing been.
'Tis strange men should neglect their present store,
And take no joy, but in pursuing more;
Not though arriv'd at all the world can aim:
This is the mark and glory of our frame.
A soul capacious of the Deity,
Nothing, but he that made, can satisfy.

* Alexander.

A thousand

A thouſand worlds, if we with him compare,
Leſs than ſo many drops of water are.
Men take no pleaſure but in new deſigns:
And what they hope for what they have outſhines.
Our ſheep and oxen ſeem no more to crave;
With full content feeding on what they have:
Vex not themſelves for an encreaſe of ſtore;
But think to-morrow we ſhall give them more.
What we from day to day receive from Heaven,
They do from us expect it ſhould be given.
We made them not, yet they on us rely;
More than vain men upon the Deity:
More beaſts than they! that will not underſtand,
That we are fed from his immediate hand,
Man, that in him has Being, moves and lives,
What can he have or uſe but what he gives?
So that no bread can nouriſhment afford,
Or uſeful be, without his Sacred Word.

CANTO

CANTO II.

EARTH praiſes conquerors for ſhedding blood
Heaven, thoſe that love their foes, and do th
good.
It is terreſtrial honour, to be crown'd
For ſtrowing men, like ruſhes, on the ground.
True glory 'tis to riſe above them all,
Without th' advantage taken by their fall.
He that in fight diminiſhes mankind,
Does no addition to his ſtature find:
But he that does a noble nature ſhow,
Obliging others, ſtill does higher grow.
For virtue practis'd ſuch an habit gives,
That among men he like an Angel lives.
Humbly he doth, and without envy, dwell;
Lov'd and admir'd by thoſe he does excell.
Fools anger ſhew, which politicians hide:
Bleſt with this fear, men let it not abide.
The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong.
Nor ſees he reaſon why he ſhould engage,
Or vex his ſpirit, for another's rage.
Plac'd on a rock, vain men he pities, toſt
On raging waves, and in the tempeſt loſt.
The rolling planets and the glorious ſun
Still keep that order which they firſt begun:

They their firſt leſſon conſtantly repeat,
Which their Creator, as a law, did ſet.
Above, below, exactly all obey:
But wretched men have found another way;
Knowledge of good and evil, as at firſt,
(That vain perſuaſion!) keeps them ſtill accurſt!
The Sacred Word refuſing as a guide,
Slaves they become to luxury and pride.
As clocks, remaining in the ſkilful hand
Of ſome great maſter, at the figure ſtand;
But when abroad, neglected they do go,
At random ſtrike, and the falſe hour do ſhow:
So from our Maker wandering, we ſtray;
Like birds that know not to their neſts the way.
In him we dwelt before our exile here:
And may, returning, find contentment there:
True joy may find, perfection of delight;
Behold his face, and ſhun eternal night.

Silence, my Muſe! make not theſe jewels cheap,
Expoſing to the world too large an heap.
Of all we read, the Sacred Writ is beſt;
Where great truths are in feweſt words expreſt.

Wreſtling with death, theſe lines I did indite;
No other theme could give my ſoul delight.
O, that my youth had thus employ'd my pen!
Or that I now could write as well as then!

But

[illegible] burning incense raise,
[illegible] of praise.
[illegible] the [illegible] too high
[illegible] but the Deity.
[illegible] can with Heaven pretend to share
[illegible] of wife and fair
[illegible] when with these we grace,
[illegible] a dwarf we place.
[illegible] the product of our Muse,
[illegible] oil, above [illegible] private use;
[illegible] forbidden to be made,
[illegible] should be on the altar said.
[illegible] a rich inestimable vein,
[illegible] dropp'd from heaven, 'tis thither sent again.
[illegible] 'tis that he admits our praise,
[illegible] not him, but as that yield it, raise.
[illegible] that Angel up to heaven did rise,
[illegible] the flame of Manoah's sacrifice.
[illegible] with praise, we penetrate the sky;
[illegible] clouds, and fars, to praise him as we fly;
[illegible] whole creation (by our tail made groan)
[illegible] praise to echo, and suspend their moan.
[illegible] that he reigns all creatures should rejoice;
[illegible] we with songs supply their want of voice.
[illegible] Church triumphant, and the Church below,
[illegible] songs of praise their present union show.
Their joys are full; our expectation long;
In life we differ, but we join in song.
we, assisted by this art,
gether, though we dwell apart.

Thus

Thus we reach heaven, while vainer poems muſt
No higher riſe, than winds may lift the duſt.
From that they ſpring; this, from his breath that gave
To the firſt duſt th' immortal ſoul we have.
His praiſe well ſung (our great endeavour here)
Shakes off the duſt, and makes that breath appear.

CANTO II.

HE * that did firſt this way of writing grace,
Convers'd with the Almighty face to face:
Wonders he did in ſacred verſe unfold,
When he had more than eighty winters told:
The writer feels no dire effect of age;
Nor verſe, that flows from ſo divine a rage.
Eldeſt of Poets, he beheld the light,
When firſt it triumph'd o'er eternal night:
Chaos he ſaw; and could diſtinctly tell
How that confuſion into order fell:
As if conſulted with, he has expreſt
The work of the Creator, and his reſt:
How the flood drown'd the firſt offending race,
Which might the figure of our globe deface.
For new-made earth, ſo even and ſo fair,
Leſs equal now, uncertain makes the air:
Surpriz'd with heat and unexpected cold,
Early diſtempers make our youth look old:
Our days ſo evil, and ſo few, may tell
That on the ruins of that world we dwell.
Strong as the oaks that nouriſh'd them, and high,
That long-liv'd race did on their force rely,
Neglecting heaven. But we, of ſhorter date!
Should be more mindful of impendent Fate.

* Moſes.

To worms, that crawl upon this rubbiſh here,
This ſpan of life may yet too long appear:
Enough to humble, and to make us great,
If it prepare us for a nobler ſeat.
Which well obſerving, he, in numerous lines,
Taught wretched man how faſt his life declines:
In whom he dwelt, before the world was made;
And may again retire, when that ſhall fade.
The laſting Iliads have not liv'd ſo long,
As his and Deborah's triumphant ſong.
Delphos unknown, no Muſe could them inſpire,
But that which governs the celeſtial choir.
Heaven to the pious did this art reveal;
And from their ſtore ſucceeding Poets ſteal:
Homer's Scamander for the Trojans fought,
And ſwell'd ſo high, by her old Kiſhon taught:
His river ſcarce could fierce Achilles ſtay;
Her's, more ſucceſsful, ſwept her foes away.
The hoſt of heaven, his Phœbus and his Mars,
He arms; inſtructed by her fighting ſtars,
She led them all againſt the common foe:
But he (miſ-led by what he ſaw below!)
The Powers above, like wretched men, divides,
And breaks their union into different ſides.
The nobleſt parts which in his Heroes ſhine,
May be but copies of that Heroine.
Homer himſelf and Agamemnon ſhe
The writer could, and the commander, be.
Truth ſhe relates, in a ſublimer ſtrain
Than all the tales the boldeſt Greeks could feign:

For what ſhe ſung, that Spirit did indite,
Which gave her courage and ſucceſs in fight.
A double garland crowns the matchleſs dame;
From Heaven her Poem and her Conqueſt came.

Though of the Jews ſhe merit moſt eſteem;
Yet here the Chriſtian has the greater theme:
Her martial ſong deſcribes how Siſera fell;
This ſings our triumph over death and hell.
The riſing light employ'd the ſacred breath
Of the bleſt Virgin and Elizabeth.
In ſongs of joy the Angels ſung his birth:
Here, how he treated was upon the earth,
Trembling we read! th' affliction and the ſcorn,
Which, for our guilt, ſo patiently was borne!
Conception, birth, and ſuffering, all belong
(Though various parts) to one celeſtial ſong:
And ſhe, well uſing ſo divine an art,
Has, in this concert, ſung the tragic part.

As Hannah's ſeed was vow'd to ſacred uſe,
So here this Lady conſecrates her Muſe;
With like reward may Heaven her bed adorn,
With fruit as fair, as by her Muſe is born!

On

On the Paraphraſe on the LORD'S PRAYER, Written by Mrs. WHARTON.

SILENCE, ye winds! liſten etherial lights!
While our Urania ſings what Heaven indites:
The Numbers are the Nymph's; but from above
Deſcends the pledge of that eternal love.
Here wretched mortals have not leave alone,
But are inſtructed to approach his throne:
And how can he to miſerable men
Deny requeſts, which his own hand did pen?
In the Evangeliſts we find the proſe;
Which, paraphras'd by her, a Poem grows;
A devout rapture! ſo divine a hymn,
It may become the higheſt Seraphim!
For they, like her, in that celeſtial choir,
Sing only what the Spirit does inſpire.
Taught by our Lord, and theirs, with us they may
For all, but pardon for offences, pray.

Some Reflections of His upon the ſeveral Petitions in the ſame Prayer.

I. HIS ſacred name, with reverence profound,
Should mention'd be, and trembling at the ſound!
It was Jehovah; 'tis Our Father now;
So low to us does Heaven vouchſafe to bow! *
He brought it down, that taught us how to pray;
And did ſo dearly for our ranſom pay.

* Pſalm xviii. 9.

II. *His kingdom come.* For this we pray in vain,
Unleſs he does in our affections reign:
Abſurd it were to wiſh for ſuch a King,
And not obedience to his ſceptre bring;
Whoſe yoke is eaſy, and his burthen light;
His ſervice freedom, and his judgments right.

III. *His will be done.* In fact 'tis always done;
But, as in heaven, it muſt be made our own:
His will ſhould all our inclinations ſway,
Whom nature and the univerſe obey.
Happy the man! whoſe wiſhes are confin'd
To what has been eternally deſign'd:
Referring all to his paternal care,
To whom more dear, than to ourſelves, we are.

IV. It is not what our avarice hoards up;
'Tis he that feeds us, and that fills our cup;
Like new-born babes, depending on the breaſt,
From day to day, we on his bounty feaſt.
Nor ſhould the ſoul expect above a day,
To dwell in her frail tenement of clay:
The ſetting ſun ſhould ſeem to bound our race,
And the new day a gift of ſpecial grace.

V. *That he ſhould all our treſpaſſes forgive,*
While we in hatred with our neighbours live;
Though ſo to pray may ſeem an eaſy taſk,
We curſe ourſelves when thus inclin'd we aſk.
This prayer to uſe, we ought with equal care
Our ſouls, as to the Sacrament, prepare.
The nobleſt worſhip of the Power above,
Is to extol, and imitate, his love:

Not

Not to forgive our enemies alone;
But uſe our bounty that they may be won.

VI. *Guard us from all temptations of the foe:*
And thoſe we may in ſeveral ſtations know:
The rich and poor in ſlippery places ſtand:
Give us enough! but with a ſparing hand!
Not ill-perſuading want; nor wanting wealth;
But what proportion'd is to life and health.
For not the dead, but living, ſing thy praiſe;
Exalt thy kingdom, and thy glory raiſe.

" Favete linguis! * * * *
" Virginibus puerisque canto." HORAT.

On the foregoing DIVINE POEMS*.

WHEN we for age could neither read nor write,
The ſubject made us able to indite:
The ſoul, with nobler reſolutions deckt,
The body ſtooping, does herſelf erect:
No mortal parts are requiſite to raiſe
Her, that unbody'd can her Maker praiſe.

The ſeas are quiet, when the winds give o'er:
So, calm are we, when paſſions are no more!
For then we know how vain it was to boaſt
Of fleeting things, ſo certain to be loſt.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptineſs, which age deſcries.

* See, in " Duke's Poems," an elegant compliment to Mr. Waller, on this his laſt production. N.

The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light, through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakneſs, wiſer men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home:
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That ſtand upon the threſhold of the new.

" * * * * Miratur limen Olympi." VIRG.

EPI-

EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, AND FRAGMENTS.

Under a LADY'S PICTURE.

SUCH Helen was! and who can blame the * boy
That in ſo bright a flame conſum'd his Troy?
But, had like virtue ſhin'd in that fair Greek,
The amorous ſhepherd had not dar'd to ſeek,
Or hope for pity; but, with ſilent moan,
And better fate, had periſhed alone.

Of a Lady who writ in Praiſe of MIRA.

WHILE ſhe pretends to make the graces known
Of matchleſs Mira, ſhe reveals her own:
And, when ſhe would another's praiſe indite,
Is by her glaſs inſtructed how to write.

* Paris.

To

[illegible] Man.

SYCE [illegible] with some ill [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] light
[illegible] night!

[illegible]

[illegible]

WERE [illegible] they [illegible]
That Lyce painted; [illegible]
Like [illegible] into [illegible],
So [illegible] woven, [illegible]
Her own teeth would [illegible] the [illegible],
And let all go that she had got.
Those teeth fair Lyce must not show,
If she would bite. Her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are disabus'd when first she gapes.
The rotten bones discover'd there,
Shew 'tis a painted sepulchre.

EPIGRAM UPON THE GOLDEN MEDAL.

OUR guard upon the royal side!
On the reverse, our beauty's pride!
Here we discern the frown and smile;
The force and glory of our Isle.

In the rich Medal, both ſo like
Immortals ſtand, it ſeems antique;
Carv'd by ſome maſter, when the bold
Greeks made their Jove deſcend in gold;
And Danaë wondering at that ſhower,
Which, falling, ſtorm'd her brazen tower.
Britannia there, the Fort in vain
Had batter'd been with golden rain:
Thunder itſelf had fail'd to paſs;
Virtue 's a ſtronger guard than braſs.

Written on a Card that her * MAJESTY tore at OMBRE.

THE cards you tear in value riſe;
So do the wounded by your eyes.
Who to celeſtial things aſpire,
Are by that paſſion rais'd the higher.

To Mr. GRANVILLE, (afterwards Lord LANSDOWN) on his Verſes to K. JAMES II.

AN early plant! which ſuch a bloſſom bears,
And ſhews a genius ſo beyond his years;
A judgment! that could make ſo fair a choice;
So high a ſubject, to employ his voice:
Still as it grows, how ſweetly will he ſing
The growing greatneſs of our matchleſs King!

* Q. Catharine.

LONG

LONG AND SHORT LIFE.

CIRCLES are prais'd, not that about
In largeneſs, but th' exactly round:
So, life we praiſe, that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well.

TRANSLATED OUT OF SPANISH.

THOUGH we may ſeem importune,
While your compaſſion we implore;
They, whom you make too fortunate,
May with preſumption vex you more.

TRANSLATED OUT OF FRENCH.

FADE, flowers, fade: nature will have it ſo:
'Tis but what we muſt in our autumn do.
And, as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
The loſs alone by thoſe that lov'd them found:
So, in the grave, ſhall we as quiet lie;
Miſs'd by ſome few that lov'd our company.
But ſome ſo like to thorns and nettles live,
That none for them can, when they periſh, grieve.

Some

Some VERSES of an imperfect COPY, Deſigned for a Friend, On his Tranſlation of OVID's FASTI.

ROME's holy days you tell, as if a gueſt
With the old Romans you were wont to feaſt.
Numa's religion, by themſelves believ'd,
Excels the true, only in ſhew receiv'd.
They made the nations round about them bow,
With their Dictators taken from the plough:
Such power has juſtice, faith, and honeſty!
The world was conquer'd by morality.
Seeming devotion does but gild a knave,
That 's neither faithful, honeſt, juſt, nor brave:
But, where religion does with virtue join,
It makes a Hero like an Angel ſhine.

* * * * * *

On the STATUE of King CHARLES the FIRST, at CHARING-CROSS.

In the Year 1674.

THAT the Firſt Charles does here in triumph ride;
See his Son reign, where he a Martyr dy'd;
And people pay that reverence, as they paſs,
(Which then he wanted!) to the ſacred braſs;
Is not th' effect of gratitude alone,
To which we owe the ſtatue and the ſtone.

But

But Heaven this lasting monument has wrought,
That mortals may eternally be taught,
Rebellion, though successful, is but vain;
And Kings so kill'd rise conquerors again.
This truth the royal image does proclaim,
Loud as the trumpet of surviving Fame.

PRIDE.

NOT the brave * Macedonian Youth alone;
But base Caligula, when on the throne,
Boundless in power, would make himself a God;
As if the world depended on his nod.
The † Syrian King to beasts was headlong thrown,
Ere to himself he could be mortal known.
The meaneſt wretch, if Heaven should give him line,
Would never stop, till he were thought divine:
All might within discern the serpent's pride,
If from ourselves nothing ourselves did hide.
Let the proud peacock his gay feathers spread,
And woo the female to his painted bed:
Let winds and seas together rage and swell:
This nature teaches, and becomes them well.
‡ *Pride was not made for men:* a conscious sense
Of guilt and folly, and their consequence,
Destroys the claim: and to beholders tells,
Here nothing, but the shape of manhood, dwells.

* Alexander.
† Nebuchadnezzar.
‡ Eccles. x. 18.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH ON SIR GEORGE SPEKE.

UNDER this ſtone lies virtue, youth,
Unblemiſh'd probity, and truth:
Juſt unto all relations known,
A worthy patriot, pious ſon:
Whom neighbouring towns ſo often ſent,
To give their ſenſe in Parliament;
With lives and fortunes truſting one,
Who ſo diſcreetly us'd his own.
Sober he was, wiſe, temperate;
Contented with an old eſtate,
Which no foul avarice did increaſe,
Nor wanton luxury make leſs.
While yet but young, his father dy'd,
And left him to an happy guide:
Not Lemuel's mother with more care
Did counſel or inſtruct her heir;
Or teach with more ſucceſs her ſon
The vices of the time to ſhun.
An heireſs ſhe; while yet alive,
All that was her's to him did give:
And he juſt gratitude did ſhow
To one that had oblig'd him ſo:
Nothing too much for her he thought,
By whom he was ſo bred and taught,
So (early made that path to tread,
Which did his youth to honour lead)
His ſhort life did a pattern give,
How neighbours, huſbands, friends, ſhould live.

The

The virtues of a private life
Exceed the glorious noiſe and ſtrife,
Of battles won: in thoſe we find
The ſolid intereſt of mankind.
Approv'd by all, and lov'd ſo well,
Though young, like fruit that 's ripe, he fell.

EPITAPH on Colonel CHARLES CAVENDISH.

HERE lies Charles Cavendiſh: let the marble ſtone,
That hides his aſhes, make his virtue known.
Beauty and valour did his ſhort life grace;
The grief and glory of his noble race!
Early abroad he did the world ſurvey,
As if he knew he had not long to ſtay:
Saw what great Alexander in the Eaſt,
And mighty Julius conquer'd in the Weſt.
Then, with a mind as great as theirs, he came
To find at home occaſion for his fame:
Where dark confuſion did the nations hide,
And where the juſter was the weaker ſide.
Two loyal brothers took their Sovereign's part,
Employ'd their wealth, their courage, and their art:
The * elder did whole regiments afford;
The younger brought his conduct and his ſword.

* William Earl of Devonſhire.

Born

Born to command, a leader he begun,
And on the rebels laſting honour won:
The Horſe, inſtructed by their General's worth,
Still made the King victorious in the North:
Where Ca'ndiſh fought, the Royaliſts prevail'd;
Neither his courage nor his judgment fail'd:
The current of his victories found no ſtop,
Till Cromwell came, his party's chiefeſt prop.
Equal ſucceſs had ſet theſe champions high,
And both reſolv'd to conquer or to die:
Virtue with rage, fury with valour, ſtrove;
But that muſt fall which is decreed above!
Cromwell, with odds of number and of fate,
Remov'd this bulwark of the Church and State:
Which the ſad iſſue of the war declar'd,
And made his taſk, to ruin both, leſs hard.
So when the bank neglected is o'erthrown,
The boundleſs torrent does the country drown.
Thus fell the young, the lovely, and the brave;
Strew bays and flowers upon his honour'd grave!

EPITAPH ON THE LADY SEDLEY.

HERE lies the learned Savil's heir;
So early wife, and laſting fair!
That none, except her years they told,
Thought her a child, or thought her old.
All that her father knew, or got,
His art, his wealth, fell to her lot:
And ſhe ſo well improv'd that ſtock,
Both of his knowledge and his flock;

That Wit and Fortune, reconcil'd
In her, upon each other ſmil'd.
While ſhe to every well-taught mind
Was ſo propitiouſly inclin'd,
And gave ſuch title to her ſtore,
That none, but th' ignorant, were poor.
The Muſes daily found ſupplies,
Both from her hands and from her eyes;
Her bounty did at once engage,
And matchleſs beauty warm their rage.
Such was this dame in calmer days,
Her nation's ornament and praiſe!
But when a ſtorm diſturb'd our reſt,
The port and refuge of th' oppreſt.
This made her fortune underſtood,
And look'd on as ſome public good;
So that (her perſon and her ſtate
Exempted from the common fate)
In all our civil fury ſhe
Stood, like a ſacred temple, free.
May here her monument ſtand ſo,
To credit this rude age! and ſhow
To future times, that even we
Some patterns did of virtue ſee:
And one ſublime example had
Of good, among ſo many bad.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH,

To be written under the Latin Inſcription upon the Tomb of the only Son of the Lord ANDOVER.

'TIS fit the Engliſh reader ſhould be told,
In our own language, what this tomb does hold.
'Tis not a noble corpſe alone does lie
Under this ſtone, but a whole family:
His parents' pious care, their name, their joy,
And all their hope, lies buried with this boy:
This lovely youth! for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.
Had there been ſpace, and years enough allow'd,
His courage, wit, and breeding to have ſhow'd,
We had not found, in all the numerous roll
Of his fam'd anceſtors, a greater ſoul:
His early virtues to that ancient ſtock
Gave as much honour as from thence he took.
Like buds appearing ere the froſts are paſt,
To become man he made ſuch fatal haſte;
And to perfection labour'd ſo to climb,
Preventing ſlow experience and time;
That 'tis no wonder death our hopes beguil'd:
He 's ſeldom old, that will not be a child.

EPITAPH, UNFINISHED.

GREAT ſoul! for whom death will no longer ſtay,
But ſends in haſte to ſnatch our bliſs away.
O cruel death! to thoſe you take more kind,
Than to the wretched mortals left behind!
Here beauty, youth, and noble virtue ſhin'd;
Free from the clouds of pride that ſhade the mind.
Inſpired verſe may on this marble live,
But can no honour to thy aſhes give.——

* * * * *

THE

EPITAPH

On HENRY DUNCH, Eſq;

In Newington Church in Oxfordſhire, 1686,

HERE lies the prop and glory of his race,
Who, that no time his memory may deface,
His grateful wife, under this ſpeaking ſtone
His aſhes hid, to make his merit known.
Sprung from an opulent and worthy line,
Whoſe well-us'd fortune made their virtues ſhine,
A rich example his fair life did give,
How others ſhould with their relations live.
A pious ſon, a huſband, and a friend,
To neighbours too his bounty did extend
So far, that they lamented when he died,
As if all to him had been near allied.
His curious youth would men and manners know,
Which made him to the ſouthern nations go.
Nearer the ſun, though they more civil ſeem,
Revenge and luxury have their eſteem;
Which well obſerving, he return'd with more
Value for England than he had before;
Her true religion, and her ſtatutes too,
He practiſed not leſs than ſeek'd to know;

And the whole country griev'd for their ill fate,
To loſe ſo good, ſo juſt a magiſtrate.
To ſhed a tear may readers be inclin'd,
And pray for one he only left behind;
Till ſhe who does inherit his eſtate,
May virtue love like him, and vices hate.

THE

THE EPITAPH ON MR. WALLER'S MONUMENT,

In Beconsfield Church-yard in Buckinghamshire;

Written by Mr. RYMER, late Historiographer-royal.

ON THE WEST END.

EDMUNDI WALLER HIC JACET ID QUANTUM MORTI CESSIT; QUI INTER POETAS SUI TEMPORIS FACILE PRINCEPS, LAUREAM, QUAM MERUIT ADOLESCENS, OCTOGENARIUS HAUD ABDICAVIT. HUIC DEBET PATRIA LINGUA QUOD CREDAS, SI GRÆCE LATINEQUE INTERMITTERENT, MUSÆ LOQUI AMARENT ANGLICE.

ON THE SOUTH SIDE.

HEUS, VIATOR! TUMULATUM VIDES EDMUNDUM WALLER, QUI TANTI NOMINIS POETA, ET IDEM AVITIS OPIBUS, INTER PRIMOS SPECTABILIS, MUSIS SE DEDIT, ET PATRIÆ. NONDUM OCTODECENNALIS, INTER ARDUA REGNI TRACTANTES SEDEM HABUIT, A BURGO DE AGMONDESHAM MISSUS. HIC VITÆ CURSUS; NEC ONERI DEFUIT SENEX; VIXITQUE SEMPER POPULO CHARUS, PRINCIPIBUS IN DELICIIS, ADMIRATIONI OMNIBUS. HIC CONDITUR TUMULO SUB EODEM RARA VIRTUTE ET MULTA PROLE NOBILIS UXOR, MARIA EX BRESSYORUM FAMILIA, CUM EDMUNDO WALLER, CONJUGE CHARISSIMO: QUEM TER ET DECIES LÆTUM FECIT PATREM, V FILIIS, FILIABUS VIII; QUOS MUNDO DEDIT, ET IN COELUM REDIIT.

ON

ON THE EAST END.

EDMUNDUS WALLER CUI HOC MARMOR SACRUM EST, COLESHILL NASCENDI LOCUM HABUIT; CANTABRIGIAM STUDENDI; PATREM ROBERTUM ET EX HAMPDENA STIRPE MATREM: COEPIT VIVERE III° MARTII, A. D. MDCV. PRIMA UXOR ANNA EDWARDI BANKS FILIA UNICA HÆRES. EX PRIMA BIS PATER FACTUS; EX SECUNDA TREDECIES; CUI ET DUO LUSTRA SUPERSTES, OBIIT XXI OCTOB. A. D. MDCLXXXVII.

ON THE NORTH SIDE.

HOC MARMORE EDMUNDO WALLER MARIÆQUE EX SECUNDIS NUPTIIS CONJUGI, PIENTISSIMIS PARENTIBUS, PIISSIME PARENTAVIT EDMUNDUS FILIUS HONORES BENE-MERENTIBUS EXTREMOS DEDIT QUOS IPSE FUGIT. EL. W. I. F. H. G. EX TESTAMENTO H. M. P. IN JUL. MDCC.

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THE END OF WALLER'S POEMS.

John Dickinson

1786

DENHAM.
Collier sculp.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE POEMS OF DENHAM, AND SPRATT.

POEMS

AND

TRANSLATIONS,

BY THE HONOURABLE

SIR JOHN DENHAM,

KNIGHT OF THE BATH.

reign invaſion and domeſtic diſcontent gave us: but theſe clouds being now happily blown over, and our ſun clearly ſhining out again, I have recovered the relapſe, it being ſuſpected that it would have proved the epidemical diſeaſe of age, which is apt to fall back into the follies of youth; yet Socrates, Ariſtotle, and Cato did the ſame; and Scaliger ſaith, that fragment of Ariſtotle was beyond any thing that Pindar or Homer ever wrote. I will not call this a dedication, for thoſe epiſtles are commonly greater abſurdities than any that come after; for what author can reaſonably believe, that fixing the great name of ſome eminent patron in the forehead of his book can charm away cenſure, and that the firſt leaf ſhould be a curtain to draw over and hide all the deformities that ſtand behind it? neither have I any need of ſuch ſhifts, for moſt of the parts of this body have already had your majeſty's view, and having paſt the teſt of ſo clear and ſharp-ſighted a judgment, which has as good a title to give law in matters of this nature as in any other, they who ſhall preſume to diſſent from your majeſty, will do more wrong to their own judgment than their judgment can do to me: and for thoſe latter parts which have not yet received your majeſty's favourable aſpect, if they who have ſeen them do not flatter me (for I dare not truſt my own judgment) they will make it appear, that it is not with me as with moſt of mankind, who never forſake their darling vices, till their vices forſake them; and that this divorce was not Frigiditatis cauſa, but an act of choice.

and not of neceſſity. Therefore, ſir, I ſhall only call it an humble petition, that your majeſty will pleaſe to pardon this new amour to my old miſtreſs, and my diſobedience to his commands, to whoſe memory I look up with great reverence and devotion: and making a ſerious reflection upon that wiſe advice, it carries much greater weight with it now, than when it was given; for when age and experience has ſo ripened man's diſcretion as to make it fit for uſe, either in private or public affairs, nothing blaſts and corrupts the fruit of it ſo much as the empty, airy reputation of being Nimis Poëta; and therefore I ſhall take my leave of the Muſes, as two of my predeceſſors did, ſaying,

"Splendidis longum valedico nugis.
"Hic verſus & cætera ludicra pono."

Your majeſty's moſt faithful
and loyal ſubject, and moſt
dutiful and devoted ſervant,
JO. DENHAM.

POEMS

POEMS

BY SIR JOHN DENHAM.

COOPER'S HILL.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnaſſus, nor did taſte the ſtream
Of Helicon; we therefore may ſuppoſe
Thoſe made not poets, but the poets thoſe.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muſes and their train reſort,
Parnaſſus ſtands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnaſſus art to me.
Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auſpicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundleſs in my fancy than my eye:
My eye, which ſwift as thought contracts the ſpace
That lies between, and firſt ſalutes the place
Crown'd with that ſacred pile, ſo vaſt, ſo high,
That, whether 'tis a part of earth or ſky,

Uncertain ſeems, and may be thought a proud
Aſpiring mountain, or deſcending cloud,
Paul's, the late theme of ſuch a * Muſe whoſe flight
Has bravely reach'd and ſoar'd above thy height:
Now ſhalt thou ſtand, though ſword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conſpire,
Secure, whilſt thee the beſt of poets ſings,
Preſerv'd from ruin by the beſt of kings.
Under his proud ſurvey the city lies,
And like a miſt beneath a hill doth riſe;
Whoſe ſtate and wealth, the buſineſs and the crowd,
Seems at this diſtance but a darker cloud:
And is, to him who rightly things eſteems,
No other in effect than what it ſeems:
Where, with like haſte, though ſeveral ways, they run,
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone;
While luxury, and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin, and increaſe;
As rivers loſt in ſeas, ſome ſecret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be loſt again.
Oh happineſs of ſweet retir'd content!
To be at once ſecure, and innocent.
Windſor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with ſtrength) above the valley ſwells
Into my eye, and doth itſelf preſent
With ſuch an eaſy and unforc'd aſcent,
That no ſtupendous precipice denies
Acceſs, no horror turns away our eyes;

* Mr. Waller.

But

But ſuch a riſe as doth at once invite
A pleaſure, and a reverence from the ſight.
Thy mighty maſter's emblem, in whoſe face
Sate meekneſs, heighten'd with majeſtic grace;
Such ſeems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the baſis of that pompous load,
Than which, a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only which ſupports the ſpheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiſer power than Chance;
Mark'd-out for ſuch an uſe, as if 'twere meant
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuſe,
Folly or blindneſs only could refuſe.
A crown of ſuch majeſtic towers doth grace
The gods great mother, when her heavenly race
Do homage to her, yet ſhe cannot boaſt
Among that numerous, and celeſtial hoſt,
More heroes than can Windſor, nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back ſo far, to whom this iſle
Owes the firſt glory of ſo brave a pile,
Whether to Cæſar, Albanact, or Brute,
The Britiſh Arthur, or the Daniſh Cnute,
(Though this of old no leſs conteſt did move,
Than when for Homer's birth ſeven cities ſtrove)
(Like him in birth, thou ſhould'ſt be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whoſoe'er it was, Nature deſign'd
Firſt a brave place, and then as brave a mind.

Not

Not to recount thoſe ſeveral kings, to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb;
But thee, great * Edward, and thy greater Son,
(The lilies which his father wore, he won)
And thy † Bellona, who the conſort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive ‡ king,
And brought that ſon, which did the ſecond ‡ bring.
Then didſt thou found that order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move)
Each was a noble cauſe, and nothing leſs
Than the deſign, has been the great ſucceſs:
Which foreign kings and emperors eſteem
The ſecond honour to their diadem.
Had thy great deſtiny but given thee ſkill
To know, as well as power to act her will,
That from thoſe kings, who then thy captives were,
In after-times ſhould ſpring a royal pair,
Who ſhould poſſeſs all that thy mighty power,
Or thy deſires more mighty, did devour:
To whom their better fate reſerves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquiſh'd fear;
That blood, which thou and thy great grandſire ſhed,
And all that ſince theſe iſter nations bled,
Had been unſpilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he ſpilt, had been his own.

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.
† Queen Philippa.
‡ The kings of France and Scotland.

When

When he that patron choſe, in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did ſeem
But to foretel, and propheſy of him,
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at firſt deſign'd.
That bound which to the world's extreameſt ends,
Endleſs itſelf, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need thoſe emblems which we paint,
But is himſelf the ſoldier and the ſaint.
Here ſhould my wonder dwell, and here my praiſe,
But my fix'd thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
Viewing a neighbouring hill, whoſe top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell: (may no ſuch ſtorm
Fall on our times, where ruin muſt reform!)
Tell me, my Muſe, what monſtrous dire offence,
What crime could any Chriſtian king incenſe
To ſuch a rage? Was't luxury, or luſt?
Was he ſo temperate, ſo chaſte, ſo juſt?
Were theſe their crimes? They were his own much more:
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor;
Who, having ſpent the treaſures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varniſh o'er the ſhame
Of ſacrilege, muſt bear Devotion's name.
No crime ſo bold, but would be underſtood
A real, or at leaſt a ſeeming good:
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And free from conſcience, is a ſlave to fame:

Thus

Thus he the church at once protects, and spoils:
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles.
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy contemplations dwell:
And like the block, unmoved lay: but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known,
Betwixt their frigid, and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance:
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king;
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays.

Thames,

Thames, the moſt lov'd of all the Ocean's ſons
By his old ſire, to his embraces runs;
Haſting to pay his tribute to the ſea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with thoſe ſtreams he no reſemblance hold,
Whoſe foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
His genuine and leſs guilty wealth t'explore,
Search not his bottom, but ſurvey his ſhore;
O'er which he kindly ſpreads his ſpacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' enſuing ſpring.
Nor then deſtroys it with too fond a ſtay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay.
Nor with a ſudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuſe kings, reſumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations ſpoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's toil:
But god-like his unweary'd bounty flows;
Firſt loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his bleſſings to his banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the ſea or wind;
When he, to boaſt or to diſperſe his ſtores
Full of the tributes of his grateful ſhores,
Viſits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, beſtows it where it wants,
Cities in deſarts, woods in cities plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is ſtrange,
While his fair boſom is the world's exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream
My great example, as it is my theme!

Though

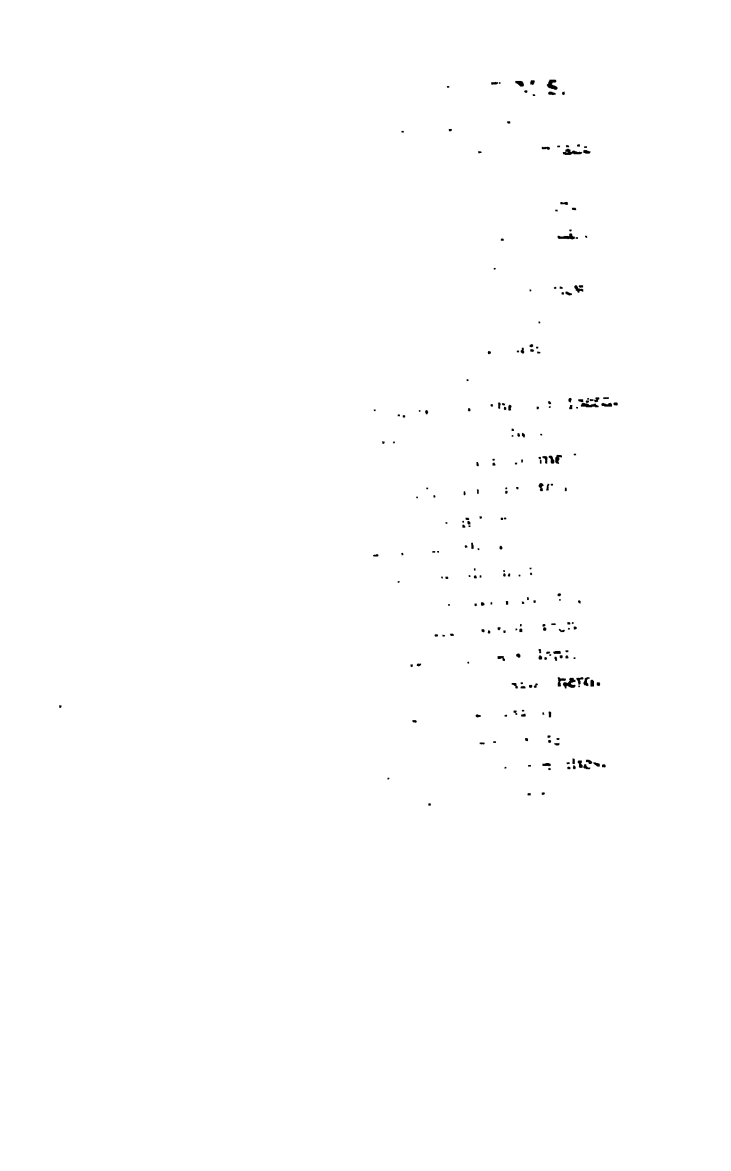
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
Heaven her Eridanus no more ſhall boaſt,
Whoſe fame in thine, like leſſer current, 's loſt;
Thy nobler ſtreams ſhall viſit Jove's abodes,
To ſhine among the * ſtars, and bathe the gods.
Here nature, whether more intent to pleaſe
Us for herſelf, with ſtrange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no leſs delight,
To the wiſe maker's, than beholder's ſight.
Though theſe delights from ſeveral cauſes move;
For ſo our children, thus our friends we love)
Wiſely ſhe knew, the harmony of things,
As well as that of ſounds, from diſcord ſprings.
Such was the diſcord, which did firſt diſperſe
Form, order, beauty, through the univerſe;
While dryneſs moiſture, coldneſs heat reſiſts,
All that we have, and that we are, ſubſiſts.
While the ſteep horrid roughneſs of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmneſs of the flood.
Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence reſults, from thence delight.
The ſtream is ſo tranſparent, pure, and clear,
That had the ſelf-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face had ſeen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his ſhoulders and his ſides

* The Foreſt.

A ſhady

A ſhady mantle cloaths; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle ſtream, which calmly flows;
While winds and ſtorms his lofty forehead beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a ſpacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the ſtream embrac'd:
Which ſhade and ſhelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all theſe appears
Variety, which all the reſt endears.
This ſcene had ſome bold Greek, or Britiſh bard
Beheld of old, what ſtories had we heard
Of fairies, ſatyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feaſts, their revels, and their amorous flames?
'Tis ſtill the ſame, although their airy ſhape
All but a quick poetic ſight eſcape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned hoſt reſorts
To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd,
On whoſe ſublime and ſhady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great maſter-piece; to ſhew how ſoon
Great things are made, but ſooner are undone.
Here have I ſeen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to ſlacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chaſe by all the flower
Of youth, whoſe hopes a nobler prey devour:
Pleaſure with praiſe, and danger they would buy,
And wiſh a foe that would not only fly.
The ſtag now conſcious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and ſloth,

To



Sadly ſurveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the ſoil, and all the herd his own;
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
And taught the woods to echo to the ſtream
His dreadful challenge and his claſhing beam.
Yet faintly now declines the fatal ſtrife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now every leaf, and every moving breath
Preſents a foe, and every foe a death.
Weary'd, forſaken, and purſued, at laſt
All ſafety in deſpair of ſafety plac'd,
Courage he thence reſumes, reſolv'd to bear
All their aſſaults, ſince 'tis in vain to fear.
And now too late he wiſhes for the fight
That ſtrength he waſted in ignoble flight:
But when he ſees the eager chace renew'd,
Himſelf by dogs, the dogs by men purſued:
He ſtraight revokes his bold reſolve, and more
Repents his courage, than his fear before;
Finds that uncertain ways unſafeſt are,
And doubt a greater miſchief than deſpair.
Then to the ſtream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor ſpeed, nor art avail, he ſhapes his courſe;
Thinks not their rage ſo deſperate to eſſay
An element more mercileſs than they.
But fearleſs they purſue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirſt; alas, they thirſt for blood.
So towards a ſhip the oar-finn'd gallies ply,
Which wanting ſea to ride, or wind to fly,

Stands but to fall reveng'd on thoſe that dare
Tempt the laſt fury of extreme deſpair.
So fares the ſtag, among th' enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
And as a hero, whom his baſer foes
In troops ſurround, now theſe aſſails, now thoſe,
Though prodigal of life, diſdains to die
By common hands; but if he can deſcry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the king a mortal ſhaft lets fly,
From his unerring hand, then glad, to die,
Proud of the wound, to it reſigns his blood,
And ſtains the cryſtal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent, and happy chace,
Than when of old, but in the ſelf-ſame place,
Fair liberty purſued, * and meant a prey
To lawleſs power, here turn'd, and ſtood at bay.
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,
Which was, or ſhould have been at leaſt, the laſt.
Here was that charter ſeal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary power lays down:
Tyrant and ſlave, thoſe names of hate and fear,
The happier ſtile of king and ſubject bear:
Happy, when both to the ſame center move,
When kings give liberty, and ſubjects love.
Therefore not long in force this charter ſtood;
Wanting that ſeal, it muſt be ſeal'd in blood.

* Runny Mead.

The

The ſubjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took, the more to crave:
Till kings, by giving, give themſelves away,
And even that power, that ſhould deny, betray.
"Who gives conſtrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
"Not thank'd, but ſcorn'd; nor are they gifts, but ſpoils."
Thus kings, by graſping more than they could hold,
Firſt made their ſubjects, by oppreſſion, bold:
And popular ſway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for ſubjects to receive,
Ran to the ſame extremes; and one exceſs
Made both, by ſtriving to be greater, leſs.
When a calm river rais'd with ſudden rains,
Or ſnows diſſolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks ſecure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure.
But if with bays and dams they ſtrive to force
His channel to a new, or narrow courſe;
No longer then within his banks he dwells,
Firſt to a torrent, then a deluge ſwells:
Stronger and fiercer by reſtraint he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his power his ſhores.

THE

DESTRUCTION OF TROY,

AN ESSAY ON THE

SECOND BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1636.

THE ARGUMENT.

The firſt Book ſpeaks of Æneas's voyage by ſea, and how, being caſt by tempeſt upon the coaſt of Carthage, he was received by Queen Dido, who, after the feaſt, deſires him to make the relation of the deſtruction of Troy; which is the Argument of this Book.

WHILE all with ſilence and attention wait,
Thus ſpeaks Æneas from the bed of ſtate;
Madam, when you command us to review
Our fate, you make our old wounds bleed anew,
And all thoſe ſorrows to my ſenſe reſtore,
Whereof none ſaw ſo much, none ſuffer'd more:
Not the moſt cruel of our conquering foes
So unconcern'dly can relate our woes,
As not to lend a tear; then how can I
Repreſs the horror of my thoughts, which fly

The

The ſad remembrance? Now th' expiring night
And the declining ſtars to reſt invite;
Yet ſince 'tis your command, what you ſo well
Are pleas'd to hear, I cannot grieve to tell.
By fate repell'd, and with repulſes tir'd,
The Greeks, ſo many lives and years expir'd,
A fabrick like a moving mountain frame,
Pretending vows for their return; this fame
Divulges, then within the beaſt's vaſt womb
The choice and flower of all their troops entomb;
In view the iſle of Tenedos, once high,
In fame and wealth, while Troy remain'd, doth lie,
(Now but an unſecure and open bay)
Thither by ſtealth the Greeks their fleet convey.
We gave them gone, and to Mycenæ ſail'd,
And Troy reviv'd, her mourning face unvail'd;
All through th' unguarded gates with joy reſort
To ſee the ſlighted camp, the vacant port.
Here lay Ulyſſes, there Achilles; here
The battle join'd, the Grecian fleet rode there;
But the vaſt pile th' amazed vulgar views,
Till they their reaſon in their wonder loſe.
And firſt Thymœtes moves (urg'd by the power
Of fate or fraud) to place it in the tower;
But Capys and the graver ſort thought fit
The Greeks ſuſpected preſent to commit
To ſeas or flames, at leaſt to ſearch and bore
The ſides, and what that ſpace contains t' explore.
Th' uncertain multitude with both engag'd,
Divided ſtands, till from the tower, enrag'd

Laocoon ran, whom all the crowd attends,
Crying, what deſperate frenzy's this, (oh friends)
To think them gone? Judge rather their retreat
But a deſign, their gifts but a deceit;
For our deſtruction 'twas contriv'd no doubt,
Or from within by fraud, or from without
By force; yet know ye not Ulyſſes' ſhifts?
Their ſwords leſs danger carry than their gifts.
(This ſaid) againſt the horſe's ſide his ſpear
He throws, which trembles with incloſed fear,
Whilſt from the hollows of his womb proceed
Groans, not his own; and had not fate decreed
Our ruin, we had fill'd with Grecian blood
The place; then Troy and Priam's throne had ſtood.
Meanwhile a fetter'd priſoner to the king
With joyful ſhouts the Dardan ſhepherds bring,
Who to betray us did himſelf betray,
At once the taker, and at once the prey;
Firmly prepar'd, of one event ſecur'd,
Or of his death or his deſign aſſur'd.
The Trojan youth about the captive flock,
To wonder, or to pity, or to mock.
Now hear the Grecian fraud, and from this one
Conjecture all the reſt.
Diſarm'd, diſorder'd, caſting round his eyes
On all the troops that guarded him, he cries,
What land, what ſea, for me what fate attends?
Caught by my foes, condemned by my friends,
Incenſed Troy a wretched captive ſeeks
To ſacrifice; a fugitive, the Greeks.

To

To pity this complaint our former rage
Converts, we now enquire his parentage,
What of their counſels or affairs he knew:
Then fearleſs he replies, great king, to you
All truth I ſhall relate: nor firſt can I
Myſelf to be of Grecian birth deny;
And though my outward ſtate misfortune hath
Depreſt thus low, it cannot reach my faith.
You may by chance have heard the famous name
Of Palamede, who from old Belus came,
Whom, but for voting peace, the Greeks purſue,
Accus'd unjuſtly, then unjuſtly ſlew,
Yet mourn'd his death. My father was his friend,
And me to his commands did recommend,
While laws and councils did his throne ſupport,
I but a youth, yet ſome eſteem and port
We then did bear, till by Ulyſſes' craft
(Things known I ſpeak) he was of life bereft:
Since in dark ſorrow I my days did ſpend,
Till now diſdaining his unworthy end,
I could not ſilence my complaints, but vow'd
Revenge, if ever fate or chance allow'd
My wiſh'd return to Greece; from hence his hate,
From thence my crimes, and all my ills bear date:
Old guilt freſh malice gives; the peoples ears
He fills with rumours, and their hearts with fears,
And then the prophet to his party drew.
But why do I theſe thankleſs truths purſue;
Or why defer your rage? on me, for all
The Greeks, let your revenging fury fall.

Ulyſſes this, th' Atridæ this deſire
At any rate. We ſtrait are ſet on fire
(Unpractis'd in ſuch myſteries) to enquire
The manner and the cauſe, which thus he told,
With geſtures humble, as his tale was bold.
Oft have the Greeks (the ſiege deteſting) tir'd
With tedious war, a ſtolen retreat deſir'd,
And would to heaven they'd gone: but ſtill diſmay'd
By ſeas or ſkies, unwillingly they ſtay'd.
Chiefly when this ſtupendous pile was rais'd,
Strange noiſes fill'd the air; we, all amaz'd,
Diſpatch Eurypylus t' enquire our fates,
Who thus the ſentence of the gods relates;
A virgin's ſlaughter did the ſtorm appeaſe,
When firſt towards Troy the Grecians took the ſeas;
Their ſafe retreat another Grecian's blood
Muſt purchaſe. All at this confounded ſtood:
Each thinks himſelf the man, the fear on all
Of what, the miſchief but on one can fall.
Then Calchas (by Ulyſſes firſt inſpir'd)
Was urg'd to name whom th' angry gods requir'd;
Yet was I warn'd (for many were as well
Inſpir'd as he, and did my fate foretel)
Ten days the prophet in ſuſpence remain'd,
Would no man's fate pronounce; at laſt conſtrain'd
By Ithacus, he ſolemnly deſign'd
Me for the ſacrifice; the people join'd
In glad conſent, and all their common fear
Determine in my fate; the day drew near,

The

The ſacred rites prepar'd, my temples crown'd
With holy wreaths; then I confeſs I found
The means to my eſcape, my bones I brake,
Fled from my guards, and in a muddy lake
Amongſt the ſedges all the night lay hid,
Till they their ſails had hoiſt (i ſo they did).
And now alas no hope remains for me
My home, my father, and my ſons to ſee,
Whom they, enrag'd, will kill for my offence,
And puniſh, for my guilt, their innocence.
Thoſe gods who know the truths I now relate,
That faith which yet remains inviolate
By mortal men; by theſe I beg, redreſs
My cauſeleſs wrongs, and pity ſuch diſtreſs.
And now true pity in exchange he finds
For his falſe tears, his tongue his hands unbinds.
Then ſpake the king, Be ours, whoe'er thou art;
Forget the Greeks. But firſt the truth impart,
Why did they raiſe, or to what uſe intend
This pile? to a war-like, or religious end?
Skilful in fraud (his native art), his hands
Toward heaven he rais'd, deliver'd now from bands.
Ye pure æthereal flames, ye powers ador'd
By mortal men, ye altars, and the ſword
I ſcap'd; ye ſacred fillets that involv'd
My deſtin'd head, grant I may ſtand abſolv'd
From all their laws and rights, renounce all name
Of faith or love, their ſecret thoughts proclaim;
Only, O Troy, preſerve thy faith to me,
If what I ſhall relate preſerveth thee.

From

From Pallas' favour, all our hopes, and all
Counſels and actions took original,
Till Diomed (for ſuch attempts made fit
By dire conjunction with Ulyſſes' wit)
Aſſails the ſacred tower, the guards they ſlay,
Defile with bloody hands, and thence convey
The fatal image; ſtraight with our ſucceſs
Our hopes fell back, whilſt prodigies expreſs
Her juſt diſdain, her flaming eyes did throw
Flaſhes of lightning, from each part did flow
A briny ſweat, thrice brandiſhing her ſpear,
Her ſtatue from the ground itſelf did rear;
Then, that we ſhould our ſacrilege reſtore,
And reconvey their gods from Argos' ſhore,
Calchas perſuades, till then we urge in vain
The fate of Troy. To meaſure back the main
They all conſent, but to return again,
When reinforc'd with aids of gods and men.
Thus Calchas; then, inſtead of that, this pile
To Pallas was deſign'd; to reconcile
Th' offended power, and expiate our guilt;
To this vaſt height and monſtrous ſtature built,
Leſt, through your gates receiv'd, it might renew
Your vows to her, and her defence to you.
But if this ſacred gift you diſ-eſteem,
Then cruel plagues (which heaven divert on them!)
Shall fall on Priam's ſtate: but if the horſe
Your walls aſcend, aſſiſted by your force,
A league 'gainſt Greece all Aſia ſhall contract:
Our ſons then ſuffering what their ſires would act.

Thus

Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
A feigned tear deſtroys us, again whom
Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
Nor ten years conflict, nor a thouſand ſail.
This ſeconded by a moſt ſad portent,
Which credit to the firſt impoſture lent;
Laocoon, Neptune's prieſt, upon the day
Devoted to that god, a bull did ſlay.
When two prodigious ſerpents were deſcry'd,
Whoſe circling ſtrokes the ſea's ſmooth face divide;
Above the deep they raiſe their ſcaly creſts,
And ſtem the flood with their erected breaſts,
Their winding tails advance and ſteer their courſe,
And 'gainſt the ſhore the breaking billows force.
Now landing, from their brandiſh'd tongues there came
A dreadful hiſs, and from their eyes a flame.
Amaz'd we fly; directly in a line
Laocoon they purſue, and firſt entwine
(Each preying upon one) his tender ſons;
Then him, who armed to their reſcue runs,
They ſeiz'd, and with entangling folds embrac'd,
His neck twice compaſſing, and twice his waſte:
Their poiſonous knots he ſtrives to break and tear,
While ſlime and blood his ſacred wreaths beſmear;
Then loudly roars, as when th' enraged bull
From th' altar flies, and from his wounded ſkull
Shakes the huge ax; the conquering ſerpents fly
To cruel Pallas' altar, and there lie
Under her feet, within her ſhield's extent.
We, in our fears, conclude this fate was ſent

Juſtly

Juſtly on him, who ſtruck the ſacred oak
With his accurſed lance. Then to invoke
The goddeſs, and let in the fatal horſe,
We all conſent.

A ſpacious breach we make, and Troy's proud wall,
Built by the gods, by her own hands doth fall;
Thus, all their help to their own ruin give,
Some draw with cords, and ſome the monſter drive
With rolls and levers: thus our works it climbs,
Big with our fate, the youth with ſongs and rhimes,
Some dance, ſome hale the rope; at laſt let down
It enters with a thundering noiſe the town.
Oh Troy, the ſeat of gods, in war renown'd!
Three times it ſtruck, as oft the claſhing ſound
Of arms was heard, yet blinded by the power
Of fate, we place it in the ſacred tower.
Caſſandra then foretels th' event, but ſhe
Finds no belief (ſuch was the gods' decree.)
The altars with freſh flowers we crown, and waſte
In feaſts that day, which was (alas!) our laſt.
Now by the revolution of the ſkies,
Night's ſable ſhadows from the ocean riſe,
Which heaven and earth, and the Greek frauds involv'd,
The city in ſecure repoſe diſſolv'd,
When from the admiral's high poop appears
A light, by which the Argive ſquadron ſteers
Their ſilent courſe to Ilium's well-known ſhore,
When Sinon (ſav'd by the gods' partial power)
Opens the horſe, and through the unlockt doors
To the free air the armed freight reſtores:

Ulyſſes,

Ulyſſes, Stheneleus, Tiſander, ſlide
Down by a rope, Machaon was their guide;
Atrides, Pyrrhus, Thoas, Athamas,
And Epeus, who the fraud's contriver was:
The gates they ſeize; the guards, with ſleep and wine
Oppreſt, ſurprize, and then their forces join.
'Twas then, when the firſt ſweets of ſleep repair
Our bodies ſpent with toil, our minds with care;
(The gods' beſt gift) when, bath'd in tears and blood,
Before my face lamenting Hector ſtood,
His aſpect ſuch when, ſoil'd with bloody duſt,
Dragg'd by the cords which through his feet were thruſt
By his inſulting foe; O how transform'd,
How much unlike that Hector, who return'd
Clad in Achilles' ſpoils; when he, among
A thouſand ſhips, (like Jove) his lightning flung!
His horrid beard and knotted treſſes ſtood
Stiff with his gore, and all his wounds ran blood:
Intranc'd I lay, then (weeping) ſaid, the joy,
The hope and ſtay of thy declining Troy;
What region held thee, whence, ſo much deſir'd,
Art thou reſtor'd to us conſum'd and tir'd
With toils and deaths; but what ſad cauſe confounds
Thy once fair looks, or why appear thoſe wounds?
Regardleſs of my words, he no reply
Returns, but with a dreadful groan doth cry,
Fly from the flame, O goddeſs-born, our walls
The Greeks poſſeſs, and Troy confounded falls
From all her glories; if it might have ſtood
By any power, by this right hand it ſhould.

What

What man could do, by me for Troy was done,
Take here her reliques and her gods, to run
With them thy fate, with them new walls expect,
Which, toſt on ſeas, thou ſhalt at laſt erect:
Then brings old Veſta from her ſacred quire,
Her holy wreaths, and her eternal fire.
Meanwhile the walls with doubtful cries reſound
From far (for ſhady coverts did ſurround
My father's houſe); approaching ſtill more near
The claſh of arms, and voice of men we hear:
Rouz'd from my bed, I ſpeedily aſcend
The houſes tops, and liſtening there attend.
As flames roll'd by the winds conſpiring force,
O'er full-ear'd corn, or torrents raging courſe
Bears down th' oppoſing oaks, the fields deſtroys,
And mocks the plough-man's toil, th' unlook'd for noiſe
From neighbouring hills th' amazed ſhepherd hears;
Such my ſurprize, and ſuch their rage appears.
Firſt fell thy houſe, Ucalegon, then thine
Deïphobus, Sigæan ſeas did ſhine
Bright with Troy's flames; the trumpets dreadful ſound
The louder groans of dying men confound;
Give me my arms, I cry'd, reſolv'd to throw
Myſelf 'mong any that oppos'd the foe:
Rage, anger, and deſpair at once ſuggeſt,
That of all deaths, to die in arms was beſt.
The firſt I met was Pantheus, Phœbus' prieſt,
Who 'ſcaping with his gods and reliques fled,
And towards the ſhore his little grandchild led;

Pantheus,

Pantheus, what hope remains? what force, what place
Made good? but ſighing, he replies, Alas!
Trojans we were, and mighty Ilium was;
But the laſt period, and the fatal hour
Of Troy is come: our glory and our power
Incenſed Jove transfers to Grecian hands;
The foe within the burning town commands;
And (like a ſmother'd fire) an unſeen force
Breaks from the bowels of the fatal horſe:
Inſulting Sinon flings about the flame,
And thouſands more than e'er from Argos came
Poſſeſs the gates, the paſſes, and the ſtreets,
And theſe the ſword o'ertakes, and thoſe it meets.
The guard nor fights nor flies; their fate ſo near
At once ſuſpends their courage and their fear.
Thus by the gods, and by Atrides' words
Inſpir'd, I make my way through fire, through ſwords,
Where noiſes, tumults, out-cries and alarms,
I heard; firſt Iphitus, renown'd for arms,
We meet, who knew us (for the moon did ſhine);
Then Ripheus, Hypanis, and Dymas join
Their force, and young Chorœbus, Mygdon's ſon,
Who, by the love of fair Caſſandra won,
Arriv'd but lately in her father's aid;
Unhappy, whom the threats could not diſſuade
Of his prophetic ſpouſe;
Whom when I ſaw, yet daring to maintain
The fight, I ſaid, Brave ſpirits (but in vain)
Are you reſolv'd to follow one who dares
Tempt all extremes? the ſtate of our affairs

You

You ſee: the gods have left us, by whoſe aid
Our empire ſtood; nor can the flame be ſtaid:
Then let us fall amidſt our foes; this one
Relief the vanquiſh'd have, to hope for none.
Then re-inforc'd, as in a ſtormy night
Wolves urged by their raging appetite
Forage for prey, which their neglected young
With greedy jaws expect, ev'n ſo among
Foes, fire and ſwords, t' aſſured death we paſs,
Darkneſs our guide, deſpair our leader was.
Who can relate that evening's woes and ſpoils,
Or can his tears proportion to our toils?
The city, which ſo long had flouriſh'd, falls;
Death triumphs o'er the houſes, temples, walls.
Nor only on the Trojans fell this doom,
Their hearts at laſt the vanquiſh'd re-aſſume;
And now the victors fall: on all ſides fears,
Groans and pale death in all her ſhapes appears:
Androgeus firſt with his whole troop was caſt
Upon us, with civility miſplac'd;
Thus greeting us, You loſe, by your delay,
Your ſhare, both of the honour and the prey;
Others the ſpoils of burning Troy convey
Back to thoſe ſhips, which you but now forſake.
We making no return; his ſad miſtake
Too late he finds: as when an unſeen ſnake
A traveller's unwary foot hath preſt,
Who trembling ſtarts, when the ſnake's azure creſt
Swoln with his riſing anger, he eſpies,
So from our view ſurpriz'd Androgeus flies.

But here an eaſy victory we meet:
Fear binds their hands, and ignorance their feet.
Whilſt fortune our firſt enterprize did aid,
Encourag'd with ſucceſs, Chorœbus ſaid,
O friends, we now by better fates are led,
And the fair path they lead us, let us tread.
Firſt change your arms, and their diſtinctions bear;
The ſame, in foes, deceit and virtue are.
Then of his arms Androgeus he diveſts,
His ſword, his ſhield he takes, and plumed creſts,
Then Ripheus, Dymas, and the reſt, all glad
Of the occaſion, in freſh ſpoils are clad.
Thus mixt with Greeks, as if their fortune ſtill
Follow'd their ſwords, we fight, purſue, and kill.
Some re-aſcend the horſe, and he whoſe ſides
Let forth the valiant, now the coward hides.
Some to their ſafer guard, their ſhips, retire;
But vain 's that hope, 'gainſt which the gods conſpire;
Behold the royal virgin, the divine
Caſſandra, from Minerva's fatal ſhrine
Dragg'd by the hair, caſting towards heaven, in vain,
Her eyes; for cords her tender hands did ſtrain;
Chorœbus at the ſpectacle enrag'd,
Flies in amidſt the foes; we thus engag'd,
To ſecond him, among the thickeſt ran;
Here firſt our ruin from our friends began,
Who from the temple's battlements a ſhower
Of darts and arrows on our heads did pour:
They us for Greeks, and now the Greeks (who knew
Caſſandra's reſcue) us for Trojans ſlew.

Then from all parts Ulyſſes, Ajax then,
And then th' Atridæ, rally all their men;
As winds, that meet from ſeveral coaſts, conteſt,
Their priſons being broke, the ſouth and weſt,
And Eurus on his winged courſes born,
Triumphing in their ſpeed, the woods are torn,
And chaſing Nereus with his trident throws
The billows from the bottom; then all thoſe
Who in the dark our fury did eſcape,
Returning, know our borrow'd arms, and ſhape,
And differing dialect: then their numbers ſwell
And grow upon us; firſt Chorœbus fell
Before Minerva's altar, next did bleed
Juſt Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
Their friends; nor thee, Pantheus, thy piety,
Nor conſecrated mitre, from the ſame
Ill fate could ſave; my country's funeral flame
And Troy's cold aſhes I atteſt, and call
To witneſs for myſelf, that in their fall
No foes, no death, nor danger, I declin'd,
Did, and deſerv'd no leſs, my fate to find.
Now Iphitus with me, and Pelias
Slowly retire; the one retarded was
By feeble age, the other by a wound;
To court the cry directs us, where we found
Th' aſſault ſo hot, as if t'were only there,
And all the reſt ſecure from foes or fear:

The

The Greeks the gates approach'd, their targets caſt
Over their heads, ſome ſcaling ladders plac'd
Againſt the walls, the reſt the ſteps aſcend,
And with their ſhields on their left arms defend
Arrows and darts, and with their right hold faſt
The battlement; on them the Trojans caſt
Stones, rafters, pillars, beams; ſuch arms as theſe,
Now hopeleſs, for their laſt defence they ſeize.
The gilded roofs, the marks of ancient ſtate,
They tumble down; and now againſt the gate
Of th' inner court their growing force they bring:
Now was our laſt effort to ſave the king,
Relieve the fainting, and ſucceed the dead.
A private gallery 'twixt th' apartments led,
Not to the foe yet known, or not obſerv'd
(The way for Hector's hapleſs wife reſerv'd,
When to the aged king, her little ſon
She would preſent); through this we paſs, and run
Up to the higheſt battlement, from whence
The Trojans threw their darts without offence,
A tower ſo high, it ſeem'd to reach the ſky,
Stood on the roof, from whence we could deſcry
All Ilium---both the camps, the Grecian fleet;
This, where the beams upon the columns meet,
We looſen, which like thunder from the cloud
Breaks on their heads, as ſudden and as loud.
But others ſtill ſucceed: meantime, nor ſtones
Nor any kind of weapons ceaſe.
Before the gate in gilded armour ſhone
Young Pyrrhus, like a ſnake, his ſkin new grown,

Who fed on poiſonous herbs, all winter lay
Under the ground, and now reviews the day
Freſh in his new apparel, proud and young,
Rolls up his back, and brandiſhes his tongue,
And lifts his ſcaly breaſt againſt the ſun;
With him his father's ſquire, Automedon,
And Peripas who drove his winged ſteeds,
Enter the court; whom all the youth ſucceeds
Of Scyros' iſle, who flaming firebrands flung
Up to the roof; Pyrrhus himſelf among
The foremoſt with an axe an entrance hews
Through beams of ſolid oak, then freely views
The chambers, galleries, and rooms of ſtate,
Where Priam and the ancient monarchs ſate.
At the firſt gate an armed guard appears;
But th' inner court with horror, noiſe, and tears,
Confus'dly fill'd, the womens ſhrieks and cries
The arched vaults re-echo to the ſkies;
Sad matrons wandering through the ſpacious rooms
Embrace and kiſs the poſts: then Pyrrhus comes
Full of his father, neither men nor walls
His force ſuſtain, the torn port-cullis falls,
Then from the hinge their ſtrokes the gates divorce,
And where the way they cannot find, they force.
Not with ſuch rage a ſwelling torrent flows
Above his banks, th' oppoſing dams o'erthrows,
Depopulates the fields, the cattle, ſheep,
Shepherds and folds, the foaming ſurges ſweep.
And now between two ſad extremes I ſtood,
Here Pyrrhus and th' Atridæ drunk with blood,

There

There th' hapleſs queen amongſt an hundred dames,
And Priam quenching from his wounds thoſe flames
Which his own hands had on the altar laid;
Then they the ſecret cabinets invade,
Where ſtood the fifty nuptial beds, the hopes
Of that great race; the golden poſts, whoſe tops
Old hoſtile ſpoils adorn'd, demoliſh'd lay,
Or to the foe, or to the fire a prey,
Now Priam's fate perhaps you may enquire:
Seeing his empire loſt, his Troy on fire,
And his own palace by the Greeks poſſeſt,
Arms long diſus'd his trembling limbs inveſt;
Thus on his foes he throws himſelf alone,
Not for their fate, but to provoke his own:
There ſtood an altar open to the view
Of heaven, near which an aged laurel grew,
Whoſe ſhady arms the houſhold gods embrac'd;
Before whoſe feet the queen herſelf had caſt
With all her daughters, and the Trojan wives,
As doves whom an approaching tempeſt drives
And frights into one flock; but having ſpy'd
Old Priam clad in youthful arms, ſhe cried,
Alas, my wretched huſband, what pretence
To bear thoſe arms, and in them what defence?
Such aid ſuch times require not, when again
If Hector were alive, he liv'd in vain;
Or here we ſhall a ſanctuary find,
Or as in life we ſhall in death be join'd.
Then weeping, with kind force held and embrac'd,
And on the ſecret ſeat the king ſhe plac'd.

Meanwhile Polites, one of Priam's ſons,
Flying the rage of bloody Pyrrhus, runs
Through foes and ſwords, and ranges all the court
And empty galleries, amaz'd and hurt;
Pyrrhus purſues him, now o'ertakes, now kills,
And his laſt blood in Priam's preſence ſpills.
The king (though him ſo many deaths incloſe)
Nor fear, nor grief, but indignation ſhows;
The gods requite thee (if within the care
Of thoſe above th' affairs of mortals are)
Whoſe fury on the ſon but loſt had been,
Had not his parents' eyes his murder ſeen:
Not that Achilles (whom thou feign'ſt to be
Thy father) ſo inhuman was to me;
He bluſht, when I the rights of arms implor'd;
To me my Hector, me to Troy reſtor'd:
This ſaid, his feeble arm a javelin flung,
Which on the ſounding ſhield, ſcarce entering, rung.
Then Pyrrhus; Go a meſſenger to hell
Of my black deeds, and to my father tell
The acts of his degenerate race. So through
His ſon's warm blood the trembling king he drew
To th' altar; in his hair one hand he wreaths;
His ſword the other in his boſom ſheaths.
Thus fell the king, who yet ſurviv'd the ſtate,
With ſuch a ſignal and peculiar fate,
Under ſo vaſt a ruin, not a grave,
Nor in ſuch flames a funeral fire to have:
He whom ſuch titles ſwell'd, ſuch power made proud,
To whom the ſceptres of all Aſia bow'd,

On

On the cold earth lies th' unregarded king,
A headleſs carcaſe, and a nameleſs thing.

On the Earl of STAFFORD's Trial and Death.

GREAT Stafford! worthy of that name, though all
Of thee could be forgotten, but thy fall,
Cruſh'd by imaginary treaſon's weight,
Which too much merit did accumulate:
As chemiſts gold from braſs by fire would draw,
Pretexts are into treaſon forg'd by law.
His wiſdom ſuch, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms wonder, and three kingdoms fear;
Whilſt ſingle he ſtood forth, and ſeem'd, although
Each had an army, as an equal foe.
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that ſpake;
Each ſeem'd to act that part he came to ſee,
And none was more a looker-on than he;
So did he move our paſſions, ſome were known
To wiſh, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity ſtrove with public hate,
Reaſon with rage, and eloquence with fate:
Now they could him, if he could them forgive;
He 's not too guilty, but too wiſe to live;
Leſs ſeem thoſe facts which treaſon's nick-name bore,
Than ſuch a fear'd ability for more.
They after death their fears of him expreſs,
His innocence and their own guilt confeſs.

Their legiſlative frenzy they repent:
Enacting it ſhould make no precedent.
This fate he could have 'ſcap'd, but would not loſe
Honour for life, but rather nobly choſe
Death from their fears, than ſafety from his own,
That his laſt action all the reſt might crown.

On my Lord CROFT'S and my Journey into Poland, from whence we brought 10,000 l. for his Majeſty, by the Decimation of his Scottiſh Subjects there.

TOLE, tole,
Gentle bell, for the ſoul
Of the pure ones in Pole,
Which are damn'd in our ſcroul.

Who having felt a touch
Of Cockram's greedy clutch,
Which though it was not much,
Yet their ſtubbornneſs was ſuch,

That when we did arrive,
'Gainſt the ſtream we did ſtrive;
They would neither lead nor drive:

Nor lend
An ear to a friend,
Nor an anſwer would ſend
To our letter ſo well penn'd.

Nor

Nor aſſiſt our affairs
With their monies nor their wares,
As their anſwer now declares,
But only with their prayers.

Thus they did perſiſt,
Did and ſaid what they liſt,
Till the dyet was diſmiſt;
But then our breech they kiſt.

For when
It was mov'd there and then
They ſhould pay one in ten,
The dyet ſaid, Amen.

And becauſe they are loth
To diſcover the troth,
They muſt give word and oath,
Though they will forfeit both.

Thus the conſtitution
Condemns them every one,
From the father to the ſon.

But John
(Our friend) Molleſſon
Thought us to have out-gone
With a quaint invention.

Like the prophets of yore,
He complain'd long before,
Of the miſchiefs in ſtore,
Ay, and thrice as much more.

And with that wicked lye,
A letter they came by
From our king's majeſty.

But fate
Brought the letter too late,
'Twas of too old a date
To relieve their damn'd ſtate.

The letter's to be ſeen,
With ſeal of wax ſo green,
At Dantzige, where 't has been
Turn'd into good Latin.

But he that gave the hint
This letter for to print,
Muſt alſo pay his ſtint.

That trick,
Had it come in the nick,
Had touch'd us to the quick;
But the meſſenger fell ſick.

Had it later been wrote,
And ſooner been brought,
They had got what they ſought,
But now it ſerves for nought.

On Sandys they ran aground,
And our return was crown'd
With full ten thouſand pound.

On Mr. THO. KILLIGREW's Return from Venice, and Mr. WILLIAM MURREY's from Scotland.

OUR reſident Tom,
From Venice is come,
And hath left the ſtateſman behind him:
Talks at the ſame pitch,
Is as wiſe, is as rich;
And juſt where you left him, you find him.

But who ſays he was not
A man of much plot,
May repent that falſe accuſation;
Having plotted and penn'd
Six plays, to attend
The farce of his negotiation.

Before you were told
How Satan * the old
Came here with a beard to his middle;
Though he chang'd face and name,
Old Will was the ſame,
At the noiſe of a can and a fiddle.

Theſe ſtateſmen, you believe,
Send ſtraight for the ſhrieve,

* Mr. W. Murrey.

For

For he is one too, or would be;
But he drinks no wine,
Which is a ſhrewd ſign
That all's not ſo well as it ſhould be.

Theſe three, when they drink,
How little do they think
Of baniſhment, debts, or dying:
Not old with their years,
Nor cold with their fears;
But their angry ſtars ſtill defying.

Mirth makes them not mad,
Nor ſobriety ſad;
But of that they are ſeldom in danger;
At Paris, at Rome,
At the Hague they 're at home;
The good fellow is no where a ſtranger.

TO SIR JOHN MENNIS,

Being invited from Calais to Bologne, to eat a Pig.

ALL on a weeping Monday,
With a fat Bulgarian ſloven,
Little admiral John
To Bologne is gone,
Whom I think they call old Loven.

Hadſt thou not thy fill of carting,
Will Aubrey, count of Oxon.

When

When noſe lay in breech,
And breech made a ſpeech,
So often cry'd a pox on?

A knight by land and water
Eſteem'd at ſuch a high rate,
When 'tis told in Kent,
In a cart that he went,
They'll ſay now, hang him pirate.

Thou might'ſt have ta'en example,
From what thou read'ſt in ſtory;
Being as worthy to ſit
On an ambling tit
As thy predeceſſor Dory.

But oh! the roof of linen,
Intended for a ſhelter!
But the rain made an aſs
Of tilt and canvas;
And the ſnow which you know is a melter.

But with thee to inveigle
That tender ſtripling Aſtcot,
Who was ſoak'd to the ſkin,
Through drugget ſo thin,
Having neither coat nor waiſtcoat.

He being proudly mounted,
Clad in cloak of Plymouth,
Defy'd cart ſo baſe,
For thief without grace,
That goes to make a wry mouth.

Nor

Nor did he like the omen,
For fear it might be his doom
One day for to ſing,
With gullet in ſtring,
---A hymn of Robert Wiſdom.

But what was all this buſineſs?
For ſure it was important:
For who rides i' th' wet
When affairs are not great,
The neighbours make but a ſport on't.

To a goodly fat ſow's baby,
O John, thou hadſt a malice,
The old driver of ſwine
That day ſure was thine,
Or thou hadſt not quitted Calais.

NATURA NATURATA.

WHAT gives us that fantaſtic fit,
That all our judgment and our wit
To vulgar cuſtom we ſubmit?

Treaſon, theft, murder, and all the reſt
Of that foul legion we ſo deteſt,
Are in their proper names expreſt.

Why is it then thought ſin or ſhame,
Thoſe neceſſary parts to name,
From whence we went, and whence we came?

Nature,

Nature, whate'er ſhe wants, requires;
With love enflaming our deſires,
Finds engines fit to quench thoſe fires:

Death ſhe abhors; yet when men die,
We 're preſent; but no ſtander-by
Looks on when we that loſs ſupply.

Forbidden wares ſell twice as dear;
Ev'n ſack prohibited laſt year,
A moſt abominable rate did bear.

'Tis plain our eyes and ears are nice,
Only to raiſe, by that device,
Of thoſe commodities the price.

Thus reaſon's ſhadows us betray,
By tropes and figures led aſtray,
From nature, both her guide and way.

SARPEDON's Speech to GLAUCUS, in the Twelfth Book of Homer.

THUS to Glaucus ſpake
Divine Sarpedon, ſince he did not find
Others, as great in place, as great in mind.
Above the reſt why is our pomp, our power,
Our flock, our herds, and our poſſeſſions more?

Why

Why all the tributes land and ſea affords
Heap'd in great chargers, load our ſumptuous boards?
Our chearful gueſts carouſe the ſparkling tears
Of the rich grape, whilſt muſick charms their ears.
Why, as we paſs, do thoſe on Xanthus' ſhore,
As gods behold us, and as gods adore?
But that, as well in danger as degree,
We ſtand the firſt; that when our Licians ſee
Our brave examples, they admiring ſay,
Behold our gallant leaders! Theſe are they
Deſerve the greatneſs; and unenvy'd ſtand:
Since what they act, tranſcends what they command.
Could the declining of this fate (oh friend)
Our date to immortality extend?
Or if death ſought not them who ſeek not death,
Would I advance? or ſhould my vainer breath
With ſuch a glorious folly thee inſpire?
But ſince with fortune nature doth conſpire,
Since age, diſeaſe, or ſome leſs noble end,
Though not leſs certain, doth our days attend;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead
A thouſand ways, the nobleſt path we 'll tread;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
A common ſacrifice to honour fall.

MARTIAL

MARTIAL. EPIGRAM.

PR'YTHEE die and ſet me free,
Or elſe be
Kind and briſk, and gay like me;
I pretend not to the wiſe ones,
To the grave, to the grave,
Or the preciſe ones.

'Tis not cheeks, nor lips, nor eyes,
That I prize,
Quick conceits, or ſharp replies,
If wiſe thou wilt appear and knowing,
Repartie, Repartie,
To what I'm doing.

Pr'ythee why the room ſo dark?
Not a ſpark
Left to light me to the mark;
I love day-light and a candle,
And to ſee, and to ſee,
As well as handle.

Why ſo many bolts and locks,
Coats and ſmocks,
And thoſe drawers with a pox?
I could wiſh, could nature make it,
Nakedneſs, nakedneſs
Itſelf were naked.

But if a miſtreſs I muſt have,
Wiſe and grave,
Let her ſo herſelf behave
All the day long Suſan civil,
Pap by night, pap by night,
Or ſuch a devil.

FRIENDSHIP and SINGLE LIFE, AGAINST LOVE and MARRIAGE.

LOVE! in what poiſon is thy dart
Dipt, when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know, but they who feel the ſmart.

It is not thou, but we are blind,
And our corporeal eyes (we find)
Dazzle the optics of our mind.

Love to our citadel reſorts,
Through thoſe deceitful ſally-ports,
Our ſentinels betray our forts.

What ſubtle w[illegible]craft man conſtrains,
To change his pleaſure into pains,
And all his freedom into chains?

May not a priſon, or a grave,
Like wedlock, honour's title have?
That word makes free-born man a ſlave.

How

How happy he that loves not, lives!
Him neither hope nor fear deceives,
To fortune who no hoſtage gives.

How unconcern'd in things to come!
If here uneaſy; finds at Rome,
At Paris, or Madrid, his home.

Secure from low and private ends,
His life, his zeal, his wealth attends
His prince, his country, and his friends.

Danger and honour are his joy;
But a fond wife, or wanton boy,
May all thoſe generous thoughts deſtroy.

Then he lays-by the public care,
Thinks of providing for an heir;
Learns how to get, and how to ſpare.

Nor fire, nor foe, nor fate, nor night,
The Trojan hero did affright,
Who bravely twice renew'd the fight.

Though ſtill his foes in number grew,
Thicker their darts and arrows flew,
Yet left alone, no fear he knew.

But death in all her forms appears,
From every thing he ſees and hears,
For whom he leads, and whom he * bears.

* His father and ſon.

Love, making all things elſe his foes,
Like a fierce torrent, overflows
Whatever doth his courſe oppoſe

This was the cauſe the poets ſung,
Thy mother from the ſea was ſprung,
But they were mad to make thee young.

Her father, not her ſon, art thou:
From our deſires our actions grow;
And from the cauſe th' effect muſt flow.

Love is as old as place or time;
'Twas he the fatal tree did climb,
Grandſire of father Adam's crime.

Well may'ſt thou keep this world in awe;
Religion, wiſdom, honour, law,
The tyrant in his triumph draw.

'Tis he commands the powers above;
Phœbus reſigns his darts, and Jove
His thunder, to the God of Love.

To him doth his feign'd mother yield;
Nor Mars (her champion) 's flaming ſhield
Guards him, when Cupid takes the field.

He clips Hope's wings, whoſe airy bliſs
Much higher than fruition is;
But leſs than nothing, if it miſs.

When

When matches Love alone projects,
The cauſe tranſcending the effects,
That wild-fire 's quench'd in cold neglects.

Whilſt thoſe conjunctions prove the beſt,
Where Love 's of blindneſs diſpoſſeſt,
By perſpectives of intereſt.

Though Solomon with a thouſand wives,
To get a wiſe ſucceſſor ſtrives,
But one (and he a fool) ſurvives.

Old Rome of children took no care,
They with their friends their beds did ſhare,
Secure t' adopt a hopeful heir.

Love, drowſy days and ſtormy nights
Makes; and breaks friendſhip, whoſe delights
Feed, but not glut our appetites.

Well-choſen friendſhip, the moſt noble
Of virtues, all our joys makes double,
And into halves divides our trouble.

But when th' unlucky knot we tie,
Care, avarice, fear, and jealouſy,
Make friendſhip languiſh till it die.

The wolf, the lion, and the bear,
When they their prey in pieces tear,
To quarrel with themſelves forbear.

Yet timorous deer, and harmleſs ſheep,
When love into their veins doth creep,
That law of nature ceaſe to keep.

Who then can blame the amorous boy,
Who, the fair Helen to enjoy,
To quench his own, ſet fire on Troy?

Such is the world's prepoſterous fate,
Amongſt all creatures, mortal hate
Love (though immortal) doth create.

But love may beaſts excuſe, for they
Their actions not by reaſon ſway,
But their brute appetites obey.

But man 's that ſavage beaſt, whoſe mind
From reaſon to ſelf-love declin'd,
Delights to prey upon his kind.

On Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY'S Death, and Burial amongſt the ancient Poets.

OLD Chaucer, like the morning ſtar,
To us diſcovers day from far;
His light thoſe miſts and clouds diſſolv'd,
Which our dark nation long involv'd:
But he deſcending to the ſhades,
Darkneſs again the age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spenſer roſe,
Whoſe purple bluſh the day foreſhews;

The

The other three, with his own fires,
Phœbus, the poets' god, inſpires;
By Shakeſpeare's, Jonſon's, Fletcher's lines,
Our ſtage's luſtre Rome's out-ſhines:
Theſe poets near our princes ſleep,
And in one grave their manſion keep.
They liv'd to ſee ſo many days,
Till time had blaſted all their bays:
But curſed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the faireſt, ſweeteſt flower
That in the Muſes' garden grew,
And amongſt wither'd laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame out-live,
To Cowley ſcarce did ripeneſs give.
Old mother Wit, and Nature, gave
Shakeſpeare and Fletcher all they have;
In Spenſer, and in Jonſon, Art
Of ſlower Nature got the ſtart;
But both in him ſo equal are,
None knows which bears the happieſt ſhare:
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor, with Ben Jonſon, did make bold
To plunder all the Roman ſtores
Of poets, and of orators:
Horace's wit, and Virgil's ſtate,
He did not ſteal, but emulate!
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their cloaths, did wear:

He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jaſon, brought the golden fleece;
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a ſtiff gale (as Flaccus ſings)
The Theban ſwan extends his wings,
When through th' ætherial clouds he flies,
To the ſame pitch our ſwan doth riſe;
Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are ſtretch'd;
His fancy and his judgment ſuch,
Each to the other ſeem'd too much,
His ſevere judgment (giving law)
His modeſt fancy kept in awe:
As rigid huſbands jealous are,
When they believe their wives too fair.
His Engliſh ſtreams ſo pure did flow,
As all that ſaw and taſted know.
But for his Latin vein, ſo clear,
Strong, full, and high it doth appear,
That were immortal Virgil here,
Him, for his judge, he would not fear;
Of that great portraiture, ſo true
A copy, pencil never drew.
My Muſe her ſong had ended here,
But both their Genii ſtraight appear,
Joy and amazement her did ſtrike,
Two twins ſhe never ſaw ſo like.
'Twas taught by wiſe Pythagoras,
One ſoul might through more bodies paſs.

Seeing

Seeing such transmigration there,
She thought it not a fable here.
Such a resemblance of all parts,
Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts;
Then lights her torch at theirs, to tell,
And shew the world this parallel:
Fixt and contemplative their looks,
Still turning over Nature's books:
Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
Where profit and delight combine;
They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
Rustic philosophy rehearse.
When heroes, gods, or god-like kings,
They praise, on their exalted wings
To the celestial orbs they climb,
And with th' harmonious spheres keep time:
Nor did their actions fall behind
Their words, but with like candour shin'd;
Each drew fair characters, yet none
Of these they feign'd, excels their own.
Both by two generous princes lov'd,
Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd.
Yet having each the same desire,
Both from the busy throng retire.
Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
Car'd not to propagate their kind:
Yet though both fell before their hour,
Time on their off-spring hath no power,
Nor fire nor fate their bays shall blast,
Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

A SPEECH

A SPEECH againſt PEACE,

AT THE

CLOSE COMMITTEE.

To the tune of, "I went from England."

BUT will you now to peace incline,
And languiſh in the main deſign,
And leave us in the lurch?
I would not monarchy deſtroy,
But as the only way t' enjoy
The ruin of the church.

Is not the biſhops' bill deny'd,
And we ſtill threaten'd to be try'd?
You ſee the king embraces
Thoſe counſels he approv'd before:
Nor doth he promiſe, which is more,
That we ſhall have their places.

Did I for this bring in the Scot?
(For 'tis no ſecret now) the plot
Was Saye's and mine together:
Did I for this return again,
And ſpend a winter there in vain,
Once more t' invite them hither?

Though more our money than our cauſe
Their brotherly aſſiſtance draws,
My labour was not loſt.

At my return I brought you thence
Neceſſity, their ſtrong pretence,
And theſe ſhall quit the coſt.

Did I for this my country bring
To help their knight againſt their king,
And raiſe the firſt ſedition?
Though I the buſineſs did decline,
Yet I contriv'd the whole deſign,
And ſent them their petition.

So many nights ſpent in the city
In that Inviſible Committee,
The wheel that governs all.
From thence the change in church and ſtate,
And all the miſchief bears the date
From Haberdaſhers' Hall.

Did we force Ireland to deſpair,
Upon the king to caſt the war,
To make the world abhor him,
Becauſe the rebels us'd his name?
Though we ourſelves can do the ſame,
While both alike were for him.

Then the ſame fire we kindled here
With what was given to quench it there,
And wiſely loſt that nation:
To do as crafty beggars uſe,
To maim themſelves, thereby t' abuſe
The ſimple man's compaſſion.

Have

Have I ſo often paſt between
Windſor and Weſtminſter, unſeen,
And did myſelf divide:
To keep his excellence in awe,
And give the parliament the law?
For they knew none beſide.

Did I for this take pains to teach
Our zealous ignorants to preach,
And did their lungs inſpire;
Gave them their texts, ſhew'd them their parts,
And taught them all their little arts,
To fling abroad the fire?

Sometimes to beg, ſometimes to threaten,
And ſay the cavaliers are beaten,
To ſtroke the people's ears;
Then ſtraight when victory grows cheap,
And will no more advance the heap,
To raiſe the price of fears.

And now the books, and now the bells,
And now our act the preacher tells,
To edify the people;
All our divinity is news,
And we have made of equal uſe
The pulpit and the theeple.

And ſhall we kindle all this flame
Only to put it out again,
And muſt we now give o'er,

And only end where we begun?
In vain this miſchief we have done,
If we can do no more.

If men in peace can have their right,
Where 's the neceſſity to fight,
That breaks both law and oath?
They 'll ſay they fight not for the cauſe,
Nor to defend the king and laws,
But us againſt them both.

Either the cauſe at firſt was ill,
Or being good, it is ſo ſtill;
And thence they will infer,
That either now or at the firſt
They were deceiv'd; or, which is worſt,
That we ourſelves may err.

But plague and famine will come in,
For they and we are near of kin,
And cannot go aſunder:
But while the wicked ſtarve, indeed
The ſaints have ready at their need
God's providence, and plunder.

Princes we are if we prevail,
And gallant villains if we fail:
When to our fame 'tis told,
It will not be our leaſt of praiſe,
Since a new ſtate we could not raiſe,
To have deſtroy'd the old.

Then

Then let us ſtay and fight, and vote,
Till London is not worth a groat;
Oh 'tis a patient beaſt!
When we have gaul'd and tir'd the mule,
And can no longer have the rule,
We 'll have the ſpoil at leaſt.

To the Five Members of the Honourable

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The humble Petition of the POETS.

AFTER ſo many concurring petitions
From all ages and ſexes, and all conditions,
We come in the rear to preſent our follies
To Pym, Stroude, Haſlerig, Hampden, and Holles.
Though ſet form of prayer be an abomination,
Set forms of petitions find great approbation:
Therefore, as others from th' bottom of their ſouls,
So we from the depth and bottom of our bowls,
According unto the bleſs'd form you have taught us,
We thank you firſt for the ills you have brought us:
For the good we receive we thank him that gave it,
And you for the confidence only to crave it.
Next in courſe, we complain of the great violation
Of privilege (like the reſt of our nation)
But 'tis none of yours of which we have ſpoken,
Which never had being until they were broken;
But ours is a privilege ancient and native,
Hangs not on an ordinance, or power legiſlative.

And

And firſt, 'tis to ſpeak whatever we pleaſe,
Without fear of a priſon or purſuivants fees.
Next, that we only may lye by authority;
But in that alſo you have got the priority.
Next, an old cuſtom, our fathers did name it
Poetical licenſe, and always did claim it.
By this we have power to change age into youth,
Turn nonſenſe to ſenſe, and falſhood to truth;
In brief, to make good whatſoever is faulty;
This art ſome poet, or the devil has taught ye:
And this our property you have invaded,
And a privilege of both houſes have made it.
But that truſt above all in poets repoſed,
That kings by them only are made and depoſed,
This though you cannot do, yet you are willing:
But when we undertake depoſing or killing,
They 're tyrants and monſters; and yet then the poet
Takes full revenge on the villains that do it:
And when we reſume a ſceptre or crown,
We are modeſt, and ſeek not to make it our own.
But is 't not preſumption to write verſes to you,
Who make better poems by far of the two?
For all thoſe pretty knacks you compoſe,
Alas, what are they but poems in proſe?
And between thoſe and ours there 's no difference,
But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the ſenſe:
But for lying (the moſt noble part of a poet)
You have it abundantly, and yourſelves know it;
And though you are modeſt and ſeem to abhor it,
'T has done you good ſervice, and thank Hell for it:

Although

Although the old maxim remains ſtill in force,
That a ſanctify'd cauſe muſt have a ſanctify'd courſe,
If poverty be a part of our trade,
So far the whole kingdom poets you have made,
Nay even ſo far as undoing will do it,
You have made king Charles himſelf a poet:
But provoke not his Muſe, for all the world knows,
Already you have had too much of his proſe.

A WESTERN WONDER.

DO you not know, not a fortnight ago,
How they bragg'd of a Weſtern Wonder?
When a hundred and ten ſlew five thouſand men,
With the help of lightning and thunder?

There Hopton was ſlain, again and again,
Or elſe my author did lye;
With a new Thankſgiving, for the dead who are living,
To God, and his ſervant Chidleigh.

But now on which ſide was this miracle try'd,
I hope we at laſt are even;
For Sir Ralph and his knaves are riſen from their graves,
To cudgel the clowns of Devon.

And there Stamford came, for his honour was lame
Of the gout three months together;
But it prov'd, when they fought, but a running gout,
For his heels were lighter than ever.

For

For now he out-runs his arms and his guns,
And leaves all his money behind him;
But they follow after; unleſs he takes water,
At Plymouth again they will find him.

What Reading hath coſt, and Stamford hath loſt,
Goes deep in the ſequeſtrations;
Theſe wounds will not heal, with your new great ſeal,
Nor Jepſon's declarations.

Now, Peters and Caſe, in your prayer and grace,
Remember the new Thankſgiving;
Iſaac and his wife, now dig for your life,
Or ſhortly you'll dig for your living.

A SECOND WESTERN WONDER.

YOU heard of that Wonder, of the Lightning and Thunder,
Which made the lye ſo much the louder:
Now liſt to another, that miracle's brother,
Which was done with a firkin of Powder.

O what a damp it ſtruck through the camp!
But as for honeſt Sir Ralph,
It blew him to the Vies, without beard or eyes,
But at leaſt three heads and a half.

When out came the book, which the News-monger took
From the Preaching Ladies letter,
Where in the firſt place, ſtood the Conqueror's face,
Which made it ſhew much the better.

But now without lying, you may paint him flying,
At Briſtol they ſay you may find him,
Great William the Con, ſo faſt he did run,
That he left half his name behind him.

And now came the poſt, ſave all that was loſt,
But alas, we are paſt deceiving
By a trick ſo ſtale, or elſe ſuch a tale
Might amount to a new Thankſgiving.

This made Mr. Caſe, with a pitiful face,
In the pulpit to fall a weeping,
Though his mouth utter'd lyes, truth fell from his eyes,
Which kept the Lord-mayor from ſleeping.

Now ſhut up ſhops, and ſpend your laſt drops,
For the laws not your cauſe, you that loath 'em,
Leſt Eſſex ſhould ſtart, and play the ſecond part
Of the worſhipful Sir John Hotham.

NEWS FROM COLCHESTER.

Or, A proper New Ballad of certain Carnal Paſſages betwixt a Quaker and a Colt, at Horſly, near Colcheſter, in Eſſex.

To the tune of "Tom of Bedlam."

ALL in the land of Eſſex,
Near Colcheſter the zealous,
On the ſide of a bank,
Was play'd ſuch a prank,
As would make a ſtone-horſe jealous.

Help Woodcock, Fox and Naylor,
For brother Green 's a ſtallion:
Now alas what hope
Of converting the Pope,
When a Quaker turns Italian?

Even to our whole profeſſion
A ſcandal 'twill be counted,
When 'tis talk'd with diſdain,
Amongſt the profane,
How brother Green was mounted.

And in the good time of Chriſtmas,
Which though our ſaints have damn'd all,
Yet when did they hear
That a damn'd cavalier
E'er play'd ſuch a Chriſtmas gambal?

Had thy fleſh, O Green, been pamper'd
With any cates unhallow'd,
Hadſt thou ſweetned thy gums
With pottage of plums,
Or profane mine'd pye hadſt ſwallow'd:

Roll'd up in wanton ſwine's fleſh,
The fiend might have crept into thee;
Then fullneſs of gut
Might have caus'd thee to rut,
And the devil have ſo rid through thee.

But, alas! he had been feaſted
With a ſpiritual collation,
By our frugal mayor,
Who can dine on a prayer,
And ſup on an exhortation.

'Twas mere impulſe of ſpirit,
Though he us'd the weapon carnal:
Filly foal, quoth he,
My bride thou ſhalt be:
And how this is lawful, learn all

For if no reſpect of perſons
Be due 'mongſt ſons of Adam,
In a large extent,
Thereby may be meant
That a Mare 's as good as a Madam.

Then without more ceremony,
Not bonnet vail'd, nor kiſs'd her,

But

But took her by force,
For better for worſe,
And us'd her like a ſiſter.

Now when in ſuch a ſaddle
A ſaint will needs be riding,
Though we dare not ſay
'Tis a falling away,
May there not be ſome back-ſliding?

No ſurely, quoth James Naylor,
'Twas but an inſurrection
Of the carnal part,
For a quaker in heart
Can never loſe perfection.

For (as our * maſters teach us)
The intent being well directed,
Though the devil trepan
The Adamical man,
The ſaint ſtands un-infected.

But, alas! a Pagan jury
Ne'er judges what 's intended;
Then ſay what we can,
Brother Green's outward man
I fear will be ſuſpended.

And our adopted ſiſter
Will find no better quarter,

* The Jeſuits.

But when him we enrol
For a Saint, Filly Foal
Shall paſs herſelf for a Martyr.

Rome, that ſpiritual Sodom,
No longer is thy debtor,
O Colcheſter, now
Who 's Sodom but thou,
Even according to the Letter?

A SONG.

MORPHEUS, the humble God, that dwells
In Cottages and ſmoaky Cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
And though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I ſay, thou powerful God,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipt in the Lethéan lake,
O'er his wakeful temples ſhake,
Leſt he ſhould ſleep, and never wake.

Nature (alas) why art thou ſo
Obliged to thy greateſt foe?
Sleep that is thy beſt repaſt,
Yet of death it bears a taſte,
And both are the ſame thing at laſt.

On

On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER's Works.

SO ſhall we joy, when all whom beaſts and worms
Have turn'd to their own ſubſtances and forms:
Whom earth to earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
We ſhall behold more than at firſt entire;
As now we do, to ſee all thine thy own
In this my Muſe's reſurrection,
Whoſe ſcatter'd parts from thy own race, more wounds
Hath ſuffer'd, than Acteon from his hounds;
Which firſt their brains, and then their belly fed,
And from their excrements new poets bred.
But now thy Muſe enraged, from her urn
Like ghoſts of murder'd bodies does return
T' accuſe the murderers, to right the ſtage,
And undeceive the long-abuſed age,
Which caſts thy praiſe on them, to whom thy wit
Gives not more gold than they give droſs to it:
Who, not content like felons to purloin,
Add treaſon to it, and debaſe the coin.
But whither am I ſtray'd? I need not raiſe
Trophies to thee from other mens diſpraiſe;
Nor is thy fame on leſſer ruins built,
Nor need thy juſter title the foul guilt
Of eaſtern kings, who, to ſecure their reign,
Muſt have their brothers, ſons, and kindred ſlain.
Then was wit's empire at the fatal height,
When labouring and ſinking with its weight,

From thence a thouſand leſſer poets ſprung,
Like petty princes from the fall of Rome;
When Jonſon, Shakeſpeare, and thyſelf did ſit,
And ſway'd in the triumvirate of wit---
Yet what from Jonſon's oil and ſweat did flow,
Or what more eaſy nature did beſtow
On Shakeſpeare's gentler Muſe, in thee full grown
Their graces both appear, yet ſo that none
Can ſay here Nature ends, and Art begins,
But mixt like th' elements, and born like twins,
So interwove, ſo like, ſo much the ſame,
None, this mere Nature, that mere Art can name:
'Twas this the ancients meant; Nature and Skill
Are the two tops of their Parnaſſus' hill.

TO SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

Upon his Tranſlation of

PASTOR FIDO.

SUCH is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few but ſuch as cannot write, tranſlate.
But what in them is want of art or voice,
In thee is either modeſty or choice.
While this great piece, reſtor'd by thee, doth ſtand
Free from the blemiſh of an artleſs hand.
Secure of fame, thou juſtly doſt eſteem
Leſs honour to create, than to redeem.

Nor

Nor ought a genius leſs than his that writ,
Attempt tranſlation; for tranſplanted wit,
All the defects of air and ſoil doth ſhare,
And colder brains like colder climates are:
In vain they toil, ſince nothing can beget
A vital ſpirit but a vital heat.
That ſervile path thou nobly doſt decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Thoſe are the labour'd births of ſlaviſh brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains;
Cheap vulgar arts, whoſe narrowneſs affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly ſticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou doſt purſue
To make tranſlations and tranſlators too.
They but preſerve the aſhes, thou the flame,
True to his ſenſe, but truer to his fame.
Fording his current, where thou find'ſt it low,
Let'ſt in thine own to make it riſe and flow;
Wiſely reſtoring whatſoever grace
It loſt by change of times, or tongues, or place.
Nor fetter'd to his numbers and his times,
Betray'ſt his muſic to unhappy rhymes.
Nor are the nerves of his compacted ſtrength
Stretch'd and diſſolv'd into unſinew'd length:
Yet, after all, (leſt we ſhould think it thine)
Thy ſpirit to his circle doſt confine.
New names, new dreſſings, and the modern caſt,
Some ſcenes, ſome perſons alter'd, and out-fac'd
The world, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank'd and prais'd for what was leſs their own.

That

That maſter's hand which to the life can trace
The airs, the lines, and features of the face,
May with a free and bolder ſtroke expreſs
A vary'd poſture, or a flattering dreſs;
He could have made thoſe like, who made the reſt,
But that he knew his own deſign was beſt.

A DIALOGUE
BETWEEN
SIR JOHN POOLEY
AND
MR. THOMAS KILLIGREW.

POOL. TO thee, dear Tom, myſelf addreſſing,
Moſt queremoniouſly confeſſing,
That I of late have been compreſſing.

Deſtitute of my wonted gravity,
I perpetrated arts of pravity,
In a contagious concavity.

Making efforts with all my puiſſance,
For ſome venereal rejouiſſance,
I got (as one may ſay) a nuyſance.

KIL. Come leave this fooling, couſin Pooly,
And in plain Engliſh tell us truly
Why under th' eyes you look ſo bluely?

'Tis

'Tis not your hard words will avail you,
Your Latin and your Greek will fail you,
Till you ſpeak plainly what doth ail you.

When young, you led a life monaſtic,
And wore a veſt eccleſiaſtic;
Now in your age you grow fantaſtic.

POOL. Without more preface or formality,
A female of malignant quality
Set fire on label of mortality.

The fæces of which ulceration
Brought o'er the helm a diſtillation,
Through th' inſtrument of propagation.

KIL. Then couſin, (as I gueſs the matter)
You have been an old fornicator,
And now are ſhot 'twixt wind and water.

Your ſtyle has ſuch an ill complexion,
That from your breath I fear infection,
That even your mouth needs an injection.

You that were once ſo oeconomic,
Quitting the thrifty ſtyle laconic,
Turn prodigal in makeronic.

Yet be of comfort, I ſhall ſend-a
Perſon of knowledge, who can mend-a
Diſaſter in your nether end-a---

But

But you that are a man of learning,
So read in Virgil, ſo diſcerning,
Methinks towards fifty ſhould take warning.

Once in a pit you did * miſcarry,
That danger might have made one wary;
This pit is deeper than the quarry.

POOL. Give me not ſuch diſconſolation,
Having now cur'd my inflammation,
To ulcerate my reputation.

Though it may gain the ladies favour,
Yet it may raiſe an evil ſavour
Upon all grave and ſtaid behaviour.

And I will rub my Mater Pia,
To find a rhyme to Gonorrheia,
And put it in my Litania.

* Hunting near Paris, he and his horſe fell into a quarry.

AN OCCASIONAL IMITATION OF A MODERN AUTHOR upon the GAME of CHESS.

A Tablet ſtood of that abſterſive tree,
Where Æthiop's ſwarthy bird did build her neſt,
Inlaid it was with Libyan ivory,
Drawn from the jaws of Africk's prudent beaſt.
Two kings like Saul, much taller than the reſt,
Their equal armies draw into the field;
Till one take th' other priſoner they conteſt;
Courage and fortune muſt to conduct yield.
This game the Perſian Magi did invent,
The force of Eaſtern wiſdom to expreſs;
From thence to buſy Europeans ſent,
And ſtyl'd by modern Lombards penſive Cheſs.
Yet ſome that fled from Troy to Rome report,
Penthesilea Priam did oblige;
Her Amazons, his Trojans taught this ſport,
To paſs the tedious hours of ten years ſiege.
There ſhe preſents herſelf, whilſt kings and peers
Look gravely on whilſt fierce Bellona fights;
Yet maiden modeſty her motions ſteers,
Nor rudely ſkips o'er biſhops heads like knights.

The

The PASSION of DIDO for ÆNEAS.

HAVING at large declar'd Jove's embaſſy,
Cyllenius from Æneas ſtraight doth fly;
He loth to diſobey the God's command,
Nor willing to forſake this pleaſant land,
Aſham'd the kind Eliza to deceive,
But more afraid to take a ſolemn leave;
He many ways his labouring thoughts revolves,
But fear o'ercoming ſhame, at laſt reſolves
(Inſtructed by the God of Thieves*) to ſteal
Himſelf away, and his eſcape conceal.
He calls his captains, bids them rig the fleet,
That at the port they privately ſhould meet;
And ſome diſſembled colour to project,
That Dido ſhould not their deſign ſuſpect:
But all in vain he did his plot diſguiſe;
No art a watchful lover can ſurprize.
She the firſt motion finds; Love though moſt ſure,
Yet always to itſelf ſeems unſecure.
That wicked fame which their firſt love proclaim'd,
Fore-tells the end: the queen with rage inflam'd,
Thus greets him: Thou diſſembler, would'ſt thou fly
Out of my arms by ſtealth perfidiouſly?
Could not the hand I plighted, nor the love,
Nor thee the fate of dying Dido move?
And in the depth of winter in the night,
Dark as thy black deſigns to take thy flight,

* Mercury.

To

Where ſhall I firſt complain? can mighty Jove
Or Juno ſuch impieties approve?
The juſt Aſtræa ſure is fled to hell;
Nor more in earth, nor heaven itſelf will dwell.
Oh Faith! him on my coaſts by tempeſt caſt,
Receiving madly, on my throne I plac'd;
His men from famine, and his fleet from fire
I reſcued: Now the Lycian Lots conſpire
With Phœbus; now Jove's envoy through the air
Brings diſmal tidings; as if ſuch low care
Could reach their thoughts, or their repoſe diſturb!
Thou art a falſe impoſtor, and a fourbe;
Go, go, purſue thy kingdom through the main,
I hope, if Heaven her juſtice ſtill retain,
Thou ſhalt be wreck'd, or caſt upon ſome rock,
Where thou the name of Dido ſhalt invoke:
I'll follow thee in funeral flames, when dead
My ghoſt ſhall thee attend at board and bed,
And when the Gods on thee their vengeance ſhow,
That welcome news ſhall comfort me below.
This ſaying, from his hated ſight ſhe fled,
Conducted by her damſels to her bed;
Yet reſtleſs ſhe aroſe, and looking out,
Beholds the fleet, and hears the ſeamen ſhout:
When great Æneas paſs'd before the guard,
To make a view how all things were prepar'd.
Ah cruel Love! to what doſt thou inforce
Poor mortal breaſts! Again ſhe hath recourſe
To tears and prayers, again ſhe feels the ſmart
Of a freſh wound from his tyrannic dart.

That ſhe no ways nor means may leave untry'd,
Thus to her ſiſter ſhe herſelf apply'd:
Dear ſiſter, my reſentment had not been
So moving, if this fate I had foreſeen;
Therefore to me this laſt kind office do,
Thou haſt ſome intereſt in our ſcornful foe,
He truſts to thee the counſels of his mind,
Thou his ſoft hours, and free acceſs canſt find:
Tell him I ſent not to the Ilian coaſt
My fleet to aid the Greeks; his father's ghoſt
I never did diſturb: aſk him to lend
To this, the laſt requeſt that I ſhall ſend,
A gentle ear; I wiſh that he may find
A happy paſſage, and a proſperous wind,
The contract I don't plead, which he betray'd,
Nor that his promis'd conqueſt be delay'd;
All that I aſk is but a ſhort reprieve,
Till I forget to love, and learn to grieve;
Some pauſe and reſpite only I require,
Till with my tears I ſhall have quench'd my fire.
If thy addreſs can but obtain one day
Or two, my death that ſervice ſhall repay.
Thus ſhe intreats; ſuch meſſages with tears
Condoling Anne to him, and from him bears:
But him no prayers, no arguments can move;
The Fates reſiſt, his ears are ſtopt by Jove.
As when fierce northern blaſts from th' Alps deſcend,
From his firm roots with ſtruggling guſts to rend
An aged ſturdy oak, the rattling ſound
Grows loud, with leaves and ſcatter'd arms the ground

Is

Is over-laid; yet he ſtands fixt, as high
As his proud head is rais'd towards the ſky,
So low towards hell his roots deſcend. With prayers
And tears the Hero thus aſſail'd, great cares
He ſmothers in his breaſt, yet keeps his poſt,
All their addreſſes and their labour loſt.
Then ſhe deceives her ſiſter with a ſmile:
Anne in the inner court erect a pile;
Thereon his arms and once-lov'd portrait lay,
Thither our fatal marriage-bed convey;
All curſed monuments of him with fire
We muſt aboliſh (ſo the Gods require.)
She gives her credit for no worſe effect
Than from Sichæus' death ſhe did ſuſpect,
And her commands obeys.
Aurora now had left Tithonus' bed,
And o'er the world her bluſhing rays did ſpread;
The Queen beheld, as ſoon as day appear'd,
The navy under ſail, the haven clear'd;
Thrice with her hand her naked breaſt ſhe knocks,
And from her forehead tears her golden locks.
O Jove, ſhe cry'd, and ſhall he thus delude
Me and my realm! why is he not purſued?
Arm, arm, ſhe cry'd, and let our Tyrians board
With ours his fleet, and carry fire and ſword;
Leave nothing unattempted to deſtroy
That perjur'd race, then let us die with joy.
What if th' event of war uncertain were?
Nor death, nor danger, can the deſperate fear.

But oh too late! this thing I ſhould have done,
When firſt I plac'd the traitor on my throne.
Behold the faith of him who ſav'd from fire
His honour'd houſhold Gods, his aged ſire
His pious ſhoulders from Troy's flames did bear;
Why did I not his carcaſe piece-meal tear,
And caſt it in the ſea? why not deſtroy
All his companions, and beloved boy
Aſcanius? and his tender limbs have dreſt,
And made the father on the ſon to feaſt?
Thou Sun, whoſe luſtre all things here below
Surveys; and Juno, conſcious of my woe;
Revengeful Furies, and Queen Hecate,
Receive and grant my prayer? If he the ſea
Muſt needs eſcape, and reach th' Auſonian land,
If Jove decree it, Jove's decree muſt ſtand;
When landed, may he be with arms oppreſt
By his rebelling people, be diſtreſt
By exile from his country, be divorc'd
From young Aſcanius' ſight, and be enforc'd
To implore foreign aids, and loſe his friends
By violent and undeſerved ends!
When to conditions of unequal peace
He ſhall ſubmit, then may he not poſſeſs,
Kingdom nor life, and find his funeral
I' th' ſands, when he before his day ſhall fall!
And ye, oh Tyrians, with immortal hate
Purſue this race, this ſervice dedicate
To my deplored aſhes, let there be
'Twixt us and them no league nor amity.

May

May from my bones a new Achilles riſe,
That ſhall infeſt the Trojan Colonies
With fire and ſword, and famine, when at length
Time to our great attempts contributes ſtrength;
Our ſeas, our ſhores, our armies theirs oppoſe,
And may our children be for ever foes!
A ghaſtly paleneſs death's approach portends,
Then trembling ſhe the fatal pile aſcends;
Viewing the Trojan reliques, ſhe unſheath'd
Æneas' ſword, not for that uſe bequeath'd:
Then on the guilty bed ſhe gently lays
Herſelf, and ſoftly thus lamenting prays;
Dear reliques, whilſt that Gods and Fates give leave,
Free me from care, and my glad ſoul receive.
That date which Fortune gave, I now muſt end,
And to the ſhades a noble ghoſt deſcend.
Sichæus' blood, by his falſe brother ſpilt,
I have reveng'd, and a proud city built;
Happy, alas; too happy I had liv'd,
Had not the Trojan on my coaſt arriv'd.
But ſhall I die without revenge? yet die
Thus, thus with joy to thy Sichæus fly.
My conſcious foe my funeral fire ſhall view
From ſea, and may that omen him purſue!
Her fainting hand let fall the ſword beſmear'd
With blood, and then the mortal wound appear'd;
Through all the court the fright and clamours riſe,
Which the whole city fills with fears and cries,
As loud as if her Carthage, or old Tyre
The foe had entered, and had ſet on fire.

Amazed Anne with ſpeed aſcends the ſtairs,
And in her arms her dying ſiſter rears:
Did you for this, yourſelf, and me beguile?
For ſuch an end did I erect this pile?
Did you ſo much deſpiſe me, in this fate
Myſelf with you not to aſſociate?
Yourſelf and me, alas! this fatal wound
The ſenate, and the people, doth confound.
I'll waſh her wound with tears, and at her death,
My lips from hers ſhall draw her parting breath.
Then with her veſt the wound ſhe wipes and dries;
Thrice with her arm the Queen attempts to riſe,
But her ſtrength failing, falls into a ſwound,
Life's laſt efforts yet ſtriving with her wound;
Thrice on her bed ſhe turns, with wandering ſight
Seeking, ſhe groans when ſhe beholds the light.
Then Juno, pitying her diſaſtrous fate,
Sends Iris down, her pangs to mitigate.
(Since, if we fall before th' appointed day,
Nature and Death continue long their fray.)
Iris deſcends; this fatal lock (ſays ſhe)
To Pluto I bequeath, and ſet thee free;
Then clips her hair: Cold numbneſs ſtraight bereaves
Her corpſe of ſenſe, and th' air her ſoul receives.

OF PRUDENCE.

Going this laſt Summer to viſit the Wells, I took an occaſion (by the way) to wait upon an ancient and honourable friend of mine, whom I found diverting his (then ſolitary) retirement with the Latin original of this tranſlation, which (being out of print) I had never ſeen before: when I looked upon it, I ſaw that it had formerly paſſed through two learned hands, not without approbation; which were Ben Jonſon and Sir Kenelm Digby; but I found it (where I ſhall never find myſelf) in the ſervice of a better maſter, the Earl of Briſtol, of whom I ſhall ſay no more; for I love not to improve the honour of the living, by impairing that of the dead; and my own profeſſion hath taught me not to erect new ſuperſtructures upon an old ruin. He was pleaſed to recommend it to me for my companion at the Wells, where I liked the entertainment it gave me ſo well, that I undertook to redeem it from an obſolete Engliſh diſguiſe, wherein an old Monk had cloathed it, and to make as becoming a new veſt for it as I could.

The author was a perſon of quality in Italy, his name Mancini, which family matched ſince with the ſiſter of Cardinal Mazarine; he was contemporary to Petrarch, and Mantuan, and not long before

Torquato Taſſo; which ſhews that the age they lived in was not ſo unlearned as that which preceded, or that which followed.

The author wrote upon the four Cardinal Virtues; but I have tranſlated only the two firſt, not to turn the kindneſs I intended to him into an injury; for the two laſt are little more than repetitions and recitals of the firſt; and (to make a juſt excuſe for him) they could not well be otherwiſe, ſince the two laſt virtues are but deſcendants from the firſt; Prudence being the true mother of Temperance, and true Fortitude the child of Juſtice.

WISDOM's firſt progreſs is, to take a view
What's decent or indecent, falſe or true.
He 's truly prudent, who can ſeparate
Honeſt from vile, and ſtill adhere to that;
Their difference to meaſure, and to reach,
Reaſon well rectify'd muſt nature teach.
And theſe high ſcrutinies are ſubjects fit
For man's all-ſearching and enquiring wit;
That ſearch of knowledge did from Adam flow;
Who wants it, yet abhors his wants to ſhow.
Wiſdom of what herſelf approves, makes choice,
Nor is led captive by the common voice.
Clear-ſighted Reaſon Wiſdom's judgment leads,
And Senſe, her vaſſal, in her footſteps treads.
That thou to Truth the perfect way may'ſt know,
To thee all her ſpecific forms I'll ſhow;

He

He that the way to honeſty will learn,
Firſt what's to be avoided muſt diſcern.
Thyſelf from flattering ſelf-conceit defend,
Nor what thou doſt not know, to know pretend.
Some ſecrets deep in abſtruſe darkneſs lie;
To ſearch them thou wilt need a piercing eye.
Nor raſhly therefore to ſuch things aſſent,
Which undeceiv'd, thou after may'ſt repent;
Study and time in theſe muſt thee inſtruct,
And others old experience may conduct.
Wiſdom herſelf her ear doth often lend
To counſel offer'd by a faithful friend.
In equal ſcales two doubtful matters lay,
Thou may'ſt chuſe ſafely that which moſt doth weigh;
'Tis not ſecure, this place or that to guard,
If any other entrance ſtand unbarr'd;
He that eſcapes the ſerpent's teeth may fail,
If he himſelf ſecures not from his tail.
Who ſaith, who could ſuch ill events expect?
With ſhame on his own counſels doth reflect.
Moſt in the world doth ſelf-conceit deceive,
Who juſt and good, whate'er they act, believe;
To their wills wedded, to their errors ſlaves,
No man (like them) they think himſelf behaves.
This ſtiff-neck'd pride nor art nor force can bend,
Nor high-flown hopes to Reaſon's lure deſcend.
Fathers ſometimes their children's faults regard
With pleaſure, and their crimes with gifts reward.
Ill painters, when they draw, and poets write,
Virgil and Titian (ſelf admiring) ſlight;

Then

Then all they do, like gold and pearl appears,
And other actions are but dirt to theirs.
They that ſo highly think themſelves above
All other men, themſelves can only love;
Reaſon and virtue, all that man can boaſt
O'er other creatures, in thoſe brutes are loſt.
Obſerve (if thee this fatal error touch,
Thou to thyſelf contributing too much)
Thoſe who are generous, humble, juſt, and wiſe,
Who not their gold, nor themſelves idolize;
To form thyſelf by their example learn
(For many eyes can more than one diſcern);
But yet beware of counſels when too full,
Number makes long diſputes and graveneſs dull;
Though their advice be good, their counſel wiſe,
Yet length ſtill loſes opportunities:
Debate deſtroys diſpatch; as fruits we ſee
Rot, when they hang too long upon the tree;
In vain that huſbandman his ſeed doth ſow,
If he his crop not in due ſeaſon mow.
A general ſets his army in array
In vain, unleſs he fight, and win the day.
'Tis virtuous action that muſt praiſe bring forth,
Without which ſlow advice is little worth.
Yet they who give good counſel, praiſe deſerve,
Though in the active part they cannot ſerve:
In action, learned counſellors their age,
Profeſſion, or diſeaſe, forbids t' engage.
Nor to philoſophers is praiſe deny'd,
Whoſe wiſe inſtructions after-ages guide;

Yet

Yet vainly moſt their age in ſtudy ſpend;
No end of writing books, and to no end:
Beating their brains for ſtrange and hidden things,
Whoſe knowledge, nor delight, nor profit brings;
Themſelves with doubt both day and night perplex,
Nor gentle reader pleaſe, or teach, but vex.
Books ſhould to one of theſe four ends conduce,
For wiſdom, piety, delight, or uſe.
What need we gaze upon the ſpangled ſky?
Or into matter's hidden cauſes pry?
To deſcribe every city, ſtream, or hill
I' th' world, our fancy with vain arts to fill?
What is 't to hear a ſophiſter, that pleads,
Who by the ears the deceiv'd audience leads?
If we were wiſe, theſe things we ſhould not mind,
But more delight in eaſy matters find.
Learn to live well, that thou may'ſt die ſo too;
To live and die is all we have to do:
The way (if no digreſſion 's made) is even,
And free acceſs, if we but aſk, is given.
Then ſeek to know thoſe things which make us bleſt,
And having found them, lock them in thy breaſt;
Enquiring then the way, go on, nor ſlack,
But mend thy pace, nor think of going back.
Some their whole age in theſe enquiries waſte,
And die like fools before one ſtep they 've paſt;
'Tis ſtrange to know the way, and not t' advance,
That knowledge is far worſe than ignorance.
The learned teach, but what they teach, not do;
And ſtanding ſtill themſelves, make others go.

In

In vain on ſtudy time away we throw,
When we forbear to act the things we know.
The ſoldier that philoſopher well blam'd,
Who long and loudly in the ſchools declaim'd;
Tell (ſaid the ſoldier) venerable ſir,
Why all theſe words, this clamour, and this ſtir?
Why do diſputes in wrangling ſpend the day?
Whilſt one ſays only yea, and t'other nay.
Oh, ſaid the doctor, we for wiſdom toil'd,
For which none toils too much: the ſoldier ſmil'd;
You 're grey and old, and to ſome pious uſe
This maſs of treaſure you ſhould now reduce:
But you your ſtore have hoarded in ſome bank,
For which th' infernal ſpirits ſhall you thank.
Let what thou learneſt be by practice ſhown,
'Tis ſaid that wiſdom's children make her known.
What 's good doth open to th' enquirer ſtand,
And itſelf offers to th' accepting hand;
All things by order and true meaſures done,
Wiſdom will end, as well as ſhe begun.
Let early care thy main concerns ſecure,
Things of leſs moment may delays endure:
Men do not for their ſervants firſt prepare,
And of their wives and children quit the care;
Yet when we 're ſick, the doctor 's fetcht in haſte,
Leaving our great concernment to the laſt.
When we are well, our hearts are only ſet
(Which way we care not) to be rich, or great;
What ſhall become of all that we have got;
We only know that us it follows not;

And

And what a trifle is a moment's breath,
Laid in the ſcale with everlaſting death!
What 's time, when on eternity we think?
A thouſand ages in that ſea muſt ſink;
Time 's nothing but a word, a million
Is full as far from infinite as one.
To whom thou much doſt owe, thou much muſt pay,
Think on the debt againſt th' accompting-day;
God, who to thee reaſon and knowledge lent,
Will aſk how theſe two talents have been ſpent.
Let not low pleaſures thy high reaſon blind,
He 's mad, that ſeeks what no man e'er could find.
Why ſhould we fondly pleaſe our ſenſe, wherein
Beaſts us exceed, nor feel the ſtings of ſin?
What thoughts man's reaſon better can become,
Than th' expectation of his welcome home?
Lords of the world have but for life their leaſe,
And that to (if the leſſer pleaſe) muſt ceaſe.
Death cancels nature's bonds, but for our deeds
(That debt firſt paid) a ſtrict account ſucceeds;
If here not clear'd, no ſuretyſhip can bail
Condemned debtors from th' eternal gaol.
Chriſt's blood 's our balſam; if that cure us here,
Him, when our judge, we ſhall not find ſevere;
His yoke is eaſy when by us embrac'd,
But loads and galls, if on our necks 'tis caſt.
Be juſt in all thy actions; and if join'd
With thoſe that are not, never change thy mind:
If aught obſtruct thy courſe, yet ſtand not ſtill,
But wind about, till you have topp'd the hill;

To

To the ſame end men ſeveral paths may tread,
As many doors into one temple lead;
And the ſame hand into a fiſt may cloſe,
Which inſtantly a palm expanded ſhows:
Juſtice and faith never forſake the wiſe,
Yet may occaſion put him in diſguiſe;
Not turning like the wind, but if the ſtate
Of things muſt change, he is not obſtinate;
Things paſt, and future, with the preſent weighs,
Nor credulous of what vain rumour ſays.
Few things by wiſdom are at firſt believ'd;
An eaſy ear deceives, and is deceiv'd:
For many truths have often paſt for lies,
And lies as often put on truth's diſguiſe:
As flattery too oft like friendſhip ſhows,
So them who ſpeak plain truth we think our foes.
No quick reply to dubious queſtions make,
Suſpence and caution ſtill prevent miſtake.
When any great deſign thou doſt intend,
Think on the means, the manner, and the end:
All great concernments muſt delays endure;
Raſhneſs and haſte make all things unſecure;
And if uncertain thy pretenſions be,
Stay till fit time wear out uncertainty;
But if to unjuſt things thou doſt pretend,
Ere they begin let thy pretenſions end.
Let thy diſcourſe be ſuch, that thou may'ſt give
Profit to others, or from them receive:
Inſtruct the ignorant; to thoſe that live
Under thy care, good rules and patterns give;

Nor

Nor is 't the leaſt of virtues, to relieve
Thoſe whom afflictions or oppreſſions grieve.
Commend but ſparingly whom thou doſt love:
But leſs condemn whom thou doſt not approve;
Thy friend, like flattery, too much praiſe doth wrong,
And too ſharp cenſure ſhews an evil tongue:
But let inviolate truth be always dear
To thee; e'en before friendſhip, truth prefer.
Than what thou mean'ſt to give, ſtill promiſe leſs:
Hold faſt thy power thy promiſe to increaſe.
Look forward what 's to come, and back what 's paſt,
Thy life will be with praiſe and prudence grac'd:
What loſs or gain may follow, thou may'ſt gueſs,
Thou then wilt be ſecure of the ſucceſs;
Yet be not always on affairs intent,
But let thy thoughts be eaſy and unbent:
When our minds eyes are diſengag'd and free,
They clearer, farther, and diſtinctly ſee;
They quicken ſloth, perplexities unty,
Make roughneſs ſmooth, and hardneſs mollify;
And though our hands from labour are releas'd,
Yet our minds find (ev'n when we ſleep) no reſt.
Search not to find how other men offend,
But by that glaſs thy own offences mend;
Still ſeek to learn, yet care not much from whom,
(So it be learning) or from whence it come.
Of thy own actions, others judgments learn;
Often by ſmall, great matters we diſcern:
Youth, what man's age is like to be, doth ſhow;
We may our ends by our beginnings know.

Let

Let none direct thee what to do or ſay,
Till thee thy judgment of the matter ſway;
Let not the pleaſing many thee delight.
Firſt judge, if thoſe whom thou doſt pleaſe, judge right.
Search not to find what lies too deeply hid,
Nor to know things, whoſe knowledge is forbid;
Nor climb on pyramids, which thy head turn round
Standing, and whence no ſafe deſcent is found:
In vain his nerves and faculties he ſtrains
To riſe, whoſe raiſing unſecure remains:
They whom deſert and favour forwards thruſt,
Are wiſe, when they their meaſures can adjuſt.
When well at eaſe, and happy, live content,
And then conſider why that life was lent;
When wealthy, ſhow thy wiſdom not to be
To wealth a ſervant, but make wealth ſerve thee.
Though all alone, yet nothing think or do,
Which nor a witneſs nor a judge might know.
The higheſt hill is the moſt ſlippery place,
And Fortune mocks us with a ſmiling face.
And her unſteady hand hath often plac'd
Men in high power, but ſeldom holds them faſt;
Againſt her then her forces Prudence joins,
And to the golden mean herſelf confines.
More in proſperity is reaſon toſt,
Than ſhips in ſtorms, their helms and anchors loſt:
Before fair gales not all our ſails we bear,
But with ſide winds into ſafe harbours ſteer;
More ſhips in calms on a deceitful coaſt,
Or unſeen rocks, than in high ſtorms are loſt.

Who

Who caſts out threats and frowns, no man deceives,
Time for reſiſtance and defence he gives;
But flattery ſtill in ſugar'd words betrays,
And poiſon in high-taſted meats conveys;
So Fortune's ſmiles unguarded man ſurprize,
But when ſhe frowns, he arms, and her defies.

OF JUSTICE.

'TIS the firſt ſanction nature gave to man,
Each other to aſſiſt in what they can;
Juſt or unjuſt, this law for ever ſtands,
All things are good by law which ſhe commands;
The firſt ſtep, man towards Chriſt muſt juſtly live,
Who t' us himſelf, and all we have, did give;
In vain doth man the name of juſt expect,
If his devotions he to God neglect;
So muſt we reverence God, as firſt to know
Juſtice from him, not from ourſelves doth flow;
God thoſe accepts, who to mankind are friends,
Whoſe juſtice far as their own power extends;
In that they imitate the power divine,
The ſun alike on good and bad doth ſhine;
And he that doth no good, although no ill,
Does not the office of the juſt fulfill.
Virtue doth man to virtuous actions ſteer,
'Tis not enough that he ſhould vice forbear;
We live not only for ourſelves to care,
Whilſt they that want it are deny'd their ſhare.

Wiſe Plato ſaid, the world with men was ſtor'd,
That ſuccour each to other might afford;
Nor are thoſe ſuccours to one ſort confin'd,
But ſeveral parts to ſeveral men conſign'd;
He that of his own ſtores no part can give,
May with his counſel or his hands relieve.
If fortune make thee powerful, give defence
'Gainſt fraud, and force, to naked innocence:
And when our juſtice doth her tributes pay,
Method and order muſt direct the way:
Firſt to our God we muſt with reverence bow;
The ſecond honour to our prince we owe;
Next to wives, parents, children, fit reſpect,
And to our friends and kindred we direct:
Then we muſt thoſe who groan beneath the weight
Of age, diſeaſe, or want, commiſerate:
'Mongſt thoſe whom honeſt lives can recommend,
Our juſtice more compaſſion ſhould extend;
To ſuch, who thee in ſome diſtreſs did aid,
Thy debt of thanks with intereſt ſhould be paid:
As Heſiod ſings, ſpread waters o'er thy field,
And a moſt juſt and glad increaſe 'twill yield.
But yet take heed, leſt doing good to one,
Miſchief and wrong be, to another done;
Such moderation with thy bounty join,
That thou may'ſt nothing give, that is not thine;
That liberality 's but caſt away,
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay:
And no acceſs to wealth let rapine bring;
Do nothing that 's unjuſt, to be a king.

Juſtice

Juſtice muſt be from violence exempt,
But fraud 's her only object of contempt.
Fraud in the fox, force in the lion dwells;
But juſtice both from human hearts expels;
But he 's the greateſt monſter (without doubt)
Who is a wolf within, a ſheep without.
Nor only ill injurious actions are,
But evil words and ſlanders bear their ſhare.
Truth juſtice loves, and truth injuſtice fears,
Truth above all things a juſt man reveres:
Though not by oaths we God to witneſs call,
He ſees and hears, and ſtill remembers all;
And yet our atteſtations we may wreſt,
Sometimes to make the truth more manifeſt;
If by a lye a man preſerve his faith,
He pardon, leave, and abſolution hath;
Or if I break my promiſe, which to thee
Would bring no good, but prejudice to me.
All things committed to thy truſt conceal,
Nor what 's forbid by any means reveal.
Expreſs thyſelf in plain, not doubtful words,
That ground for quarrels or diſputes affords:
Unleſs thou find occaſion, hold thy tongue;
Thyſelf or others, careleſs talk may wrong.
When thou art called into public power,
And when a crowd of ſuitors throng thy door,
Be ſure no great offenders 'ſcape their dooms;
Small praiſe from lenity and remiſſneſs comes:
Crimes pardon'd, others to thoſe crimes invite,
Whilſt lookers-on ſevere examples fright:

When by a pardon'd murderer blood is ſpilt,
The judge that pardon'd hath the greateſt guilt;
Who accuſe rigour, make a groſs miſtake,
One criminal pardon'd, may an hundred make;
When juſtice on offenders is not done,
Law, government, and commerce, are o'erthrown;
As beſieg'd traitors with the foe conſpire,
T' unlock the gates, and ſet the town on fire.
Yet leſt the puniſhment th' offence exceed,
Juſtice with weight and meaſure muſt proceed:
Yet when pronouncing ſentence, ſeem not glad,
Such ſpectacles, though they are juſt, are ſad;
Though what thou doſt, thou ought'ſt not to repent,
Yet human bowels cannot but relent:
Rather than all muſt ſuffer, ſome muſt die;
Yet nature muſt condole their miſery.
And yet, if many equal guilt involve,
Thou may'ſt not theſe condemn, and thoſe abſolve.
Juſtice, when equal ſcales ſhe holds, is blind,
Nor cruelty, nor mercy, change her mind;
When ſome eſcape for that which others die,
Mercy to thoſe, to theſe is cruelty.
A fine and ſlender net the ſpider weaves,
Which little and light animals receives;
And if ſhe catch a common bee or fly,
They with a piteous groan and murmur die;
But if a waſp or hornet ſhe entrap,
They tear her cords like Sampſon, and eſcape;
So like a fly the poor offender dies;
But, like the waſp, the rich eſcapes and flies.

Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,
The punishment beyond the crime extend;
Or after warning the offence forget;
So God himself our failings doth remit.
Expect not more from servants than is just,
Reward them well, if they observe their trust;
Nor them with cruelty or pride invade,
Since God and nature them our brothers made;
If his offence be great, let that suffice;
If light, forgive, for no man 's always wise.

THE PROGRESS OF LEARNING.

PREFACE.

My early Miſtreſs, now my antient Muſe,
That ſtrong Circæan liquor ceaſe t' infuſe,
Wherewith thou didſt intoxicate my youth,
Now ſtoop with diſ-inchanted wings to truth;
As the dove's flight did guide Æneas, now
May thine conduct me to the golden bough;
Tell (like a tall old oak) how learning ſhoots
To heaven her branches, and to hell her roots.

WHEN God from earth form'd Adam in the eaſt,
He his own image on the clay impreſt;
As ſubjects then the whole creation came,
And from their natures Adam them did name;
Not from experience (for the world was new),
He only from their cauſe their natures knew.
Had memory been loſt with innocence,
We had not known the ſentence, nor th' offence;
'Twas his chief puniſhment to keep in ſtore
The ſad remembrance what he was before;
And though th' offending part felt mortal pain,
Th' immortal part its knowledge did retain.
After the flood, arts to Chaldæa fell,
The father of the faithful there did dwell,
Who both their parent and inſtructor was;
From thence did learning into Ægypt paſs:

Moſes

Moſes in all th' Ægyptian arts was ſkill'd,
When heavenly power that choſen veſſel fill'd;
And we to his high inſpiration owe,
That what was done before the flood, we know.
From Ægypt, arts their progreſs made to Greece,
Wrapt in the fable of the golden fleece.
Muſæus firſt, then Orpheus, civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their deities;
To many gods they taught devotion,
Which were the diſtinct faculties of one;
Th' eternal cauſe, in their immortal lines,
Was taught, and poets were the firſt divines:
God Moſes firſt, then David did inſpire,
To compoſe anthems for his heavenly quire;
To th' one the ſtyle of friend he did impart,
On th' other ſtamp the likeneſs of his heart:
And Moſes, in the old original,
Even God the poet of the world doth call.
Next thoſe old Greeks, Pythagoras did riſe,
Then Socrates, whom th' oracle call'd wiſe;
The divine Plato moral virtue ſhews,
Then his diſciple Ariſtotle roſe,
Who nature's ſecrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great ſoul our noveliſts impeach;
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds,
While ſects, like locuſts, did deſtroy the ſeeds;
The tree of knowledge, blaſted by diſputes,
Produces ſapleſs leaves inſtead of fruits;
Proud Greece all nations elſe barbarians held,
Boaſting her learning all the world excell'd.

Flying from thence, to Italy it came,
And to the realm of Naples gave the name,
Till both their nation and their arts did come
A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome;
Then whereſoever her conquering eagles fled,
Arts, learning, and civility were ſpread;
And as in this our microcoſm, the heart
Heat, ſpirit, motion, gives to every part;
So Rome's victorious influence did diſperſe
All her own virtues through the univerſe.
Here ſome digreſſion I muſt make, t' accuſe
Thee, my forgetful and ingrateful Muſe:
Couldſt thou from Greece to Latium take thy flight,
And not to thy great anceſtor do right?
I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than thoſe, who ſay the ſun hath never ſhin'd;
The age wherein he liv'd was dark, but he
Could not want ſight, who taught the world to ſee:
They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
Might make old Homer's ſkull the Muſes' hive;
And from his brain, that Helicon diſtil,
Whoſe racy liquor did his offspring fill.
Nor old Anacreon, Heſiod, Theocrite,
Muſt we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight.
Old Homer's ſoul, at laſt from Greece retir'd,
In Italy the Mantuan ſwain inſpir'd.
When great Auguſtus made wars tempeſts ceaſe,
His halcyon days brought forth the arts of peace;
He ſtill in his triumphant chariot ſhines,
By Horace drawn, and Virgil's mighty lines.

'Twas

'Twas certainly myſterious that the * name
Of prophets and of poets is the ſame;
What the Tragedian † wrote, the late ſucceſs
Declares was inſpiration, and not gueſs:
As dark a truth that author did unfold,
As oracles or prophets e'er foretold:
" At laſt the ocean ſhall unlock ‡ the bound
" Of things, and a new world by Tiphys found,
" Then ages far remote ſhall underſtand
" The iſle of Thule is not the fartheſt land."
Sure God, by theſe diſcoveries, did deſign
That his clear light through all the world ſhould ſhine,
But the obſtruction from that diſcord ſprings
The prince of darkneſs made 'twixt Chriſtian kings;
That peaceful age with happineſs to crown,
From heaven the prince of peace himſelf came down;
Then the true ſun of knowledge firſt appear'd,
And the old dark myſterious clouds were clear'd,
The heavy cauſe of th' old accurſed flood
Sunk in the ſacred deluge of his blood.
His paſſion, man from his firſt fall redeem'd;
Once more to paradiſe reſtor'd we ſeem'd;
Satan himſelf was bound, till th' iron chain
Our pride did break, and let him looſe again.
Still the old ſting remain'd, and man began
To tempt the ſerpent, as he tempted man;
Then hell ſends forth her furies, Avarice, Pride,
Fraud, Diſcord, Force, Hypocriſy, their guide,

* Vates. † Seneca. ‡ The Prophecy.

Though

Though the foundation on a rock were laid,
The church was undermin'd, and then betray'd;
Though the apoſtles theſe events foretold,
Yet even the ſhepherd did devour the fold:
The fiſher to convert the world began,
The pride convincing of vain-glorious man;
But ſoon his followers grew a ſovereign lord,
And Peter's keys exchang'd for Peter's ſword,
Which ſtill maintains for his adopted ſon
Vaſt patrimonies, though himſelf had none;
Wreſting the text to the old giant's ſenſe,
That heaven, once more, muſt ſuffer violence.
Then ſubtle doctors, ſcriptures made their prize,
Caſuiſts, like cocks, ſtruck out each other's eyes,
Then dark diſtinctions reaſon's light diſguis'd,
And into atoms truth anatomiz'd.
Then Mahomet's creſcent, by our feuds encreaſt,
Blaſted the learn'd remainders of the eaſt:
That project, when from Greece to Rome it came,
Made mother ignorance devotion's dame;
Then, he whom Lucifer's own pride did ſwell,
His faithful emiſſary, roſe from hell
To poſſeſs Peter's chair, that Hildebrand,
Whoſe foot on mitres, then on crowns did ſtand,
And before that exalted idol, all
(Whom we call Gods on earth) did proſtrate fall.
Then darkneſs Europe's face did over-ſpread,
From lazy cells, where ſuperſtition bred,
Which, link'd with blind obedience, ſo encreaſt,
That the whole world, ſome ages, they oppreſt;

Till

Till through thoſe clouds the ſun of knowledge brake,
And Europe from her lethargy did wake;
Then firſt our monarchs were acknowledg'd here,
That they their churches nurſing fathers were.
When Lucifer no longer could advance
His works on the falſe ground of ignorance,
New arts he tries, and new deſigns he lays,
Then his well ſtudy'd maſter-piece he plays;
Loyola, Luther, Calvin he inſpires,
And kindles with infernal flames their fires,
Sends their fore-runner (conſcious of th' event)
Printing, his moſt pernicious inſtrument!
Wild controverſy then, which long had ſlept,
Into the preſs from ruin'd cloyſters leapt;
No longer by implicit faith we err,
Whilſt every man's his own interpreter;
No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,
Lay elders, from their ends create their God,
But ſeven wiſe men the ancient world did know,
We ſcarce know ſeven who think themſelves not ſo.
When man learn'd undefil'd religion,
We were commanded to be all as one;
Fiery diſputes that union have calcin'd,
Almoſt as many minds as men we find,
And when that flame finds combuſtible earth,
Thence *fatuus* fires, and meteors take their birth,
Legions of ſects and inſects come in throngs;
To name them all would tire a hundred tongues.
So were the centaurs of Ixion's race,
Who a bright cloud for Juno did embrace;

And

And ſuch the monſters of Chimæra's kind,
Lions before, and dragons were behind.
Then from the claſhes between popes and kings,
Debate, like ſparks from flints colliſion, ſprings:
As Jove's loud thunder-bolts were forg'd by heat,
The like our Cyclops on their anvils beat;
All the rich mines of learning ranſack'd are,
To furniſh ammunition for this war:
Uncharitable zeal our reaſon whets,
And double edges on our paſſions ſets;
'Tis the moſt certain ſign, the world's accurſt,
That the beſt things corrupted, are the worſt;
'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge, hurl'd
Sin, death, and ignorance, o'er all the world;
That ſun like this (from which our ſight we have)
Gaz'd on too long, reſumes the light he gave;
And when thick miſts of doubts obſcure his beams,
Our guide is error, and our viſions dreams;
'Twas no falſe heraldry, when madneſs drew
Her pedigree from thoſe who too much knew;
Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils,
Like guns o'er-charg'd, breaks, miſſes, or recoils;
When ſubtle wits have ſpun their thread too fine,
'Tis weak and fragile like Arachne's line:
True piety, without ceſſation toſt
By theories, the practic part is loſt,
And like a ball bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,
Rather than yield, both ſides the prize will quit;
Then whilſt his foe each gladiator foils,
The atheiſt looking on, enjoys the ſpoils.

Through

Through ſeas of knowledge we our courſe advance,
Diſcovering ſtill new worlds of ignorance;
And theſe diſcoveries make us all confeſs
That ſublunary ſcience is but gueſs,
Matters of fact to man are only known,
And what ſeems more is mere opinion;
The ſtanders-by ſee clearly this event,
All parties ſay they 're ſure, yet all diſſent;
With their new light our bold inſpectors preſs
Like Cham, to ſhew their father's nakedneſs,
By whoſe example, after-ages may
Diſcover, we more naked are than they;
All human wiſdom, to divine, is folly;
This truth, the wiſeſt man made melancholy;
Hope, or belief, or gueſs, gives ſome relief,
But to be ſure we are deceiv'd, brings grief:
Who thinks his wife is virtuous, though not ſo,
Is pleas'd, and patient, till the truth he know.
Our God, when heaven and earth he did create,
Form'd man, who ſhould of both participate;
If our lives motions theirs muſt imitate,
Our knowledge, like our blood, muſt circulate.
When, like a bridegroom from the eaſt, the ſun
Sets forth, he thither, whence he came, doth run;
Into earth's ſpungy veins the ocean ſinks,
Thoſe rivers to repleniſh which he drinks;
So learning, which from reaſon's fountain ſprings,
Back to the ſource, ſome ſecret channel brings.
'Tis happy when our ſtreams of knowledge flow
To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

OF OLD AGE.

CATO, SCIPIO, LÆLIUS.

SCIPIO TO CATO.

THOUGH all the actions of your life are crown'd
With wiſdom, nothing makes them more renown'd,
Than that thoſe years, which others think extreme,
Nor to yourſelf, nor us uneaſy ſeem;
Under which weight, moſt like th' old giants, groan,
When Ætna on their backs by Jove was thrown.

CATO. What you urge, Scipio, from right reaſon flows;
All parts of age ſeem burthenſome to thoſe
Who virtue's and true wiſdom's happineſs
Cannot diſcern; but they who thoſe poſſeſs,
In what 's impos'd by nature find no grief,
Of which our age is (next our death) the chief,
Which, though all equally deſire t' obtain,
Yet when they have obtain'd it, they complain;
Such our inconſtancies and follies are,
We ſay it ſteals upon us unaware:
Our want of reaſoning theſe falſe meaſures makes,
Youth runs to age, as childhood youth o'ertakes.
How much more grievous would our lives appear,
To reach th' eighth hundred, than the eightieth year?
Of what, in that long ſpace of time hath paſt,
To fooliſh age will no remembrance laſt.
My age's conduct when you ſeem t' admire,
(Which that it may deſerve, I much deſire)

'Tis

'Tis my firſt rule, on nature, as my guide
Appointed by the Gods, I have rely'd;
And nature (which all acts of life deſigns)
Not like ill poets, in the laſt declines:
But ſome one part muſt be the laſt of all,
Which, like ripe fruits, muſt either rot, or fall.
And this from nature muſt be gently borne,
Elſe her (as giants did the Gods) we ſcorn.

LÆL. But ſir, 'tis Scipio's and my deſire,
Since to long life we gladly would aſpire,
That from your grave inſtructions we might hear,
How we, like you, may this great burthen bear.

CAT. This I reſolv'd before, but now ſhall do
With great delight, ſince 'tis requir'd by you.

LÆL. If to yourſelf it will not tedious prove,
Nothing in us a greater joy can move,
That as old travellers the young inſtruct,
Your long, our ſhort experience may conduct.

CAT. 'Tis true (as the old proverb doth relate)
Equals with equals often congregate.
Two conſuls (who in years my equals were)
When ſenators, lamenting I did hear,
That age from them had all their pleaſures torn,
And them their former ſuppliants now ſcorn:
They, what is not to be accus'd, accuſe,
Not others, but themſelves their age abuſe;
Elſe this might me concern, and all my friends,
Whoſe chearful age, with honour, youth attends,
Joy'd that from pleaſure's ſlavery they are free,
And all reſpects due to their age they ſee,

In

In its true colours, this complaint appears
The ill effect of manners, not of years;
For on their life no grievous burthen lies,
Who are well-natur'd, temperate, and wise;
But an inhuman and ill-temper'd mind,
Not any easy part in life can find.

LÆL. This I believe; yet others may dispute,
Their age (as yours) can never bear such fruit
Of honour, wealth, and power, to make them sweet,
Not every one such happiness can meet.

CAT. Some weight your argument, my Lælius, bears,
But not so much as at first sight appears.
This answer by Themistocles was made,
(When a Seriphian thus did him upbraid,
You those great honours to your country owe,
Not to yourself)—Had I at Seripho
Been born, such honour I had never seen,
Nor you, if an Athenian you had been:
So age, cloath'd in indecent poverty,
To the most prudent cannot easy be;
But to a fool, the greater his estate,
The more uneasy is his age's weight.
Age's chief arts, and arms, are to grow wise,
Virtue to know, and known to exercise;
All just returns to age then virtue makes,
Nor her in her extremity forsakes;
The sweetest cordial we receive at last,
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.
I (when a youth) with reverence did look
On Quintus Fabius, who Tarentum took;

Yet

Yet in his age ſuch chearfulneſs was ſeen,
As if his years and mine had equal been;
His gravity was mixt with gentleneſs,
Nor had his age made his good-humour leſs;
Then was he well in years (the ſame that he
Was conſul, that of my nativity)
(A ſtripling then) in his fourth conſulate
On him at Capua I in arms did wait.
I five years after at Tarentum wan
The quæſtorſhip, and then our love began;
And four years after, when I prætor was,
He pleaded, and the Cincian law did paſs.
With uſeful diligence he us'd t' engage,
Yet with the temperate arts of patient age
He breaks fierce Hannibal's inſulting heats;
Of which exploit thus our friend Ennius treats,
He by delay reſtor'd the commonwealth,
Nor preferr'd rumour before public health.

THE ARGUMENT.

" When I reflect on age, I find there are
" Four cauſes, which its miſery declare.
" 1. Becauſe our body's ſtrength it much impairs:
" 2. That it takes off our minds from great affairs:
" 3. Next, that our ſenſe of pleaſure it deprives:
" 4. Laſt, that approaching death attends our lives.
" Of all theſe ſeveral cauſes I 'll diſcourſe,
" And then of each, in order, weigh the force."

THE FIRST PART.

THE old from ſuch affairs is only freed,
Which vigorous youth, and ſtrength of body need;
But to more high affairs our age is lent,
Moſt properly when heats of youth are ſpent.
Did Fabius, and your father Scipio
(Whoſe daughter my ſon married), nothing do?
Fabricii, Coruncani, Curii;
Whoſe courage, counſel, and authority,
The Roman commonwealth reſtor'd, did boaſt,
Nor Appius, with whoſe ſtrength his fight was loſt,
Who when the ſenate was to peace inclin'd
With Pyrrhus, ſhew'd his reaſon was not blind.
Whither 's our courage and our wiſdom come?
When Rome itſelf conſpires the fate of Rome.
The reſt with ancient gravity and ſkill
He ſpake (for his oration 's extant ſtill.)
'Tis ſeventeen years ſince he had conſul been
The ſecond time, and there were ten between?
Therefore their argument 's of little force,
Who age from great employments would divorce,
As in a ſhip ſome climb the ſhrouds, t' unfold
The ſail, ſome ſweep the deck, ſome pump the hold;
Whilſt he that guides the helm, employs his ſkill,
And gives the law to them, by ſitting ſtill.
Great actions leſs from courage, ſtrength, and ſpeed,
Than from wiſe counſels and commands proceed;

Thoſe

Thoſe arts age wants not, which to age belong,
Not heat, but cold experience makes us ſtrong.
A conſul, tribune, general, I have been,
All ſorts of war I have paſt through, and ſeen;
And now grown old, I ſeem t' abandon it,
Yet to the ſenate I preſcribe what 's fit.
I every day 'gainſt Carthage war proclaim,
(For Rome's deſtruction hath been long her aim)
Nor ſhall I ceaſe till I her ruin ſee,
Which triumph may the Gods deſign for thee;
That Scipio may revenge his grandfire's ghoſt,
Whoſe life at Cannæ with great honour loſt
Is on record, nor had he weary'd been
With age, if he an hundred years had ſeen,
He had not us'd excurſions, ſpears, or darts,
But counſel, order, and ſuch aged arts;
Which, if our anceſtors had not retain'd,
The ſenate's name our council had not gain'd.
The Spartans to their higheſt Magiſtrate
The name of Elder did appropriate:
Therefore his fame for ever ſhall remain,
How gallantly Tarentum he did gain,
With vigilant conduct, when that ſharp reply
He gave to Salinator, I ſtood by,
Who to the caſtle fled, the town being loſt,
Yet he to Maximus did vainly boaſt,
'Twas by my means Tarentum you obtain'd;
'Tis true, had you not loſt, I had not gain'd.
And as much honour on his gown did wait,
As on his arms, in his fifth conſulate.

When his colleague Carvilius ſtept aſide,
The Tribune of the people would divide
To them the Gallic and the Picene field,
Againſt the ſenate's will, he will not yield;
When being angry, boldly he declares
Thoſe things were acted under happy ſtars,
From which the commonwealth found good effects,
But otherwiſe they came from bad aſpects.
Many great things of Fabius I could tell,
But his ſon's death did all the reſt excel;
(His gallant ſon, though young, had conſul been)
His funeral oration I have ſeen
Often; and when on that I turn my eyes,
I all the old philoſophers deſpiſe.
Though he in all the people's eyes ſeem'd great,
Yet greater he appear'd in his retreat;
When feaſting with his private friends at home,
Such counſel, ſuch diſcourſe, from him did come,
Such ſcience in his art of augury,
No Roman ever was more learn'd than he;
Knowledge of all things preſent and to come,
Remembering all the wars of ancient Rome,
Nor only there, but all the world's beſide:
Dying in extreme age, I propheſy'd
That which is come to paſs, and did diſcern
From his ſurvivors I could nothing learn.
This long diſcourſe was but to let you ſee,
That his long life could not uneaſy be.
Few like the Fabii or the Scipio's are
Takers of cities, conquerors in war.

Yet

Yet others to like happy age arrive,
Who modeſt, quiet, and with virtue live:
Thus Plato writing his philoſophy,
With honour after ninety years did die.
Th' Athenian ſtory writ at ninety-four
By Iſocrates, who yet liv'd five years more;
His maſter Gorgias at the hundredth year
And ſeventh, not his ſtudies did forbear:
And, aſk'd, why he no ſooner left the ſtage,
Said, he ſaw nothing to accuſe old age.
None but the fooliſh, who their lives abuſe,
Age, of their own miſtakes and crimes, accuſe.
All commonwealths (as by records is ſeen)
As by age preſerv'd, by youth deſtroy'd have been.
When the tragedian Nævis did demand,
Why did your commonwealth no longer ſtand?
'Twas anſwer'd, that their ſenators were new,
Fooliſh and young, and ſuch as nothing knew;
Nature to youth hot raſhneſs doth diſpence,
But with cold prudence age doth recompence;
But age, 'tis ſaid, will memory decay,
So (if it be not exercis'd) it may;
Or, if by nature it be dull and ſlow:
Themiſtocles (when ag'd) the names did know
Of all th' Athenians; and none grow ſo old,
Not to remember where they hid their gold.
From age ſuch art of memory we learn,
To forget nothing, which is our concern;
Their intereſt no prieſt nor ſorcerer
Forgets, nor lawyer, nor philoſopher;

No underſtanding memory can want,
Where wiſdom ſtudious induſtry doth plant.
Nor does it only in the active live,
But in the quiet and contemplative;
When Sophocles (who plays when aged wrote)
Was by his ſons before the judges brought,
Becauſe he pay'd the Muſes ſuch reſpect,
His fortune, wife, and children to neglect;
Almoſt condemn'd, he mov'd the judges thus,
Hear, but inſtead of me, my Oedipus:
The judges hearing with applauſe, at th' end
Freed him, and ſaid, no fool ſuch lines had penn'd.
What poets and what orators can I
Recount? what princes in philoſophy?
Whoſe conſtant ſtudies with their age did ſtrive,
Nor did they thoſe, though thoſe did them ſurvive.
Old huſbandmen I at Sabinum know,
Who for another year dig, plough, and ſow.
For never any man was yet ſo old,
But hop'd his life one winter more might hold.
Cæcilius vainly ſaid, each day we ſpend
Diſcovers ſomething, which muſt needs offend;
But ſometimes age may pleaſant things behold,
And nothing that offends: He ſhould have told
This not to age, but youth, who oftener ſee
What not alone offends, but hurts, than we:
That I in him, which he in age, condemn'd,
That us it renders odious and contemn'd.
He knew not virtue, if he thought this truth;
For youth delights in age, and age in youth.

What

What to the old can greater pleaſure be,
Than hopeful and ingenuous youth to ſee;
When they with reverence follow where we lead,
And in ſtrait paths by our directions tread!
And ev'n my converſation here I ſee,
As well receiv'd by you, as yours by me.
'Tis diſingenuous to accuſe our age
Of idleneſs, who all our powers engage
In the ſame ſtudies, the ſame courſe to hold;
Nor think our reaſon for new arts too old.
Solon the ſage his progreſs never ceas'd,
But ſtill his learning with his days increas'd;
And I with the ſame greedineſs did ſeek,
As water when I thirſt, to ſwallow Greek;
Which I did only learn, that I might know
Thoſe great examples, which I follow now:
And I have heard that Socrates the wiſe,
Learn'd on the lute for his laſt exerciſe.
Though many of the ancients did the ſame,
To improve knowledge was my only aim.

THE SECOND PART.

NOW int' our ſecond grievance I muſt break,
"That loſs of ſtrength makes underſtanding weak."
I grieve no more my youthful ſtrength to want,
Than, young, that of a bull or elephant;
Then with that force content which nature gave,
Nor am I now diſpleas'd with what I have.

When the young wreſtlers at their ſport grew warm,
Old Milo wept, to ſee his naked arm;
And cry'd, 'twas dead: Trifler, thine heart, and head,
And all that 's in them (not thy arm) are dead;
This folly every looker-on derides,
To glory only in thy arms and ſides.
Our gallant anceſtors let fall no tears,
Their ſtrength decreaſing by increaſing years;
But they advanc'd in wiſdom every hour,
And made the commonwealth advance in power.
But orators may grieve, for in their ſides,
Rather than heads, their faculty abides;
Yet I have heard old voices loud and clear,
And ſtill my own ſometimes the ſenate hear.
When th' old with ſmooth and gentle voices plead,
They by the ear their well-pleas'd audience lead:
Which, if I had not ſtrength enough to do,
I could (my Lælius, and my Scipio)
What 's to be done, or not be done, inſtruct,
And to the maxims of good life conduct.
Cneius and Publius Scipio, and (that man
Of men) your grandſire the great African,
Were joyful, when the flower of noble blood
Crowded their dwellings, and attending ſtood,
Like oracles their counſels to receive,
How in their progreſs they ſhould act, and live.
And they whoſe high examples youth obeys,
Are not deſpiſed, though their ſtrength decays,
And thoſe decays (to ſpeak the naked truth,
Though the defects of age) were crimes of youth.

Intem-

Intemperate youth (by ſad experience found)
Ends in an age imperfect and unſound.
Cyrus, though ag'd (if Xenophon ſay true);
Lucius Metellus (whom when young I knew)
Who held (after his ſecond conſulate)
Twenty-two years the high pontificate;
Neither of theſe, in body or in mind,
Before their death the leaſt decay did find.
I ſpeak not of myſelf, though none deny
To age, to praiſe their youth, the liberty:
Such an unwaſted ſtrength I cannot boaſt,
Yet now my years are eighty-four almoſt:
And though from what it was my ſtrength is far,
Both in the firſt and ſecond Punick war,
Nor at Thermopylæ, under Glabrio,
Nor when I conſul into Spain did go;
But yet I feel no weakneſs, nor hath length
Of winters quite enervated my ſtrength;
And I, my gueſt, my client, or my friend,
Still in the courts of juſtice can defend:
Neither muſt I that proverb's truth allow,
"Who would be antient, muſt be early ſo."
I would be youthful ſtill, and find no need
To appear old, till I was ſo indeed.
And yet you ſee my hours not idle are,
Though with your ſtrength I cannot mine compare;
Yet this centurion's doth your's ſurmount,
Not therefore him the better man I count.
Milo, when entering the Olympic game,
With a huge ox upon his ſhoulder came.

Would

Would you the force of Milo's body find,
Rather than of Pythagoras's mind?
The force which nature gives with care retain,
But, when decay'd, 'tis folly to complain;
In age to wiſh for youth is full as vain,
As for a youth to turn a child again.
Simple and certain nature's ways appear,
As ſhe ſets forth the ſeaſons of the year.
So in all parts of life we find her truth,
Weakneſs to childhood, raſhneſs to our youth;
To elder years to be diſcreet and grave,
Then to old age maturity ſhe gave.
(Scipio) you know, how Maſſiniſſa bears
His kingly port at more than ninety years;
When marching with his foot, he walks till night;
When with his horſe, he never will alight;
Though cold, or wet, his head is always bare;
So hot, ſo dry, his aged members are.
You ſee how exerciſe and temperance
Ev'n to old years a youthful ſtrength advance,
Our law (becauſe from age our ſtrength retires)
No duty which belongs to ſtrength requires.
But age doth many men ſo feeble make,
That they no great deſign can undertake;
Yet, that to age not ſingly is apply'd,
But to all man's infirmities beſide.
That Scipio, who adopted you did fall
Into ſuch pains, he had no health at all;
Who elſe had equal'd Africanus' parts,
Exceeding him in all the liberal arts:

Why

Why ſhould thoſe errors then imputed be
To age alone, from which our youth 's not free?
Every diſeaſe of age we may prevent,
Like thoſe of youth, by being diligent.
When ſick, ſuch moderate exerciſe we uſe,
And diet, as our vital heat renews;
And if our body thence refreſhment finds,
Then muſt we alſo exerciſe our minds.
If with continual oil we not ſupply
Our lamp, the light for want of it will die:
Though bodies may be tir'd with exerciſe,
No wearineſs the mind could e'er ſurprize.
Cæcilius the comedian, when of age
He repreſents the follies on the ſtage;
They 're credulous, forgetful, diſſolute,
Neither thoſe crimes to age he doth impute,
But to old men to whom thoſe crimes belong.
Luſt, petulance, raſhneſs, are in youth more ſtrong
Than age, and yet young men thoſe vices hate,
Who virtuous are, diſcreet, and temperate:
And ſo what we call dotage, ſeldom breeds
In bodies, but where nature ſows the ſeeds.
There are five daughters, and four gallant ſons,
In whom the blood of noble Appius runs,
With a moſt numerous family beſide;
Whom he alone, though old and blind, did guide.
Yet his clear-ſighted mind was ſtill intent,
And to his buſineſs like a bow ſtood bent:
By children, ſervants, neighbours, ſo eſteem'd,
He not a maſter, but a monarch ſeem'd.

All

All his relations his admirers were,
His ſons paid reverence, and his ſervants fear:
The order and the ancient diſcipline
Of Romans did in all his actions ſhine.
Authority kept-up old age ſecures,
Whoſe dignity as long as life endures.
Something of youth I in old age approve,
But more the marks of age in youth I love.
Who this obſerves, may in his body find
Decrepit age, but never in his mind.
The ſeven volumes of my own reports,
Wherein are all the pleadings of our courts;
All noble monuments of Greece are come
Unto my hands, with thoſe of ancient Rome.
The pontificial, and the civil law,
I ſtudy ſtill, and thence orations draw.
And to confirm my memory, at night,
What I hear, ſee, or do, by day, I ſtill recite.
Theſe exerciſes for my thoughts I find,
Theſe labours are the chariots of my mind.
To ſerve my friends, the ſenate I frequent,
And there, what I before digeſted, vent.
Which only from my ſtrength of mind proceeds,
Not any outward force of body needs:
Which, if I could not do, I ſhould delight
On what I would to ruminate at night.
Who in ſuch practices their minds engage,
Nor fear nor think of their approaching age;
Which by degrees invifibly doth creep:
Nor do we ſeem to die, but fall aſleep.

THE

THE THIRD PART.

NOW muſt I draw my forces 'gainſt that hoſt
Of pleaſures, which i' th' ſea of age are loſt.
O thou moſt high tranſcendent gift of age!
Youth from its folly thus to diſengage.
And now receive from me that moſt divine
Oration of that noble Tarentine,
Which at Tarentum I long ſince did hear;
When I attended the great Fabius there.
Ye gods! was it man's nature, or his fate,
Betray'd him with ſweet pleaſure's poiſon'd bait?
Which he, with all deſigns of art or power,
Doth with unbridled appetite devour:
And as all poiſons ſeek the nobleſt part,
Pleaſure poſſeſſes firſt the head and heart;
Intoxicating both, by them, ſhe finds,
And burns the ſacred temples of our minds.
Furies, which reaſon's divine chains had bound,
(That being broken) all the world confound.
Luſt, murder, treaſon, avarice, and hell
Itſelf broke looſe, in reaſon's palace dwell:
Truth, honour, juſtice, temperance, are fled,
All her attendants into darkneſs led.
But why all this diſcourſe? when pleaſure's rage
Hath conquer'd reaſon, we muſt treat with age.
Age undermines, and will in time ſurprize
Her ſtrongeſt forts, and cut off all ſupplies;

And

And, join'd in league with ſtrong neceſſity,
Pleaſure muſt flie, or elſe by famine die.
Flaminius, whom a conſulſhip had grac'd,
(Then cenſor) from the ſenate I diſplac'd;
When he in Gaul, a conſul, made a feaſt,
A beauteous courtezan did him requeſt
To ſee the cutting off a priſoner's head;
This crime I could not leave unpuniſhed,
Since by a private villainy he ſtain'd
That public honour, which at Rome he gain'd.
Then to our age (when not to pleaſures bent)
This ſeems an honour, not diſparagement.
We, not all pleaſures like the Stoicks hate;
But love and ſeek thoſe which are moderate.
(Though divine Plato thus of pleaſures thought,
They us, with hooks and baits, like fiſhes caught)
When quæſtor, to the gods, in public halls
I was the firſt, who ſet up feſtivals.
Not with high taſtes our appetites did force,
But fill'd with converſation and diſcourſe;
Which feaſts Convivial Meetings we did name:
Not like the ancient Greeks, who to their ſhame,
Call'd it a Compotation, not a feaſt;
Declaring the worſt part of it the beſt.
Thoſe entertainments I did then frequent
Sometimes with youthful heat and merriment:
But now I thank my age, which gives me eaſe
From thoſe exceſſes; yet myſelf I pleaſe
With chearful talk to entertain my gueſts,
(Diſcourſes are to age continual feaſts)

Th

The love of meat and wine they recompenſe,
And chear the mind, as much as thoſe the ſenſe.
I'm not more pleas'd with gravity among
The ag'd, than to be youthful with the young;
Nor 'gainſt all pleaſures proclaim open war,
To which, in age, ſome natural motions are.
And ſtill at my Sabinum I delight
To treat my neighbours till the depth of night.
But we the ſenſe of guſt and pleaſure want,
Which youth at full poſſeſſes, this I grant;
But age ſeeks not the things which youth requires,
And no man needs that which he not deſires.
When Sophocles was aſk'd, if he deny'd
Himſelf the uſe of pleaſures, he reply'd,
I humbly thank th' immortal gods, who me
From that fierce tyrant's inſolence ſet free.
But they, whom preſſing appetites conſtrain,
Grieve when they cannot their deſires obtain.
Young men the uſe of pleaſure underſtand,
As of an object new, and near at hand:
Though this ſtands more remote from age's ſight,
Yet they behold it not without delight:
As ancient ſoldiers, from their duties eas'd,
With ſenſe of honour and rewards are pleas'd;
So from ambitious hopes and luſts releaſt,
Delighted with itſelf, our age doth reſt.
No part of life 's more happy, when with bread
Of ancient knowledge, and new learning fed,
All youthful pleaſures by degrees muſt ceaſe;
But thoſe of age ev'n with our years increaſe.

We

We love not loaded boards, and goblets crown'd,
But free from ſurfeits our repoſe is ſound.
When old Fabricius to the Samnites went,
Ambaſſador, from Rome to Pyrrhus ſent,
He heard a grave philoſopher maintain,
That all the actions of our life were vain,
Which with our ſenſe of pleaſure not conſpir'd;
Fabricius the philoſopher deſir'd,
That he to Pyrrhus would that maxim teach,
And to the Samnites the ſame doctrine preach;
Then of their conqueſt he ſhould doubt no more,
Whom their own pleaſures overcame before.
Now into ruſtic matters I muſt fall,
Which pleaſure ſeems to me the chief of all.
Age no impediment to thoſe can give,
Who wiſely by the rules of nature live.
Earth (though our mother) chearfully obeys
All the commands her race upon her lays.
For whatſoever from our hand ſhe takes,
Greater or leſs, a vaſt return ſhe makes.
Nor am I only pleas'd with that reſource,
But with her ways, her method, and her force,
The ſeed her boſom (by the plough made fit)
Receives, where kindly ſhe embraces it,
Which, with her genuine warmth diffus'd and ſpre
Sends forth betimes a green and tender head,
Then gives it motion, life, and nouriſhment,
Which from the root through nerves and veins are
Streight in a hollow ſheath upright it grows,
And, form receiving, doth itſelf diſcloſe;

Dr

Drawn up in ranks and files, the bearded ſpikes
Guard it from birds, as with a ſtand of pikes.
When of the vine I ſpeak, I ſeem inſpir'd,
And with delight, as with her juice, am fir'd;
At nature's god-like power I ſtand amaz'd,
Which ſuch vaſt bodies hath from atoms rais'd.
The kernel of a grape, the fig's ſmall grain,
Can cloath a mountain, and o'erſhade a plain:
But thou, dear vine, forbid'ſt me to be long,
Although thy trunk be neither large nor ſtrong,
Nor can thy head (not helpt) itſelf ſublime,
Yet, like a ſerpent, a tall tree can climb;
Whate'er thy many fingers can entwine,
Proves thy ſupport, and all its ſtrength is thine.
Though nature gave not legs, it gave thee hands,
By which thy prop the proudeſt cedar ſtands:
As thou haſt hands, ſo hath thy offspring wings,
And to the higheſt part of mortals ſprings.
But leſt thou ſhould'ſt conſume thy wealth in vain,
And ſtarve thyſelf to feed a numerous train,
Or like the bee (ſweet as thy blood) deſign'd
To be deſtroy'd to propagate his kind,
Leſt thy redundant and ſuperfluous juice
Should fading leaves inſtead of fruits produce,
The pruner's hand, with letting blood, muſt quench
Thy heat, and thy exuberant parts retrench:
Then from the joints of thy prolific ſtem
A ſwelling knot is raiſed (call'd a gem),
Whence, in ſhort ſpace, itſelf the cluſter ſhows,
And from earth's moiſture mixt with ſun-beams grows.

I' th' ſpring, like youth, it yields an acid taſte,
But ſummer doth, like age, the fourneſs waſte;
Then cloath'd with leaves, from heat and cold ſecure,
Like virgins, ſweet, and beauteous, when mature.
On fruits, flowers, herbs, and plants, I long could dwell,
At once to pleaſe my eye, my taſte, my ſmell;
My walks of trees, all planted by my hand,
Like children of my own begetting ſtand.
To tell the ſeveral natures of each earth,
What fruits from each moſt properly take birth:
And with what arts to enrich every mold,
The dry to moiſten, and to warm the cold.
But when we graft, or buds inoculate,
Nature by art we nobly meliorate;
As Orpheus' muſic wildeſt beaſts did tame,
From the four crab the ſweeteſt apple came:
The mother to the daughter goes to ſchool,
The ſpecies changed, doth her laws o'er-rule;
Nature herſelf doth from herſelf depart,
(Strange tranſmigration) by the power of art.
How little things give law to great! we ſee
The ſmall bud captivates the greateſt tree.
Here even the power divine we imitate,
And ſeem not to beget, but to create.
Much was I pleas'd with fowls and beaſts, the tame
For food and profit, and the wild for game.
Excuſe me when this pleaſant ſtring I touch,
(For age, of what delights it, ſpeaks too much.)
Who twice victorious Pyrrhus conquered,
The Sabines and the Samnites captive led,

Great

Great Curius, his remaining days did ſpend,
And in this happy life his triumphs end.
My farm ſtands near, and when I there retire,
His and that age's temper I admire:
The Samnites chiefs, as by his fire he ſate.
With a vaſt ſum of gold on him did wait;
Return, ſaid he, your gold I nothing weigh,
When thoſe, who can command it, me obey:
This my aſſertion proves, he may be old,
And yet not ſordid, who refuſes gold.
In ſummer to ſit ſtill, or walk, I love,
Near a cool fountain, or a ſhady grove.
What can in winter render more delight,
Than the high ſun at noon, and fire at night?
While our old friends and neighbours feaſt and play,
And with their harmleſs mirth turn night to day,
Unpurchas'd plenty our full tables loads,
And part of what they lent, return t' our gods.
That honour and authority which dwells
With age, all pleaſures of our youth excels.
Obſerve, that I that age have only prais'd
Whoſe pillars were on youth's foundations raiſ'd,
And that (for which I great applauſe receiv'd)
As a true maxim hath been ſince believ'd.
That moſt unhappy age great pity needs,
Which to defend itſelf new matter pleads;
Not from grey hairs authority doth flow,
Nor from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow,
But our paſt life, when virtuouſly ſpent,
Muſt to our age thoſe happy fruits preſent.

Thoſe things to age moſt honourable are,
Which eaſy, common, and but light appear,
Salutes, conſulting, compliment, reſort,
Crouding attendance to, and from the court:
And not on Rome alone this honour waits,
But on all civil and well-govern'd ſtates.
Lyſander pleading in his city's praiſe,
From thence his ſtrongeſt argument did raiſe,
That Sparta did with honour age ſupport,
Paying them juſt reſpect at ſtage, and court.
But at proud Athens youth did age out-face,
Nor at the plays would riſe, or give them place.
When an Athenian ſtranger of great age
Arriv'd at Sparta, climbing up the ſtage,
To him the whole aſſembly roſe, and ran
To place and eaſe this old and reverend man,
Who thus his thanks returns, Th' Athenians know
What's to be done; but what they know, not do.
Here our great ſenate's orders I may quote,
The firſt in age is ſtill the firſt in vote.
Nor honour, nor high birth, nor great command
In competition with great years may ſtand.
Why ſhould our youth's ſhort tranſient pleaſures dare
With age's laſting honours to compare?
On the world's ſtage, when our applauſe grows high,
For acting here life's tragic-comedy,
The lookers-on will ſay we act not well,
Unleſs the laſt the former ſcenes excel:
But age is froward, uneaſy, ſcrutinous,
Hard to be pleas'd, and parſimonious;

But

But all thoſe errors from our manners riſe,
Not from our years; yet ſome moroſities
We muſt expect ſince jealouſy belongs
To age, of ſcorn, and tender ſenſe of wrongs:
Yet thoſe are mollify'd, or not diſcern'd,
Where civil arts and manners have been learn'd:
So the Twins humours, in our Terence, are
Unlike, this harſh and rude, that ſmooth and fair.
Our nature here is not unlike our wine,
Some ſorts, when old, continue briſk and fine;
So age's gravity may ſeem ſevere,
But nothing harſh or bitter ought t' appear.
Of age's avarice I cannot ſee
What colour, ground, or reaſon there ſhould be:
Is it not folly, when the way we ride
Is ſhort, for a long voyage to provide?
To avarice ſome title youth may own,
To reap in autumn what the ſpring had ſown;
And with the providence of bees, or ants,
Prevent with ſummer's plenty, winter's wants.
But age ſcarce ſows, till death ſtands by to reap,
And to a ſtranger's hand transfers the heap;
Afraid to be ſo once, ſhe 's always poor,
And to avoid a miſchief makes it ſure.
Such madneſs, as for fear of death to die,
Is, to be poor for fear of poverty.

THE FOURTH PART.

NOW againſt (that which terrifies our age)
The laſt, and greateſt grievance, we engage;
To her, grim death appears in all her ſhapes,
The hungry grave for her due tribute gapes.
Fond, fooliſh man! with fear of death ſurpriz'd,
Which either ſhould be wiſh'd for, or deſpis'd;
This, if our ſouls with bodies death deſtroy;
That, if our ſouls a ſecond life enjoy.
What elſe is to be fear'd; when we ſhall gain
Eternal life, or have no ſenſe of pain?
The youngeſt in the morning are not ſure,
That till the night their life they can ſecure,
Their age ſtands more expos'd to accidents
Than ours, nor common care their fate prevents:
Death's force (with terror) againſt nature ſtrives,
Nor one of many to ripe age arrives.
From this ill fate the world's diſorders riſe,
For if all men were old they would be wiſe;
Years and experience our forefathers taught,
Them under laws, and into cities brought:
Why only ſhould the fear of death belong
To age, which is as common to the young?
Your hopeful brothers, and my ſon, to you
(Scipio) and me, this maxim makes too true:
But vigorous youth may his gay thoughts erect
To many years, which age muſt not expect;

But

But when he ſees his airy hopes deceiv'd;
With grief he ſays, Who this would have believ'd?
We happier are than they, who but deſir'd
To poſſeſs that, which we long ſince acquir'd.
What if our age to Neſtor's could extend?
'Tis vain to think that laſting, which muſt end;
And when 'tis paſt, not any part remains
Thereof, but the reward which virtue gains.
Days, months, and years, like running waters flow,
Nor what is paſt, nor what 's to come, we know:
Our date, how ſhort ſoe'er, muſt us content;
When a good actor doth his part preſent,
In every act he our attention draws,
That at the laſt he may find juſt applauſe;
So (though but ſhort) yet we muſt learn the art
Of virtue, on this ſtage to act our part;
True wiſdom muſt our actions ſo direct,
Not only the laſt plaudit to expect:
Yet grieve no more, though long that part ſhould laſt,
Than huſbandmen, becauſe the ſpring is paſt.
The ſpring, like youth, freſh bloſſoms doth produce,
But autumn makes them ripe, and fit for uſe:
So age a mature mellowneſs doth ſet
On the green promiſes of youthful heat.
All things which nature did ordain are good,
And ſo muſt be receiv'd and underſtood.
Age, like ripe apples, on earth's boſom drops,
While force our youth, like fruits untimely, crops;
The ſparkling flame of our warm blood expires,
As when huge ſtreams are pour'd on raging fires;

But age unforc'd falls by her own conſent,
As coals to aſhes, when the ſpirit 's ſpent;
Therefore to death I with ſuch joy reſort,
As ſeamen from a tempeſt to their port.
Yet to that port ourſelves we muſt not force,
Before our pilot, nature, ſteers our courſe.
Let us the cauſes of our fear condemn,
Then death at his approach we ſhall contemn.
Though to our heat of youth our age ſeems cold,
Yet, when reſolv'd, it is more brave and bold.
Thus Solon to Piſiſtratus reply'd,
Demanded, on what ſuccour he rely'd,
When with ſo few he boldly did engage;
He ſaid, he took his courage from his age.
Then death ſeems welcome, and our nature kind,
When leaving us a perfect ſenſe and mind,
She (like a workman in his ſcience ſkill'd)
Pulls down with eaſe, what her own hand did build.
That art which knew to join all parts in one,
Makes the leaſt violent ſeparation.
Yet though our ligaments betimes grow weak,
We muſt not force them till themſelves they break.
Pythagoras bids us in our ſtation ſtand,
Till God, our general, ſhall us diſband.
Wiſe Solon dying, wiſh'd his friends might grieve,
That in their memories he ſtill might live.
Yet wiſer Ennius gave command to all
His friends, not to bewail his funeral;
Your tears for ſuch a death in vain you ſpend,
Which ſtrait in immortality ſhall end.

In death if there be any ſenſe of pain,
But a ſhort ſpace, to age it will remain.
On which, without my fears, my wiſhes wait,
But timorous youth on this ſhould meditate:
Who for light pleaſure this advice rejects,
Finds little, when his thoughts he recollects.
Our death (though not its certain date) we know;
Nor whether it may be this night, or no:
How then can they contented live, who fear
A danger certain? and none knows how near.
They err, who for the fear of death diſpute,
Our gallant actions this miſtake confute.
Thee, Brutus, Rome's firſt martyr I muſt name,
The Curtii bravely div'd the gulph of flame:
Attilius ſacrific'd himſelf, to ſave
That faith, which to his barbarous foes he gave;
With the two Scipio's did thy uncle fall,
Rather than fly from conquering Hannibal.
The great Marcellus (who reſtored Rome)
His greateſt foes with honour did intomb.
Their lives how many of our legions threw
Into the breach? whence no return they knew:
Muſt then the wiſe, the old, the learned, fear
What not the rude, the young, th' unlearn'd forbear?
Satiety from all things elſe doth come,
Then life muſt to itſelf grow weariſome.
Thoſe trifles wherein children take delight
Grow nauſeous to the young man's appetite;
And from thoſe gaieties our youth requires
To exerciſe their minds, our age retires.

And

And when the laſt delights of age ſhall die,
Life in itſelf will find ſatiety.
Now you, my friends, my ſenſe of death ſhall hear,
Which I can well deſcribe, for he ſtands near.
Your father Lælius, and your's Scipio,
My friends, and men of honour, I did know;
As certainly as we muſt die, they live
That life which juſtly may that name receive:
Till from theſe priſons of our fleſh releas'd,
Our ſouls with heavy burdens lie oppreſs'd;
Which part of man from heaven falling down,
Earth, in her low abyſs, doth hide and drown,
A place ſo dark to the cœleſtial light,
And pure eternal fire's quite oppoſite,
The Gods through human bodies did diſperſe
An heavenly ſoul, to guide this univerſe;
That man, when he of heavenly bodies ſaw
The order, might from thence a pattern draw:
Nor this to me did my own dictates ſhow,
But to the old philoſophers I owe.
I heard Pythagoras, and thoſe who came
With him, and from our country took their name;
Who never doubted but the beams divine,
Deriv'd from Gods, in mortal breaſts did ſhine.
Nor from my knowledge did the ancients hide
What Socrates declar'd, the hour he dy'd;
He th' immortality of ſouls proclaim'd,
(Whom th' oracle of men the wiſeſt nam'd)
Why ſhould we doubt of that, whereof our ſenſe
Finds demonſtration from experience?

Our

Our minds are here, and there, below, above;
Nothing that 's mortal can ſo ſwiftly move.
Our thoughts to future things their flight direct,
And in an inſtant all that 's paſt collect.
Reaſon, remembrance, wit, inventive art,
No nature, but immortal, can impart.
Man's ſoul in a perpetual motion flows,
And to no outward cauſe that motion owes;
And therefore that, no end can overtake,
Becauſe our minds cannot themſelves forſake.
And ſince the matter of our ſoul is pure,
And ſimple, which no mixture can endure
Of parts, which not among themſelves agree;
Therefore it never can divided be.
And nature ſhews (without philoſophy)
What cannot be divided, cannot die.
We ev'n in early infancy diſcern,
Knowledge is born with babes before they learn;
Ere they can ſpeak, they find ſo many ways
To ſerve their turn, and ſee more arts than days:
Before their thoughts they plainly can expreſs,
The words and things they know are numberleſs,
Which nature only, and no art could find,
But what ſhe taught before, ſhe call'd to mind,
Theſe to his ſons (as Xenophon records)
Of the great Cyrus were the dying words;
" Fear not when I depart (nor therefore mourn)
" I ſhall be no where, or to nothing turn:
" That ſoul, which gave me life, was ſeen by none,
" Yet by the actions it deſign'd, was known;

" And

" And though its flight no mortal eye ſhall ſee,
" Yet know, for ever it the ſame ſhall be.
" That ſoul, which can immortal glory give,
" To her own virtues muſt for ever live.
" Can you believe, that man's all-knowing mind
" Can to a mortal body be confin'd?
" Though a foul fooliſh priſon her immure
" On earth, ſhe (when eſcap'd) is wiſe, and pure,
" Man's body, when diſſolv'd, is but the ſame
" With beaſts, and muſt return from whence it came;
" But whence into our bodies reaſon flows,
" None ſees it, when it comes, or where it goes.
" Nothing reſembles death ſo much as ſleep,
" Yet then our minds themſelves from ſlumber keep.
" When from their fleſhly bondage they are free,
" Then what divine and future things they ſee!
" Which makes it moſt apparent whence they are,
" And what they ſhall hereafter be, declare."
This noble ſpeech the dying Cyrus made.
Me, Scipio, ſhall no argument perſuade,
Thy grandfire, and his brother, to whom Fame
Gave, from two conquer'd parts o' th' world, their name,
Nor thy great grandfire, nor thy father Paul,
Who fell at Cannæ againſt Hannibal;
Nor I (for 'tis permitted to the ag'd
To boaſt their actions) had ſo oft engag'd
In battles, and in pleadings, had we thought,
That only Fame our virtuous actions bought;
'Twere better in ſoft pleaſure and repoſe
Inglorioufly our peaceful eyes to cloſe:

Some

Some high aſſurance hath poſſeſt my mind,
After my death an happier life to find.
Unleſs our ſouls from the immortals came,
What end have we to ſeek immortal fame?
All virtuous ſpirits ſome ſuch hope attends,
Therefore the wiſe his days with pleaſure ends.
The fooliſh and ſhort-ſighted die with fear,
That they go no where, or they know not where.
The wiſe and virtuous ſoul, with clearer eyes,
Before ſhe parts, ſome happy port deſcries.
My friends, your fathers I ſhall ſurely ſee;
Nor only thoſe I lov'd, or who lov'd me;
But ſuch as before ours did end their days;
Of whom we hear, and read, and write their praiſe.
This I believe: for were I on my way,
None ſhould perſuade me to return, or ſtay:
Should ſome god tell me, that I ſhould be born,
And cry again, his offer I would ſcorn;
Aſham'd, when I have ended well my race,
To be led back to my firſt ſtarting-place.
And ſince with life we are more griev'd than joy'd,
We ſhould be either ſatisfy'd or cloy'd:
Yet will I not my length of days deplore,
As many wiſe and learn'd have done before;
Nor can I think ſuch life in vain is lent,
Which for our country and our friends is ſpent.
Hence from an inn, not from my home I paſs,
Since nature meant us here no dwelling-place.
Happy when I, from this turmoil ſet free,
That peaceful and divine aſſembly ſee:

Not

Not only thoſe I nam'd I there ſhall greet,
But my own gallant, virtuous Cato meet.
Nor did I weep, when I to aſhes turn'd
His belov'd body, who ſhould mine have burn'd.
I in my thoughts beheld his ſoul aſcend,
Where his fixt hopes our interview attend:
Then ceaſe to wonder that I feel no grief
From age, which is of my delights the chief.
My hopes, if this aſſurance hath deceiv'd,
(That I man's ſoul immortal have believ'd)
And if I err, no power ſhall diſpoſſeſs
My thoughts of that expected happineſs.
Though ſome minute philoſophers pretend,
That with our days our pains and pleaſures end.
If it be ſo, I hold the ſafer ſide,
For none of them my error ſhall deride.
And if hereafter no rewards appear,
Yet virtue hath itſelf rewarded here,
If thoſe, who this opinion have deſpis'd,
And their whole life to pleaſure ſacrific'd,
Should feel their error, they, when undeceiv'd,
Too late will wiſh, that me they had believ'd.
If ſouls no immortality obtain,
'Tis fit our bodies ſhould be out of pain.
The ſame uneaſineſs which every thing
Gives to our nature, life muſt alſo bring.
Good acts, if long, ſeem tedious; ſo is age,
Acting too long upon this earth her ſtage.
Thus much for age, to which when you arrive,
That joy to you, which it gives me, 'twill give.

CO]

TO THE HON. EDWARD HOWARD,

ON

THE BRITISH PRINCES.

WHAT mighty gale hath rais'd a flight so strong?
So high above all vulgar eyes? so long?
One single rapture scarce itself confines
Within the limits of four thousand lines;
And yet I hope to see this noble heat
Continue, till it makes the piece compleat,
That to the latter age it may descend,
And to the end of time its beams extend.
When poesy joins profit with delight,
Her images should be most exquisite,
Since man to that perfection cannot rise,
Of always virtuous, fortunate, and wise;
Therefore the patterns man should imitate
Above the life our masters should create.
Herein, if we consult with Greece and Rome,
Greece (as in war) by Rome was overcome;
Though mighty raptures we in Homer find,
Yet, like himself, his characters were blind;
Virgil's sublimed eyes not only gaz'd,
But his sublimed thoughts to Heaven were rais'd.
Who reads the honours which he paid the gods,
Would think he had beheld their bleſt abodes;

And, that his hero might accompliſh'd be,
From divine blood he draws his pedigree.
From that great judge your judgment takes its law,
And by the beſt original does draw
Bonduca's honour, with thoſe heroes Time
Had in oblivion wrapt, his ſaucy crime;
To them and to your nation you are juſt,
In raiſing up their glories from the duſt;
And to Old England you that right have done,
To ſhew, no ſtory nobler than her own.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF HENRY LORD HASTINGS.

1650.

READER, preſerve thy peace; thoſe buſy eyes
Will weep at their own ſad diſcoveries;
When every line they add improves thy loſs,
Till, having view'd the whole, they ſum a croſs;
Such as derides thy paſſions' beſt relief;
And ſcorns the ſuccours of thy eaſy grief.
Yet, leſt thy ignorance betray thy name
Of man and pious, read and mourn: the ſhame
Of an exemption, from juſt ſenſe, doth ſhew
Irrational, beyond exceſs of woe.
Since reaſon, then, can privilege a tear,
Manhood, uncenſur'd, pay that tribute here,

Upon

Upon this noble urn. Here, here remains
Duſt far more precious than in India's veins:
Within theſe cold embraces, raviſh'd, lies
That which compleats the age's tyrannies:
Who weak to ſuch another ill appear,
For what deſtroys our hope, ſecures our fear.
What ſin unexpiated, in this land
Of groans, hath guided ſo ſevere a hand?
The late great victim * that your altars knew,
Ye angry gods, might have excus'd this new
Oblation, and have ſpar'd one lofty light
Of virtue, to inform our ſteps aright:
By whoſe example good, condemned we
Might have run on to kinder deſtiny.
But, as the leader of the herd fell firſt
A ſacrifice, to quench the raging thirſt
Of inflam'd vengeance for paſt crimes; ſo none
But this white-fatted youngling could atone,
By his untimely fate, that impious ſmoke,
That ſullied earth, and did Heaven's pity choak.
Let it ſuffice for us, that we have loſt
In him, more than the widow'd world can boaſt
In any lump of her remaining clay.
Fair as the grey-ey'd morn he was; the day,
Youthful, and climbing upwards ſtill, imparts
No haſte like that of his increaſing parts;
Like the meridian beam, his virtue's light
Was ſeen, as full of comfort, and as bright.

* King Charles the Firſt.

Had his noon been as fix'd as clear—but he,
That only wanted immortality
To make him perfect, now ſubmits to night,
In the black boſom of whoſe ſable ſpite,
He leaves a cloud of fleſh behind, and flies,
Refin'd, all ray and glory, to the ſkies.

Great ſaint! ſhine there in an eternal ſphere,
And tell thoſe powers to whom thou now draw'ſt near,
That by our trembling ſenſe, in HASTINGS dead,
Their anger and our ugly faults are read;
The ſhort lines of whoſe life did to our eyes
Their love and majeſty epitomize.
Tell them, whoſe ſtern decrees impoſe our laws,
The feaſted grave may cloſe her hollow jaws;
Though ſin ſearch nature, to provide her here
A ſecond entertainment half ſo dear,
She'll never meet a plenty like this hearſe,
Till Time preſent her with the Univerſe.

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POEMS

POEMS

BY

DR. THOMAS SPRAT,

BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

I.

TO THE REVEREND

D R. W I L K I N S,

WARDEN OF WADHAM COLLEGE IN OXFORD.

SIR,

SEEING you are pleaſed to think fit that theſe papers ſhould come into the public, which were at firſt deſigned to live only in a deſk, or ſome private friend's hands; I humbly take the boldneſs to commit them to the ſecurity which your name and protection will give them with the moſt knowing part of the world. There are two things eſpecially in which they ſtand in need of your defence: one is, that they fall ſo infinitely below the full and lofty genius of that excellent poet, who made this way of writing free of our nation: the other, that they are ſo little proportioned and equal to the renown of that prince, on whom they were written. Such great actions and lives deſerving rather to be the ſubjects of the nobleſt pens and divine fancies, than of ſuch ſmall beginners and weak eſſayers in poetry as myſelf. Againſt theſe dangerous prejudices, there remains no other ſhield, than the univerſal eſteem and authority which your judgment and approbation carries with it. The right you have to them, Sir, is not only on the account of the relation you had to this great perſon, nor of the general favour which all arts receive from you; but more particu-

larly by reaſon of that obligation and zeal with which I am bound to dedicate myſelf to your ſervice: for having been a long time the object of your care and indulgence towards the advantage of my ſtudies and fortune, having been moulded as it were by your own hands, and formed under your government, not to entitle you to any thing which my meanneſs produces, would not only be injuſtice, but ſacrilege: ſo that if there be any thing here tolerably ſaid, which deſerves pardon, it is yours, Sir, as well as he, who is,

Your moſt devoted,

and obliged ſervant,

THO. SPRAT.

POEMS

BY BISHOP SPRAT.

TO THE

HAPPY MEMORY OF THE LATE

LORD PROTECTOR.

I.

'TIS true, great name, thou art ſecure
From the forgetfulneſs and rage
Of death, or envy, or devouring age;
Thou canſt the force and teeth of time endure:
Thy fame, like men, the elder it doth grow,
Will of itſelf turn whiter too,
Without what needleſs art can do;
Will live beyond thy breath, beyond thy hearſe,
Though it were never heard or ſung in verſe.
Without our help, thy memory is ſafe;
They only want an epitaph,
That do remain alone
Alive in an inſcription,
Remember'd only on the braſs, or marble-ſtone,

'Tis all in vain what we can do:
All our roſes and perfumes
Will but officious folly ſhow,
And pious nothings to ſuch mighty tombs.
All our incenſe, gums and balm,
Are but unneceſſary duties here:
The poets may their ſpices ſpare,
Their coſtly numbers, and their tuneful feet:
That need not be embalm'd, which of itſelf is ſweet:

II.

We know to praiſe thee is a dangerous proof
Of our obedience and our love:
For when the ſun and fire meet,
The one 's extinguiſh'd quite;
And yet the other never is more bright.
So they that write of thee, and join
Their feeble names with thine;
Their weaker ſparks with thy illuſtrious light,
Will loſe themſelves in that ambitious thought;
And yet no fame to thee from hence be brought.
We know, bleſs'd ſpirit, thy mighty name
Wants no addition of another's beam;
It 's for our pens too high, and full of theme:
The Muſes are made great by thee, not thou by them,
Thy fame's eternal lamp will live,
And in thy ſacred urn ſurvive,
Without the food of oil, which we can give.
'Tis true; but yet our duty calls our ſongs;
Duty commands our tongues:

Though

Though thou want not our praiſes, we
Are not excus'd for what we owe to thee;
For ſo men from religion are not freed,
But from the altars clouds muſt riſe,
Though heaven itſelf doth nothing need,
And though the gods don't want an earthly ſacrifice.

III.

Great life of wonders, whoſe each year
Full of new miracles did appear!
Whoſe every month might be
Alone a chronicle, or hiſtory!
Others great actions are
But thinly ſcatter'd here and there;
At beſt, but all one ſingle ſtar;
But thine the milky-way,
All one continued light, of undiſtinguiſh'd day;
They throng'd ſo cloſe, that nought elſe could be ſeen,
Scarce any common ſky did come between:
What ſhall I ſay, or where begin?
Thou may'ſt in double ſhapes be ſhown,
Or in thy arms, or in thy gown;
Like Jove, ſometimes with warlike thunder, and
Sometimes with peaceful ſceptre in his hand;
Or in the field, or on the throne.
In what thy head, or what thy arm hath done,
All that thou didſt was ſo refin'd,
So full of ſubſtance, and ſo ſtrongly join'd,
So pure, ſo weighty gold,

That the leaſt grain of it,
If fully ſpread and beat,
Would many leaves and mighty volumes hold.

IV.

Before thy name was publiſh'd, and whilſt yet
Thou only to thyſelf wert great,
Whilſt yet the happy bud
Was not quite ſeen or underſtood,
It then ſure ſigns of future greatneſs ſhew'd:
Then thy domeſtic worth
Did tell the world what it would be,
When it ſhould fit occaſion ſee,
When a full ſpring ſhould call it forth:
As bodies in the dark and night
Have the ſame colours, the ſame red and white,
As in the open day and light;
The ſun doth only ſhew
That they are bright, not make them ſo.
So whilſt but private walls did know
What we to ſuch a mighty mind ſhould owe,
Then the ſame virtues did appear,
Though in a leſs and more contracted ſphere,
As full, though not as large as ſince they were:
And, like great rivers' fountains, though
At firſt ſo deep thou didſt not go:
Though then thine was not ſo enlarg'd a flood;
Yet when 'twas little, 'twas as clear, as good.

V.

'Tis true thou was not born unto a crown,
Thy ſceptre's not thy father's, but thy own:

Thy

Thy purple was not made at once in haſte,
But after many other colours paſt,
It took the deepeſt princely dye at laſt.
Thou didſt begin with leſſer cares,
And private thoughts took up thy private years:
Thoſe hands which were ordain'd by fates
To change the world and alter ſtates,
Practis'd at firſt that vaſt deſign
On meaner things with equal mien.
That ſoul which ſhould ſo many ſceptres ſway,
To whom ſo many kingdoms ſhould obey,
Learn'd firſt to rule in a domeſtic way:
So government itſelf began
From family, and ſingle man,
Was by the ſmall relation firſt
Of huſband and of father nurs'd,
And from thoſe leſs beginnings paſt,
To ſpread itſelf o'er all the world at laſt.

VI.

But when thy country (then almoſt enthrall'd)
Thy virtue and thy courage call'd;
When England did thy arms intreat,
And 't had been ſin in thee not to be great:
When every ſtream, and every flood,
Was a true vein of earth, and run with blood:
When unus'd arms, and unknown war,
Fill'd every place, and every ear;
When the great ſtorms and diſmal night
Did all the land affright;
'Twas time for thee to bring forth all our light.

Thou

Thou left'ſt thy more delightful peace,
Thy private life and better eaſe;
Then down thy ſteel and armour took,
Wiſhing that it ſtill hung upon the hook:
When death had got a large commiſſion out,
Throwing the arrows and her ſting about;
Then thou (as once the healing ſerpent roſe)
Waſt lifted up, not for thyſelf but us.

VII.

Thy country wounded was, and ſick, before
Thy wars and arms did her reſtore:
Thou knew'ſt where the diſeaſe did lie,
And like the cure of ſympathy,
The ſtrong and certain remedy
Unto the weapon didſt apply;
Thou didſt not draw the ſword, and ſo
Away the ſcabbard throw,
As if thy country ſhou'd
Be the inheritance of Mars and blood:
But that, when the great work was ſpun,
War in itſelf ſhould be undone:
That peace might land again upon the ſhore,
Richer and better than before:
The huſbandmen no ſteel ſhall know,
None but the uſeful iron of the plow;
That bays might creep on every ſpear:
And though our ſky was overſpread
With a deſtructive red,
'Twas but till thou our ſun didſt in full light appear.

VIII

VIII.

When Ajax dy'd, the purple blood,
That from his gaping wound had flow'd,
Turn'd into letter, every leaf
Had on it wrote his epitaph:
So from that crimſon flood,
Which thou by fate of times wert led
Unwillingly to ſhed,
Letters and learning roſe, and arts renew'd:
Thou fought'ſt, not out of envy, hope, or hate,
But to refine the church and ſtate;
And like the Romans, whate'er thou
In the field of Mars didſt mow,
Was, that a holy iſland hence might grow.
Thy wars, as rivers raiſed by a ſhower,
Which welcome clouds do pour,
Though they at firſt may ſeem
To carry all away with an enraged ſtream;
Yet did not happen that they might deſtroy,
Or the better parts annoy:
But all the filth and mud to ſcour,
And leave behind another ſlime,
To give a birth to a more happy power.

IX.

In fields unconquer'd, and ſo well
Thou didſt in battles and in arms excel;
That ſteely arms themſelves might be
Worn out in war as ſoon as thee;
Succeſs ſo cloſe upon thy troops did wait,
As if thou firſt hadſt conquer'd fate;

As if uncertain victory
Had been firſt o'ercome by thee;
As if her wings were clipt, and could not flee,
Whilſt thou didſt only ſerve,
Before thou hadſt what firſt thou didſt deſerve,
Others by thee did great things do,
Triumph'dſt thyſelf, and mad'ſt them triumph too;
Though they above thee did appear,
As yet in a more large and higher ſphere:
Thou, the great Sun, gav'ſt light to every ſtar:
Thyſelf an army wert alone,
And mighty troops contain'd in one.
Thy only ſword did guard the land,
Like that which, flaming in the angel's hand,
From men God's garden did defend;
But yet thy ſword did more than his,
Not only guarded, but did make this land a paradiſe.

X.

Thou fought'ſt not to be high or great,
Nor for a ſceptre or a crown,
Or ermin, purple, or the throne;
But as the veſtal heat,
Thy fire was kindled from above alone:
Religion putting on thy ſhield
Brought thee victorious to the field.
Thy arms, like thoſe which ancient heroes wore,
Were given by the God thou didſt adore:
And all the ſwords thy armies had,
Were on an heavenly anvil made;

Not

Not intereſt, or any weak deſire
Of rule or empire, did thy mind inſpire:
Thy valour like the holy fire,
Which did before the Perſian armies go,
Liv'd in the camp, and yet was ſacred too:
Thy mighty ſword anticipates,
What was deſerv'd by heaven and thoſe bleſt ſeats,
And makes the church triumphant here below.

XI.

Though fortune did hang on thy ſword,
And did obey thy mighty word;
Though fortune, for thy ſide and thee,
Forgot her lov'd inconſtancy;
Amidſt thy arms and trophies thou
Were valiant and gentle too;
Wound'ſt thyſelf, when thou didſt kill thy foe.
Like ſteel, when it much work has paſt,
That which was rough does ſhine at laſt,
Thy arms by being oftener us'd did ſmoother grow.
Nor did thy battles make thee proud or high,
Thy conqueſt rais'd the ſtate, not thee:
Thou overcam'ſt thyſelf in every victory.
As when the ſun in a directer line
Upon a poliſh'd golden ſhield doth ſhine,
The ſhield reflects unto the ſun again his light:
So when the heavens ſmil'd on thee in fight;
When thy propitious God had lent
Succeſs and victory to thy tent;
To heaven again the victory was ſent.

XII.

XII.

England, till thou didſt come,
Confin'd her valour home;
Then our own rocks did ſtand
Bounds to our fame as well as land,
And were to us as well
As to our enemies unpaſſable:
We were aſham'd at what we read,
And bluſh'd at what our fathers did,
Becauſe we came ſo far behind the dead.
The Britiſh lion hung his main, and droop'd,
To ſlavery and burden ſtoop'd,
With a degenerate ſleep and fear
Lay in his den, and languiſh'd there;
At whoſe leaſt voice before,
A trembling echo ran through every ſhore,
And ſhook the world at every roar:
Thou his ſubdued courage didſt reſtore,
Sharpen his claws, and from his eyes
Mad'ſt the ſame dreadful lightning riſe;
Mad'ſt him again affright the neighbouring floods,
His mighty thunder ſounds through all the woods:
Thou haſt our military fame redeem'd,
Which was loſt, or clouded ſeem'd:
Nay, more, heaven did by thee beſtow
On us, at once an iron age, and happy too.

XIII.

Till thou command'ſt, that azure chain of waves,
Which nature round about us ſent,
Made us to every pirate ſlaves,
Was rather burden than an ornament;

Thoſe

Thoſe fields of ſea, that waſh'd our ſhores,
Were plow'd and reap'd by other hands than ours:
To us, the liquid maſs,
Which doth about us run,
As it is to the ſun,
Only a bed to ſleep on was:
And not as now a powerful throne,
To ſhake and ſway the world thereon.
Our princes in their hand a globe did ſhew,
But not a perfect one,
Compos'd of earth and water too.
But thy commands the floods obey'd,
Thou all the wilderneſs of water ſway'd:
Thou didſt not only wed the ſea,
Not make her equal, but a ſlave to thee.
Neptune himſelf did bear thy yoke,
Stoop'd, and trembled at thy ſtroke:
He that ruled all the main,
Acknowledg'd thee his ſovereign:
And now the conquer'd ſea doth pay
More tribute to thy Thames than that unto the ſea.

XIV.

'Till now our valour did ourſelves more hurt;
Our wounds to other nations were a ſport;
And as the earth, our land produc'd
Iron and ſteel, which ſhould to tear ourſelves be us'd:
Our ſtrength within itſelf did break,
Like thundering cannons crack,
And kill'd thoſe that were near,
While th' enemies ſecur'd and untouch'd were.

But

But now our trumpets thou haſt made to ſound
Againſt their enemies walls in foreign ground;
And yet no echo back to us returning found.
England is now the happy peaceful iſle,
And all the world the while
Is exerciſing arms and wars
With foreign or inteſtine jars.
The torch extinguiſh'd here, we lent to others oil.
We give to all, yet know ourſelves no fear;
We reach the flame of ruin and of death,
Where'er we pleaſe our ſwords t' unſheath,
Whilſt we in calm and temperate regions breathe:
Like to the ſun, whoſe heat is hurl'd
Through every corner of the world;
Whoſe flame through all the air doth go,
And yet the ſun himſelf the while no fire does know.

XV.

Beſides, the glories of thy peace
Are not in number nor in value leſs.
Thy hand did cure, and cloſe the ſcars
Of our bloody civil wars;
Not only lanc'd but heal'd the wound,
Made us again as healthy and as ſound:
When now the ſhip was well nigh loſt,
After the ſtorm upon the coaſt,
By its mariners endanger'd moſt;
When they their ropes and helms had left,
When the planks aſunder cleft,

And

And floods came roaring in with mighty ſound,
Thou a ſafe land and harbour for us found,
And ſavedſt thoſe that would themſelves have drown'd;
A work which none but heaven and thou could do,
Thou mad'ſt us happy whether we would or no:
Thy judgment, mercy, temperance ſo great,
As if thoſe virtues only in thy mind had ſeat:
Thy piety not only in the field, but peace,
When heaven ſeem'd to be wanted leaſt;
Thy temples not like Janus only were
Open in time of war,
When thou hadſt greater cauſe to fear:
Religion and the awe of heaven poſſeſt
All places and all times alike thy breaſt.

XVI.

Nor didſt thou only for thy age provide,
But for the years to come beſide;
Our after-times and late poſterity
Shall pay unto thy fame as much as we;
They too are made by thee.
When fate did call thee too a higher throne,
And when thy mortal work was done,
When heaven did ſay it, and thou muſt be gone,
Thou him to bear thy burden choſe,
Who might (if any could) make us forget thy loſs;
Nor hadſt thou him deſign'd,
Had he not been
Not only to thy blood, but virtue kin,
Not only heir unto thy throne, but mind:

'Tis he shall perfect all thy cares,
And with a finer thread weave out thy loom:
So one did bring the chosen people from
Their slavery and fears,
Led them through their pathless road;
Guided himself by God,
H'as brought them to the borders; but a second hand
Did settle and secure them in the promis'd land.

To a Person of Honour (Mr. EDWARD HOWARD) upon his Incomparable, Incomprehensible Poem, intituled The BRITISH PRINCES.

YOUR book our old knight-errants fame revives,
Writ in a style agreeing with their lives.
All rumours strength their prowess did out-go,
All rumours skill your verses far out-do:
To praise the Welsh the world must now combine,
Since to their leeks you do your laurel join:
Such lofty strains your country's story fit,
Whose mountain nothing equals but your wit.
Bonduca, were she such as here we see
(In British paint), none could more dreadful be:
With naked armies she encounter'd Rome,
Whose strength with naked nature you o'ercome.
Nor let small critics blame this mighty queen,
That in king Arthur's time she here is seen:

You

You that can make immortal by your ſong,
May well one life four hundred years prolong.
Thus Virgil bravely dar'd for Dido's love,
The ſettled courſe of time and years to move,
Though him you imitate in this alone,
In all things elſe you borrow help from none:
No antique tale of Greece or Rome you take,
Their fables and examples you forſake.
With true heroic glory you diſplay
A ſubject new, writ in the neweſt way.
Go forth, great author, for the world's delight;
Teach it, what none e'er taught you, how to write;
They talk ſtrange things that ancient poets did;
How trees and ſtones they into buildings lead:
For poems to raiſe cities, now, 'tis hard,
But yours, at leaſt, will build half Paul's churchyard.

On his MISTRESS DROWN'D.

SWEET ſtream, that doſt with equal pace
Both thyſelf fly and thyſelf chace,
Forbear awhile to flow,
And liſten to my woe.

Then go and tell the ſea that all its brine
Is freſh, compar'd to mine:
Inform it that the gentler dame,
Who was the life of all my flame,

I' th' glory of her bud
Has paſs'd the fatal flood,
Death by this only ſtroke triumphs above
The greateſt power of love:
Alas, alas! I muſt give o'er,
My ſighs will let me add no more.
Go on, ſweet ſtream, and henceforth reſt
No more than does my troubled breaſt;
And if my ſad complaints have made thee ſtay,
Theſe tears, theſe tears, ſhall mend thy way.

THE

THE PLAGUE OF ATHENS,

Which happened in the ſecond Year of the

PELOPONNESIAN WAR:

Firſt deſcribed in Greek by THUCYDIDES;
Then in Latin by LUCRETIUS.

To my worthy and learned Friend,
Dr. WALTER POPE,
Late Proctor of the Univerſity of Oxford.

SIR,

I KNOW not what pleaſure you could take in beſtowing your commands ſo unprofitably, unleſs it be that for which nature ſometimes cheriſhes and allows monſters, the love of variety. This only delight you will receive by turning over this rude and unpoliſhed copy, and comparing it with my excellent patterns, the Greek and Latin. By this you will ſee how much a noble ſubject is changed and disfigured by an ill hand, and what reaſon Alexander had to forbid his picture to be drawn but by ſome cele-

brated pencil. In Greek, Thucydides ſo well and ſo livelily expreſſes it, that I know not which is more a poem, his deſcription or that of Lucretius. Though it muſt be ſaid, that the hiſtorian had a vaſt advantage over the poet; he, having been preſent on the place, and aſſaulted by the diſeaſe himſelf, had the horror familiar to his eyes, and all the ſhapes of the miſery ſtill remaining on his mind, which muſt needs make a great impreſſion on his pen and fancy; whereas the poet was forced to follow his footſteps, and only work on that matter he allowed him. This I ſpeak, becauſe it may in ſome meaſure too excuſe my own defects: for being ſo far removed from the place whereon the diſeaſe acted his tragedy, and time having denied us many of the circumſtances, cuſtoms of the country, and other ſmall things which would be of great uſe to any one who did intend to be perfect on the ſubject; beſides only writing by an idea of that which I never yet ſaw, nor care to feel (being not of the humour of the painter in Sir Philip Sidney, who thruſt himſelf into the midſt of a fight, that he might the better delineate it). Having, I ſay, all theſe diſadvantages, and many more for which I muſt only blame myſelf, it cannot be expected that I ſhould come near equaling him, in whom none of the contrary advantages were wanting. Thus then, ſir, by emboldening me to this raſh attempt, you have given opportunity to the Greek and Latin to triumph over our mother-tongue. Yet I would not have the honour of the countries or languages engaged in the compari-

ſon,

ſon, but that the inequality ſhould reach no farther than the authors. But I have much reaſon to fear the juſt indignation of that excellent perſon (the preſent ornament and honour of our nation) whoſe way of writing I imitate: for he may think himſelf as much injured by my following him, as were the heavens by that bold man's counterfeiting the ſacred and unimitable noiſe of thunder, by the ſound of braſs and horſes hoofs. I ſhall only ſay for myſelf, that I took Cicero's advice, who bids us, in imitation, propoſe the nobleſt pattern to our thoughts; for ſo we may be ſure to be raiſed above the common level, though we come infinitely ſhort of what we aim at. Yet I hope that renowned poet will have none of my crimes any way reflect on himſelf; for it was not any fault in the excellent muſician, that the weak bird, endeavouring by ſtraining its throat to follow his notes, deſtroyed itſelf in the attempt. Well, Sir, by this, that I have choſen rather to expoſe myſelf than to be diſobedient, you may gueſs with what zeal and hazard I ſtrive to approve myſelf, Sir,

Your moſt humble and

affectionate ſervant,

THO. SPRAT.

[illegible] been as fix'd as clear—but he,
[illegible] immortality
[illegible] now [illegible] to night,
[illegible] of whose [illegible] spite,
[illegible] of flesh behind, and flies,
[illegible] glory, to the skies.
[illegible] there in an eternal sphere,
[illegible] now draw'st near,
[illegible] HASTINGS dead,
[illegible] are read;
[illegible] to our eyes
[illegible]
[illegible] impose our laws,
[illegible] her hollow jaws;
[illegible] her here
[illegible]
[illegible] this hearse,
[illegible] with the Universe.

CON

[illegible] into their wells; for ſprings [illegible] that place. But afterwards it [illegible] city, and then they died a great [illegible] every man, phyſician or other, [illegible] of this ſickneſs, whence it [illegible] he thinks able to produce ſo [illegible] according to his own know- [illegible], I will deliver but the manner [illegible] ly ſuch things as one may take his [illegible] ſame if it come again, having [illegible] ſelf, and ſeen others ſick of the [illegible] confeſſion of all men, was of all [illegible] moſt free and healthful. If any [illegible] his diſeaſe turned to this; if not, [illegible] any apparent cauſe preceding, and [illegible] they were taken firſt with an ex- [illegible], redneſs and inflammation in the [illegible] their throats and tongues grew [illegible] their breath noiſome and unſa- [illegible] owed a ſneezing and hoarſeneſs, [illegible] pain, together with a mighty [illegible] the breaſt. And when once [illegible] ch, it cauſed vomit, and with [illegible] manner of bilious purgation [illegible]. Moſt of them had alſo [illegible] ught with it a ſtrong convul- [illegible] quickly, but in others was [illegible] Their bodies outwardly to [illegible] ery hot nor pale, but reddiſh, [illegible] little pimples and whelks; but

THUCYDIDES, Lib. II.

As it is excellently tranſlated by Mr. HOBBES.

IN the very beginning of ſummer, the Peloponneſians, and their confederates, with two-thirds of their forces, as before, invaded Attica, under the conduct of Archidamus, the ſon of Zeuxidamas, king of Lacedæmon: and after they had encamped themſelves, waſted the country about them.

They had not been many days in Attica, when the plague firſt began amongſt the Athenians, ſaid alſo to have ſeized formerly on divers other parts, as about Lemnos, and elſewhere; but ſo great a plague, and mortality of men, was never remembered to have happened in any place before. For at firſt neither were the phyſicians able to cure it, through ignorance of what it was, but died faſteſt themſelves, as being the men that moſt approached the ſick, nor any other art of man availed whatſoever. All ſupplications to the gods, and enquiries of oracles, and whatſoever other means they uſed of that kind, proved all unprofitable, inſomuch as, ſubdued with the greatneſs of the evil, they gave them all over. It began (by report) firſt in that part of Æthiopia that lieth upon Ægypt, and thence fell down into Ægypt and Africk, and into the greateſt part of the territories of the king. It invaded Athens on a ſudden, and touched firſt upon thoſe that dwelt in Pyræus, inſomuch as they reported that the Peloponneſians

loponneſians had caſt poiſon into their wells; for ſprings there were not any in that place. But afterwards it came up into the high city, and then they died a great deal faſter. Now let every man, phyſician or other, concerning the ground of this ſickneſs, whence it ſprung, and what cauſes he thinks able to produce ſo great an alteration, ſpeak according to his own knowledge; for my own part, I will deliver but the manner of it, and lay open only ſuch things as one may take his mark by to diſcover the ſame if it come again, having been both ſick of it myſelf, and ſeen others ſick of the ſame. This year, by confeſſion of all men, was of all other, for other diſeaſes, moſt free and healthful. If any man were ſick before, his diſeaſe turned to this; if not, yet ſuddenly, without any apparent cauſe preceding, and being in perfect health, they were taken firſt with an extreme ache in their heads, redneſs and inflammation in the eyes; and then inwardly their throats and tongues grew preſently bloody, and their breath noiſome and unſavoury. Upon this followed a ſneezing and hoarſeneſs, and not long after, the pain, together with a mighty cough, came down into the breaſt. And when once it was ſettled in the ſtomach, it cauſed vomit, and with great torment came up all manner of bilious purgation that phyſicians ever named. Moſt of them had alſo the hickyexe, which brought with it a ſtrong convulſion, and in ſome ceaſed quickly, but in others was long before it gave over. Their bodies outwardly to the touch were neither very hot nor pale, but reddiſh, livid, and beflowered with little pimples and whelks; but

but ſo burned inwardly, as not to endure any the lighteſt cloaths or linen garment to be upon them, nor any thing but mere nakedneſs, but rather moſt willingly to have caſt themſelves into the cold water. And many of them that were not looked to, poſſeſſed with inſatiate thirſt, ran unto the wells; and to drink much or little was indifferent, being ſtill from eaſe and power to ſleep as far as ever.

As long as the diſeaſe was at the height, their bodies waſted not, but reſiſted the torment beyond all expectation, inſomuch as the moſt of them either died of their inward burning in nine or ſeven days, whilſt they had yet ſtrength; or if they eſcaped that, then, the diſeaſe falling down in their bellies, and cauſing there great exulcerations and immoderate looſeneſs, they died many of them afterwards through weakneſs: for the diſeaſe (which firſt took the head) began above, and came down, and paſſed through the whole body: and he that overcame the worſt of it was yet marked with the loſs of his extreme parts; for, breaking out both at their privy members, and at their fingers and toes, many with the loſs of theſe eſcaped. There were alſo ſome that loſt their eyes, and many that preſently upon their recovery were taken with ſuch an oblivion of all things whatſoever, as they neither knew themſelves nor their acquaintance. For this was a kind of ſickneſs which far ſurmounted all expreſſion of words, and both exceeded human nature in the cruelty wherewith it handled each one, and appeared alſo otherwiſe to be none of thoſe diſeaſes that are bred among us, and that eſpecially

by

by this: for all, both birds and beaſts, that uſe to feed on human fleſh, though many men lay abroad unburied, either came not at them, or taſting periſhed. An argument whereof, as touching the birds, was the manifeſt defect of ſuch fowl, which were not then ſeen, either about the carcaſes, or any where elſe; but by the dogs, becauſe they are familiar with men, this effect was ſeen much clearer. So that this diſeaſe (to paſs over many ſtrange particulars of the accidents that ſome had differently from others) was in general ſuch as I have ſhewn; and for other uſual ſickneſſes at that time, no man was troubled with any. Now they died, ſome for want of attendance, and ſome again with all the care and phyſic that could be uſed. Nor was there any, to ſay, certain medicine, that applied muſt have helped them; for if it did good to one, it did harm to another; nor any difference of body for ſtrength or weakneſs that was able to reſiſt it; but carried all away, what phyſic ſoever was adminiſtred. But the greateſt miſery of all was, the defection of mind, in ſuch as found themſelves beginning to be ſick (for they grew preſently deſperate, and gave themſelves over without making any reſiſtance); as alſo their dying thus like ſheep, infected by mutual viſitation: for if men forbore to viſit them for fear, then they died forlorn, whereby many families became empty, for want of ſuch as ſhould take care of them. If they forbore not, then they died themſelves, and principally the honeſteſt men: for out of ſhame they would not ſpare themſelves, but went in unto their friends, eſpecially

after

after it was come to that paſs, that even their domeſtics, wearied with the lamentations of them that died, and overcome with the greatneſs of the calamity, were no longer moved therewith. But thoſe that were recovered, had much compaſſion both on them that died, and on them that lay ſick, as having both known the miſery themſelves, and now no more ſubject to the like danger; for this diſeaſe never took a man the ſecond time ſo as to be mortal. And theſe men were both by others counted happy; and they alſo themſelves, through exceſs of preſent joy, conceived a kind of light hope never to die of any other ſickneſs hereafter. Beſides the preſent affliction, the reception of the country people and of their ſubſtance into the city, oppreſſed both them, and much more the people themſelves that ſo came in: for, having no houſes, but dwelling at that time of the year in ſtifling booths, the mortality was now without all form; and dying men lay tumbling one upon another in the ſtreets, and men half dead about every conduit through deſire of water. The temples alſo where they dwelt in tents were all full of the dead that died within them; for, oppreſſed with the violence of the calamity, and not knowing what to do, men grew careleſs, both of holy and profane things alike. And the laws which they formerly uſed touching funerals were all now broken, every one burying where he could find room. And many for want of things neceſſary, after ſo many deaths before, were forced to become impudent in the funerals of their friends. For when one had made a funeral

pile,

pile, another getting before him would throw on his dead, and give it fire. And when one was in burning, another would come, and, having caſt thereon him whom he carried, go his way again. And the great licentiouſneſs, which alſo in other kinds was uſed in the city began at firſt from this diſeaſe. For that which a man before would diſſemble, and not acknowledge to be done for voluptuouſneſs, he durſt now do freely, ſeeing before his eyes ſuch quick revolution, of the rich dying and men worth nothing inheriting their eſtates; inſomuch as they juſtified a ſpeedy fruition of their goods, even for their pleaſure, as men that thought they held their lives but by the day. As for pains, no man was forward in any action of honour, to take any, becauſe they thought it uncertain whether they ſhould die or not before they atchieved it. But what any man knew to be delightful, and to be profitable to pleaſure, that was made both profitable and honourable. Neither the fear of the gods, nor laws of men, awed any man. Not the former, becauſe they concluded it was alike to worſhip or not worſhip, from ſeeing that alike they all periſhed: nor the latter, becauſe no man expected that his life would laſt till he received puniſhment of his crimes by judgment. But they thought there was now over their heads ſome far greater judgment decreed againſt them; before which fell, they thought to enjoy ſome little part of their lives.

THE

THE

PLAGUE OF ATHENS.

UNHAPPY man! by nature made to ſway,
And yet is every creature's prey,
Deſtroy'd by thoſe that ſhould his power obey.
Of the whole world we call mankind the lords,
Flattering ourſelves with mighty words;
Of all things we the monarchs are,
And ſo we rule, and ſo we domineer;
All creatures elſe about us ſtand
Like ſome prætorian band,
To guard, to help, and to defend;
Yet they ſometimes prove enemies,
Sometimes againſt us riſe;
Our very guards rebel, and tyrannize.
Thouſand diſeaſes ſent by fate
(Unhappy ſervants!) on us wait;
A thouſand treacheries within
Are laid, weak life to win;
Huge troops of maladies without
(A grim, a meagre, and a dreadful rout!)
Some formal ſieges make,
And with ſure ſlowneſs do our bodies take;
Some with quick violence ſtorm the town,
And throw all in a moment down:
Some one peculiar fort aſſail,
Some by general attempts prevail.

Small

Small herbs, alas, can only us relieve,
And ſmall is the aſſiſtance they can give:
How can the fading offſpring of the field
Sure health and ſuccour yield?
What ſtrong and certain remedy,
What firm and laſting life can ours be,
When that which makes us live doth every winter die?

II.

Nor is this all: we do not only breed
Within ourſelves the fatal ſeed
Of change, and of decreaſe in every part,
Head, belly, ſtomach, and root of life, the heart;
Not only have our autumn, when we muſt
Of our own nature turn to duſt,
When leaves and fruit muſt fall;
But are expos'd to mighty tempeſts too,
Which do at once what they would ſlowly do,
Which throw down fruit and tree of life withal.
From ruin we in vain
Our bodies by repair maintain,
Bodies compos'd of ſtuff
Mouldering and frail enough;
Yet from without as well we fear
A dangerous and deſtructive war.
From heaven, from earth, from ſea, from air,
We like the Roman empire ſhall decay,
And our own force would melt away
By the inteſtine jar
Of elements, which on each other prey,
The Cæſars and the Pompeys which within we bear:

Yet

Yet are (like that) in danger too
Of foreign armies, and external foe.
Sometimes the Gothiſh and the barbarous rage
Of plague or peſtilence attends man's age,
Which neither force nor arts aſſwage;
Which cannot be avoided or withſtood,
But drowns, and over-runs with unexpected flood.

III.

On Ethiopia, and the ſouthern ſands,
The unfrequented coaſts, and parched lands,
Whither the ſun too kind a heat doth ſend,
(The ſun, which the worſt neighbour is, and the beſt friend)
Hither a mortal influence came,
A fatal and unhappy flame,
Kindled by heaven's angry beam.
With dreadful frowns, the heavens ſcatter'd here
Cruel infectious heats into the air:
Now all the ſtores of poiſon ſent,
Threatening at once a general doom,
Laviſh'd out all their hate, and meant
In future ages to be innocent,
Not to diſturb the world for many years to come.
Hold, heavens! hold; why ſhould your ſacred fire,
Which doth to all things life inſpire,
By whoſe kind beams you bring
Forth yearly every thing,
Which doth th' original ſeed
Of all things in the womb of earth that breed,
With vital heat and quickening feed;

Why

Why ſhould you now that heat employ,
The earth, the air, the fields, the cities to annoy?
That which before reviv'd, why ſhould it now deſtroy?

IV.

Thoſe Africk deſarts ſtraight were double deſarts grown,
The ravenous beaſts were left alone,
The ravenous beaſts then firſt began
To pity their old enemy man,
And blam'd the plague for what they would themſelves have done.
Nor ſtaid the cruel evil there,
Nor could be long confin'd unto one air;
Plagues preſently forſake
The wilderneſs which they themſelves do make.
Away the deadly breaths their journey take,
Driven by a mighty wind,
They a new booty and freſh forage find?
The loaded wind went ſwiftly on,
And as it paſs'd, was heard to ſigh and groan.
On Egypt next it ſeiz'd,
Nor could but by a general ruin be appeas'd,
Egypt, in rage, back on the ſouth did look,
And wonder'd thence ſhould come th' unhappy ſtroke,
From whence before her fruitfulneſs ſhe took.
Egypt did now curſe and revile
Thoſe very lands from whence ſhe has her Nile;
Egypt now fear'd another Hebrew God,
Another Angel's hand, a ſecond Aaron's rod.

V.

Then on it goes, and through the ſacred land
Its angry forces did command;
But God did place an angel there
Its violence to withſtand,
And turn into another road the putrid air.
To Tyre it came, and there did all devour;
Though that by ſeas might think itſelf ſecure.
Nor ſtaid, as the great conqueror did,
Till it had fill'd and ſtopp'd the tide,
Which did it from the ſhore divide,
But paſs'd the waters, and did all poſſeſs,
And quickly all was wilderneſs.
Thence it did Perſia over-run,
And all that ſacrifice unto the ſun:
In every limb a dreadful pain they felt,
Tortur'd with ſecret coals they melt;
The Perſians call'd their ſun in vain,
Their God increas'd the pain.
They look'd up to their God no more,
But curſe the beams they worſhiped before,
And hate the very fire which once they did adore.

VI.

Glutted with ruin of the eaſt,
She took her wings, and down to Athens paſt;
Juſt Plague! which doſt no parties take,
But Greece as well as Perſia ſack,
While in unnatural quarrels they
(Like frogs and mice) each other ſlay;
Thou in thy ravenous claws took'ſt both away,

Thithe

Thither it came, and did deſtroy the town,
Whilſt all its ſhips and ſoldiers looked on;
And now the Aſian plague did more
Than all the Aſian force could do before.
Without the wall the Spartan army ſate,
The Spartan army came too late:
For now there was no farther work for Fate,
They ſaw the city open lay,
An eaſy and a bootleſs prey;
They ſaw the rampires empty ſtand,
The fleets, the walls, the forts unmann'd.
No need of cruelty or ſlaughters now,
The plague had finiſh'd what they came to do;
They might now unreſiſted enter there,
Did they not the very air
More than the Athenians fear.
The air itſelf to them was wall and bulwarks too.

VII.

Unhappy Athens! it is true thou wert
The proudeſt work of nature and of art:
Learning and ſtrength did thee compoſe,
As ſoul and body us:
But yet thou only thence art made
A nobler prey for fates t' invade;
Thoſe mighty numbers that within thee breathe,
Do only ſerve to make a fatter feaſt for death.
Death in the moſt frequented places lives;
Moſt tribute from the crowd receives;

And though it bears a ſcythe, and ſeems to own
A ruſtic life alone,
It loves no wilderneſs,
No ſcatter'd villages,
But mighty populous palaces,
The throng, the tumult, and the town.
What ſtrange unheard-of conqueror is this,
Which by the forces that reſiſt it doth increaſe!
When other conquerors are
Oblig'd to make a ſlower war,
Nay ſometimes for themſelves may fear
And muſt proceed with watchful care,
When thicker troops of enemies appear;
This ſtronger ſtill, and more ſucceſsful grows,
Down ſooner all before it throws,
If greater multitudes of men do it oppoſe.

VIII.

The tyrant firſt the haven did ſubdue;
Lately th' Athenians (it knew)
Themſelves by wooden walls did ſave,
And therefore firſt to them th' infection gave,
Left they new ſuccour thence receive.
Cruel Pyræus! now thou haſt undone
The honour thou before hadſt won;
Not all thy merchandize,
Thy wealth, thy treaſuries,
Which from all coaſts thy fleet ſupplies,
Can to atone this crime ſuffice.
Next o'er the upper town it ſpread,
With mad and undiſcerned ſpeed;

In

In every corner, every ſtreet,
Without a guide did ſet its feet,
And too familiar every houſe did greet.
Unhappy queen of Greece! great Theſeus now
Did thee a mortal injury do,
When firſt in walls he did thee cloſe,
When firſt he did thy citizens reduce,
Houſes and government, and laws to uſe.
It had been better if thy people ſtill
Diſperſed in ſome field or hill,
Though ſavage and undiſciplin'd, did dwell,
Though barbarous, untame, and rude,
Than by their numbers thus to be ſubdued,
To be by their own ſwarms annoy'd,
And to be civiliz'd only to be deſtroy'd.

IX.

Minerva ſtarted when ſhe heard the noiſe,
And dying men's confuſed voice.
From heaven in haſte ſhe came, to ſee
What was the mighty prodigy.
Upon the caſtle pinnacles ſhe ſat,
And dar'd not nearer fly,
Nor midſt ſo many deaths to truſt her very deity.
With pitying look ſhe ſaw at every gate
Death and deſtruction wait;
She wrung her hands, and call'd on Jove,
And all th' immortal powers above;
But though a goddeſs now did pray,
The heavens refus'd, and turn'd their ear away.

Was angry that her Gorgon's head
Could not ſtrike her as well as others dead:
She ſat and wept a while, and then away ſhe fled.

X.

Now Death began her ſword to whet,
Not all the Cyclops ſweat,
Nor Vulcan's mighty anvils, could prepare
Weapons enough for her.
No weapons large enough, but all the age
Men felt the heat within them rage
And hop'd the air would it aſſwage,
Call'd for its help, but th' air did them deceive,
And aggravate the ills it ſhould relieve;
The air no more was vital now,
But did a mortal poiſon grow:
The lungs, which us'd to fan the heart,
Only now ſerv'd to fire each part;
What ſhould refreſh, increas'd the ſmart:

Secur'd the capitol, and then it knew
It could at pleaſure weaker parts ſubdue.
Blood ſtarted through each eye;
The redneſs of that ſky
Foretold a tempeſt nigh.
The tongue did flow all o'er
With clotted filth and gore;
As doth a lion's when ſome innocent prey
He hath devour'd and brought away:
Hoarſeneſs and ſores the throat did fill,
And ſtopt the paſſages of ſpeech and life;
No room was left for groans or grief;
Too cruel and imperious ill!
Which, not content to kill,
With tyrannous and dreadful pain,
Doſt take from men the very power to complain.

XII.

Then down it went into the breaſt,
There all the ſeats and ſhops of life poſſeſs'd.
Such noiſome ſmells from thence did come,
As if the ſtomach were a tomb;
No food would there abide,
Or if it did, turn'd to the enemy's ſide,
The very meat new poiſons to the plague ſupply'd;
Next, to the heart the fires came,
The heart did wonder what uſurping flame,
What unknown furnace, ſhould
On its more natural heat intrude;
Straight call'd its ſpirits up, but found too well,
It was too late now to rebel.

The tainted blood its courſe began
And carried death where'er it ran;
That which before was nature's nobleſt art,
The circulation from the heart,
Was moſt deſtructful now,
And nature ſpeedier did undo,
For that the ſooner did impart
The poiſon and the ſmart,
Th' infectious blood to every diſtant part.

XIII.

The belly felt at laſt its ſhare,
And all the ſubtile labyrinths there
Of winding bowels did new monſters bear.
Here ſeven days it rul'd and ſway'd,
And oftner kill'd becauſe it death ſo long delay'd.
But if through ſtrength and heat of age
The body overcame its rage,
The plague departed as the devil doth,
When driven by prayers away he goeth.
If prayers and heaven do him controul,
And if he cannot have the ſoul,
Himſelf out of the roof or window throws,
And will not all his labour loſe,
But takes away with him part of the houſe:
So here the vanquiſh'd evil took from them
Who conquer'd it, ſome part, ſome limb.
Some loſt the uſe of hands and eyes,
Some arms, ſome legs, ſome thighs;
Some all their lives before forgot,
Their minds were but one darkſome blot;

Th

Thoſe various pictures in the head,
And all the numerous ſhapes were fled;
And now the ranſack'd memory
Languiſh'd in naked poverty,
Had loſt its mighty treaſury;
They paſt the Lethe lake, although they did not die.

XIV.

Whatever leſſer maladies men had,
They all gave place and vaniſhed;
Thoſe petty tyrants fled,
And at this mighty conqueror ſhrunk their head.
Fevers, agues, palſies, ſtone,
Gout, colic, and conſumption,
And all the milder generation,
By which mankind is by degrees undone,
Quickly were rooted out and gone;
Men ſaw themſelves freed from the pain,
Rejoic'd, but all, alas, in vain:
'Twas an unhappy remedy,
Which cur'd them that they might both worſe and ſooner die.

XV.

Phyſicians now could nought prevail,
They the firſt ſpoils to the proud victor fall,
Nor would the plague their knowledge truſt,
But fear'd their ſkill, and therefore ſlew them firſt:
So tyrants, when they would confirm their yoke,
Firſt make the chiefeſt men to feel the ſtroke,
The chiefeſt and the wiſeſt heads, leſt they

Should

Should ſooneſt diſobey,
Should firſt rebel, and others learn from them the way.
No aid of herbs, or juices power,
None of Apollo's art could cure,
But help'd the plague the ſpeedier to devour.
Phyſic itſelf was a diſeaſe,
Phyſic the fatal tortures did encreaſe,
Preſcriptions did the pains renew,
And Æſculapius to the ſick did come,
As afterwards to Rome,
In form of ſerpent, brought new poiſons with him too.

XVI.

The ſtreams did wonder that, ſo ſoon
As they were from their native mountains gone,
They ſaw themſelves drunk up, and fear
Another Xerxes' army near.
Some caſt into the pit the urn,
And drink it dry at its return:
Again they drew, again they drank;
At firſt the coolneſs of the ſtream did thank,
But ſtraight the more were ſcorch'd, the more did burn;
And, drunk with water, in their drinking ſank:
That urn which now to quench their thirſt they uſe,
Shortly their aſhes ſhall incloſe:
Others into the cryſtal brook
With faint and wondering eyes did look,
Saw what a ghaſtly ſhape themſelves had took,
Away they would have fled, but them their legs forſook.
Some ſnatch the waters up,
Their hands, their mouths the cup.

They

They drunk, and found they flam'd the more,
And only added to the burning ſtore.
So have I ſeen on lime cold water thrown,
Straight all was to a ferment grown,
And hidden ſeeds of fire together run:
The heap was calm and temperate before,
Such as the finger could endure;
But, when the moiſtures it provoke,
Did rage, did ſwell, did ſmoke,
Did move, and flame, and burn, and ſtraight to aſhes broke.

XVII.

So ſtrong the heat, ſo ſtrong the torments were,
They like ſome mighty burden bear
The lighteſt covering of air.
All ſexes and all ages do invade
The bounds which nature laid,
The laws of modeſty which nature made;
The virgins bluſh not, yet uncloath'd appear,
Undreſs'd to run about, yet never fear.
The pain and the diſeaſe did now
Unwillingly reduce men to
That nakedneſs once more,
Which perfect health and innocence caus'd before,
No ſleep, no peace, no reſt,
Their wandering and affrighted minds poſſeſs'd;
Upon their ſouls and eyes
Hell and eternal horror lies,
Unuſual ſhapes and images,
Dark pictures and reſemblances

Of

Of things to come, and of the world below,
O'er their diſtemper'd fancies go:
Sometimes they curſe, ſometimes they pray unto
The gods above, the gods beneath;
Sometimes they cruelties and fury breathe,
Not ſleep, but waking now was ſiſter unto death.

XVIII.

Scatter'd in fields the bodies lay,
The earth call'd to the fowls to take their fleſh away.
In vain ſhe call'd, they come not nigh,
Nor would their food with their own ruin buy:
But at full meals they hunger, pine, and die.
The vulturs afar off did ſee the feaſt,
Rejoic'd, and call'd their friends to taſte,
They rally'd up their troops in haſte;
Along came mighty droves,
Forſook their young ones and their groves,
Each one his native mountain and his neſt;
They come, but all their carcaſes abhor,
And now avoid the dead men more
Than weaker birds did living men before.
But if ſome bolder fowls the fleſh aſſay,
They were deſtroy'd by their own prey.
The dog no longer bark'd at coming gueſt,
Repents its being a domeſtic beaſt,
Did to the woods and mountains haſte:
The very owls at Athens are
But ſeldom ſeen and rare,
The owls depart in open day,
Rather than in infected ivy more to ſtay.

XIX.

XIX.

Mountains of bones and carcaſes,
The ſtreets, the market-place poſſeſs,
Threatening to raiſe a new Acropolis.
Here lies a mother and her child,
The infant ſuck'd as yet and ſmil'd,
But ſtraight by its own food was kill'd.
Their parents hugg'd their children laſt,
Here parting lovers laſt embrac'd,
But yet not parting neither,
They both expir'd and went away together.
Here priſoners in the dungeon die,
And gain a two-fold liberty;
They meet and thank their pains,
Which them from double chains
Of body and of iron free.
Here others, poiſon'd by the ſcent
Which from corrupted bodies went,
Quickly return the death they did receive,
And death to others give;
Themſelves now dead the air pollute the more,
For which they others curs'd before,
Their bodies kill all that come near,
And even after death they all are murderers here.

XX.

The friend doth hear his friend's laſt cries,
Parteth his grief for him and dies,
Lives not enough to cloſe his eyes.
The father at his death
Speaks his ſon heir with an infectious breath;

In

Their ſouls away together fly;
The huſband gaſpeth, and his wife lies by,
It muſt be her turn next to die:
The huſband and the wife
Too truly now are one, and live one life.
That couple which the gods did entertain,
Had made their prayer here in vain;
No fates in death could them divide,
They muſt without their privilege together both have dy

XXI.

There was no number now of death,
The ſiſters ſcarce ſtood ſtill themſelves to breathe:
The ſiſters now quite wearied
In cutting ſingle thread,
Began at once to part whole looms,
One ſtroke did give whole houſes dooms:
Now dy'd the froſty hairs,
The aged and decrepid years;
They fell, and only begg'd of fate

But Fate, ere they had finiſh'd their account, them ſlew.
The wretched uſurer died,
And had no time to tell where he his treaſures hid;
The merchant did behold
His ſhips return with ſpice and gold;
He ſaw 't, and turn'd aſide his head,
Nor thank'd the gods, but fell amidſt his riches dead.

XXII.

The meetings and aſſemblies ceaſe; no more
The people throng about the orator,
No courſe of juſtice did appear,
No noiſe of lawyers fill'd the ear,
The ſenate caſt away
The robe of honour, and obey
Death's more reſiſtleſs ſway,
Whilſt that with dictatorian power
Doth all the great and leſſer officers devour,
No magiſtrates did walk about;
No purple aw'd the rout:
The common people too
A purple of their own did ſhew:
And all their bodies o'er
The ruling colours bore.
No judge, no legiſlators ſit,
Since this new Draco came,
And harſher laws did frame,
Laws that, like his, in blood are writ.
The benches and the pleading-place they leave,
About the ſtreets they run and rave;

The

The madneſs which great Solon did of late
But only counterfeit
For the advantage of the ſtate,
Now his ſucceſſors do too truly imitate.

XXIII.

Up ſtarts the ſoldier from his bed,
He, though death's ſervant, is not freed.
Death him caſhier'd, 'cauſe now his help ſhe did not need.
He that ne'er knew before to yield,
Or to give back, or leave the field,
Would fain now from himſelf have fled.
He ſnatch'd his ſword now ruſted o'er,
Dreadful and ſparkling now no more,
And thus in open ſtreets did roar;
How have I, Death, ſo ill deſerv'd of thee,
That now thyſelf thou ſhould'ſt revenge on me?
Have I ſo many lives on thee beſtow'd?
Have I the earth ſo often dy'd in blood?
Have I, to flatter thee, ſo many ſlain?
And muſt I now thy prey remain?
Let me at leaſt, if I muſt die,
Meet in the field ſome gallant enemy.
Send, gods, the Perſian troops again:
No, they 're a baſe and a degenerate train;
They by our women may be ſlain.
Give me, great heavens, ſome manful foes,
Let me my death amidſt ſome valiant Grecians chooſe,
Let me ſurvive to dye at Syracuſe,
Where my dear country ſhall her glory loſe.
For you, great Gods! into my mind infuſe,

What

What miſeries, what doom,
Muſt on my Athens ſhortly come!
My thoughts inſpir'd preſage,
Slaughters and battles to the coming age:
Oh! might I dye upon that glorious ſtage:
Oh! that! but then he graſp'd his ſword, and death concludes his rage.

XXIV.

Draw back, draw back thy ſword, O Fate!
Leſt thou repent when 'tis too late.
Leſt, by thy making now ſo great a waſte,
By ſpending all mankind upon one feaſt,
Thou ſtarve thyſelf at laſt:
What men wilt thou reſerve in ſtore,
Whom in the time to come thou may'ſt devour,
When thou ſhalt have deſtroyed all before?
But, if thou wilt not yet give o'er,
If yet thy greedy ſtomach calls for more,
If more remain whom thou muſt kill,
And if thy jaws are craving ſtill,
Carry thy fury to the Scythian coaſts,
The northern wilderneſs and eternal froſts!
Againſt thoſe barbarous crowds thy arrows whet,
Where arts and laws are ſtrangers yet;
Where thou may'ſt kill, and yet the loſs will not be great.
There rage, there ſpread, and there infect the air,
Murder whole towns and families there,
Thy worſt againſt thoſe ſavage nations dare,
Thoſe whom mankind can ſpare,
Thoſe whom mankind itſelf doth fear;

Amidſt that dreadful night and fatal cold,
There thou may'ſt walk unſeen, and bold,
There let thy flames their empire hold.
Unto the fartheſt ſeas, and nature's ends,
Where never ſummer's ſun its beams extends,
Carry thy plagues, thy pains, thy heats,
Thy raging fires, thy torturing ſweats,
Where never ray or heat did come,
They will rejoice at ſuch a doom,
They 'll bleſs thy peſtilential fire,
Though by it they expire,
They 'll thank the very flames with which they do conſume.

XXV.

Then, if that banquet will not thee ſuffice,
Seek out new lands where thou may'ſt tyrannize;
Search every foreſt, every hill,
And all that in the hollow mountains dwell;
Thoſe wild and untame troops devour,
Thereby thou wilt the reſt of men ſecure,
And that the reſt of men will thank thee for.
Let all thoſe human beaſts be ſlain,
Till ſcarce their memory remain;
Thyſelf with that ignoble ſlaughter fill,
Twill be permitted thee that blood to ſpill.
Meaſure the ruder world throughout,
March all the ocean ſhores about,
Only paſs by and ſpare the Britiſh iſle.

Go

Go on, and (what Columbus once shall do
When days and time unto their ripeness grow)
Find out new lands and unknown countries too;
Attempt those lands which yet are hid
From all mortality beside:
There thou may'st steal a victory,
And none of this world hear the cry
Of those that by thy wounds shall die;
No Greek shall know thy cruelty
And tell it to posterity.
Go, and unpeople all those midlay lands,
Destroy with unrelenting hands;
Go, and the [illegible],
Go make the [illegible],
Go, and [illegible]
That when the [illegible] appear,
[illegible]
They may [illegible]
And without blood the [illegible] here [illegible].

[illegible]

Nor [illegible]
Rather than [illegible]
(We do permit [illegible] Greece [illegible] plant.
Ramack Lycurgus [illegible]
They've no defence [illegible]
On wanton and proud Corinth [illegible].
Nor let her double [illegible]
Let Cyprus feel more [illegible]
Let Delos, which at [illegible]
See unknown flames [illegible].

Now let her wiſh ſhe might unconſtant prove,
And from her place might truly move:
: Let Lemnos all thy anger feel,
And think that a new Vulcan fell,
And brought with him new anvils, and new hell.
Nay, at Athens too we give thee up,
All that thou find'ſt in field, or camp, or ſhop:
Make havock there without controul
Of every ignorant and common ſoul.
But then, kind Plague, thy conqueſts ſtop;
Let arts, and let the learned, there eſcape,
Upon Minerva's ſelf commit no rape;
Touch not the ſacred throng,
And let Apollo's prieſts be, like him, young,
Like him, be healthful too, and ſtrong.
But ah! too ravenous Plague, whilſt I
Strive to keep off the miſery,
The learned too, as faſt as others, round me die;
They from corruption are not free,
Are mortal, though they give an immortality.

XXVII.

They turn'd their authors o'er, to try
What help, what cure, what remedy,
All Nature's ſtores againſt this plague ſupply;
And though beſides they ſhunn'd it every where,
They ſearch'd it in their books, and fain would meet it there;
They turn'd the records of the ancient times,
And chiefly thoſe that were made famous by their crimes,

To

To find if men were puniſh'd ſo before;
But found not the diſeaſe nor cure.
Nature, alas! was now ſurpriz'd,
And all her forces ſeiz'd,
Before ſhe was how to reſiſt advis'd.
So when the elephants did firſt affright
The Romans with unuſual fight,
They many battles loſe,
Before they knew their foes,
Before they underſtood ſuch dreadful troops t' oppoſe.

XXVIII.

Now every different ſect agrees
Againſt their common adverſary, the diſeaſe,
And all their little wranglings ceaſe;
The Pythagoreans from their precepts ſwerve,
No more their ſilence they obſerve,
Out of their ſchools they run,
Lament, and cry, and groan;
They now deſir'd their metempſychoſis;
Not only to diſpute, but wiſh
That they might turn to beaſts, or fowls, or fiſh.
If the Platonicks had been here,
They would have curs'd their maſter's year,
When all things ſhall be as they were,
When they again the ſame diſeaſe ſhall bear:
All the philoſophers would now,
What the great Stagyrite ſhall do,
Themſelves into the waters headlong throw.

They bid their hearts ſtand out,
Bid them be calm and ſtout,
But all the ſtrength of precept will not do 't.
They can't the ſtorms of paſſion now aſſwage;
As common men, are angry, grieve, and rage.
The Gods are call'd upon in vain,
The Gods gave no releaſe unto their pain,
The Gods to fear ev'n for themſelves began.
For now the ſick unto their temples came,
And brought more than an holy flame,
There at the altars made their prayer,
They ſacrific'd, and died there,
A ſacrifice not ſeen before;
That heaven, only us'd unto the gore
Of lambs or bulls, ſhould now
Loaded with prieſts ſee its own altars too!

XXX.

The woods gave funeral piles no more.

Their aſhes no diſtinction had;
Too truly all by death are equal made.
The ghoſts of thoſe great heroes that had fled
From Athens, long ſince baniſhed,
Now o'er the city hovered;
Their anger yielded to their love,
They left th' immortal joys above,
So much their Athens' danger did them move.
They came to pity, and to aid,
But now, alas! were quite diſmay'd,
When they beheld the marbles open lay'd,
And poor men's bones the noble urns invade;
Back to the bleſſed ſeats they went,
And now did thank their baniſhment,
By which they were to die, in foreign countries ſent.

XXXI.

But what, great Gods! was worſt of all,
Hell forth its magazines of luſt did call,
Nor would it be content
With the thick troops of ſouls were thither ſent;
Into the upper world it went.
Such guilt, ſuch wickedneſs,
Such irreligion did increaſe,
That the few good which did ſurvive
Were angry with the plague for ſuffering them to live:
More for the living than the dead did grieve.
Some robb'd the very dead,
Though ſure to be infected ere they fled,
Though in the very air ſure to be puniſhed.

Some nor the ſhrines nor temples ſpar'd,
Nor Gods nor Heavens fear'd,
Though ſuch example of their power appear'd.
Virtue was now eſteem'd an empty name,
And Honeſty the fooliſh voice of fame;
For, having paſt thoſe torturing flames before,
They thought the puniſhment already o'er,
Thought heaven no worſe torments had in ſtore;
Here having felt one hell, they thought there was no more.

Upon the Poems of the Engliſh Ovid, Anacreon, Pindar, and Virgil, ABRAHAM COWLEY, in Imitation of his own Pindaric Odes.

I.

LET all this meaner rout of books ſtand by
The common people of our library;
Let them make way for Cowley's leaves to come,
And be hung up within this ſacred room:
Let no prophane hands break the chain,
Or give them unwiſh'd liberty again,
But let his holy relick be laid here,
With the ſame religious care
As Numa once the target kept,
Which down from heaven leapt;
Juſt ſuch another is this book,
Which its original from divine hands took,
And brings as much good too, to thoſe that on it look.

But

But yet in this they differ. That could be
Eleven times liken'd by a mortal hand;
But this which here doth ſtand
Will never any of its own ſort ſee,
But muſt ſtill live without ſuch company.
For never yet was writ,
In the two learned ages which Time left behind,
Nor in this ever ſhall we find,
Nor any one like to it,
Of all the numerous monuments of wit.

II.

Cowley! what God did fill thy breaſt,
And taught thy hand t' indite
(For God 's a poet too,
He doth create, and ſo do you?)
Or elſe at leaſt
What angel ſat upon thy pen when thou didſt write?
There he ſat, and mov'd thy hand,
As proud of his command,
As when he makes the dancing orbs to reel
And ſpins out poetry from heaven's wheel.
Thy hand too, like a better ſphere,
Gives us more raviſhing muſic made for men to hear.
Thy hand too, like the ſun which angels move,
Has the ſame influence from above,
Produces gold and ſilver of a nobler kind;
Of greater price, and more refin'd.
Yet in this it exceeds the ſun, 't has no degenerate race,
Brings forth no lead, nor any thing ſo baſe.

III.

Juſt ſuch a fire as thine,
Of ſuch an unmix'd glorious ſhine,
Was Prometheus's flame,
Which from no leſs than heaven came.
Along he brought the ſparkling coal,
From ſome cœleſtial chimney ſtole;
Quickly the plunder'd ſtars he left,
And as he haſten'd down
With the robb'd flames his hands ſtill ſhone,
And ſeem'd as if they were burnt for the theft.
Thy poetry 's compounded of the ſame,
Such a bright immortal flame;
Juſt ſo temper'd is thy rage,
Thy fires as light and pure as they,
And go as high as his did, if not higher,
That thou may'ſt ſeem to us
A true Prometheus,
But that thou didſt not ſteal the leaſt ſpark of thy fir

Lay down their boiſterous noiſe,
And dance to his harmonious voice,
Which made the Syrens lend their ear,
And from his ſweeter tunes ſome treachery fear;
Which made the dolphin proud,
That he was allow'd
With Atlas, the great porter of the ſkies, to take
Such heavenly muſic up, and carry 't on his back.
So full and graceful thy words go,
And with the ſame majeſtic ſweetneſs flow.
Yet his verſe only carried him o'er the ſeas;
But there 's a very ſea of wit in theſe,
As ſalt and boundleſs as the other ocean is.

V.

Such as thine are, was great Amphion's ſong,
Which brought the wondering ſtones along;
The wondering ſtones ſkipt from their mother earth,
And left their father cold as his firſt birth;
They roſe, and knew not by what magic force they hung.
So were his words, ſo plac'd his ſounds,
Which forc'd the marbles riſe from out their grounds,
Which cut and carved, made them ſhine,
A work which can be outdone by none but thine.
Th' amazed poet ſaw the building riſe,
And knew not how to truſt his eyes:
The willing mortar came, and all the trees
Leap into beams he ſees.
He ſaw the ſtreets appear,
Streets, that muſt needs be harmonious there:

He

And yet in it there can be no antipodes,
For none hereafter will go contrary to you.

VII.

Poets till now deſerv'd excuſe, not praiſe,
Till now the Muſes liv'd in taverns, and the bays
That they were truly trees did ſhew,
Becauſe by ſucking liquor they did only grow.
Verſes were counted fiction, and a lye
The very nature of good poetry.
He was a poet that could ſpeak leaſt truth:
Sober and grave men ſcorn'd the name,
Which once was thought the greateſt fame.
Poets had nought elſe of Apollo, but his youth:
Few ever ſpake in rhyme, but that their feet
The trencher of ſome liberal man might meet.
Or elſe they did ſome rotten miſtreſs paint,
Call her their goddeſs, or their ſaint.
Though contrary in this they to their maſter run,
For the great god of wit, the ſun,
When he doth ſhew his miſtreſs, the white moon,
He makes her ſpots, as well as beauty, to be ſhewn.
Till now the ſifters were too old, and therefore grew
Extremely fabulous too:
Till you, Sir, came, they were deſpis'd;
They were all heathens yet,
Nor ever into the church could get;
And though they had a font ſo long, yet never were
baptis'd.

VIII.

VIII.

You, Sir, have rais'd the price of wit,
By bringing in more ſtore of it:
Poetry, the queen of arts, can now
Reign, without diſſembling too.
You've ſhewn a poet muſt not needs be bad;
That one may be Apollo's prieſt,
And be fill'd with his oracles, without being mad;
Till now, wit was a curſe (as to Lot's wife
'Twas to be turn'd to ſalt)
Becauſe it made men lead a life,
Which was nought elſe but one continual fault.
You firſt the Muſes to the Chriſtians brought,
And you then firſt the holy language taught:
In you good poetry and divinity meet,
You are the firſt bird of paradiſe with feet.

IX.

Your Miſcellanies do appear
Juſt ſuch another glorious indigeſted heap
As the firſt maſs was, where
All heavens and ſtars incloſed were,
Before they each one to their place did leap.
Before God the great cenſor them beſtow'd,
According to their ranks, in ſeveral tribes abroad;
Whilſt yet ſun and moon
Were in perpetual conjunction:
Whilſt all the ſtars were but one milky way,
And in natural embraces lay.

Whilſt

Whilſt yet none of the lamps of heaven might
Call this their own, and that another's light.
So glorious a lump as thine,
Which chemiſtry may ſeparate, but not refine:
So mixt, ſo pure, ſo united does it ſhine,
A chain of ſand, of which each link is all divine.

X.

Thy Miſtreſs ſhews, that Cupid is not always blind,
Where we a pure exalted Muſe do find,
Such as may well become a glorified mind.
Such ſongs tune angels when they love,
And do make courtſhip to ſome ſiſter-mind above
(For angels need not ſcorn ſuch ſoft deſires,
Seeing thy heart is touch'd with the ſame fires).
So when they clothe themſelves in fleſh,
And their light in ſome human ſhapes do dreſs
(For which they fetch'd ſtuff from the neighbouring air):
So when they ſtoop, to like ſome mortal fair,
Such words, ſuch odes as thine they uſe,
With ſuch ſoft ſtrains, love into her heart infuſe.
Thy love is on the top, if not above mortality;
Clean, and from corruption free,
Such as affections in eternity ſhall be;
Which ſhall remain unſpotted there,
Only to ſhew what once they were:
Thy Cupid's ſhafts all golden are;
Thy Venus has the ſalt, but not the froth o' th' ſea.

XI.

Thy high Pindarics ſoar
So high, where never any wing till now could get;

And

And yet thy wit
Doth seem so great, as those that do fly lower.
Thou stand'st on Pindar's back;
And therefore thou a higher flight dost take;
Only thou art the eagle, he the wren,
Thou hast brought him from the dust,
And made him live again.
Pindar has left his barbarous Greece, and thinks it just
To be led by thee to the English shore;
An honour to him: Alexander did no more,
Nor scarce so much, when he did save the house before.
When his word did assuage
A warlike army's violent rage:
Thou hast given to [illegible],
Than that great conqueror [illegible] from, a brighter [illegible].
He [illegible]
[illegible]
But thou hast made [illegible]
Thou [illegible] to him [illegible] breathing [illegible]
And [illegible] in the last [illegible].
Thou hast made him [illegible] glorious, and put on
More majesty [illegible] greater [illegible] given to him, [illegible]
Than ever he in happy Thebes or Greece could [illegible].

XII.

Thy David [illegible]
But hold thy headlong pace, my Muse;
None but the priest himself doth use
Into the holiest place to go.

Check thy young Pindaric heat,
Which makes thy pen too much to ſweat;
'Tis but an infant yet,
And juſt now left the teat,
By Cowley's matchleſs pattern nurſt:
Therefore it is not fit
That it ſhould dare to ſpeak ſo much at firſt.
No more, no more for ſhame.
Let not thy verſe be, as his worth is, infinite:
It is enough that thou haſt learn'd, and ſpoke thy father's name.
He that thinks, Sir, he can enough praiſe you,
Had need of brazen lungs and forehead too.

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John Dickinson

1786

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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THE

POEMS

OF

ROCHESTER,

ROSCOMMON,

AND

YALDEN.

POEMS

BY THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

POEMS

BY THE

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

AN ESSAY ON TRANSLATED VERSE.

HAPPY that author, whoſe correct * eſſay
Repairs ſo well our old Horatian way:
And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
On great Apollo's ſacred ſtandard wait,
And with ſtrict diſcipline inſtructed right,
Have learn'd to uſe your arms before you fight.
But ſince the preſs, the pulpit, and the ſtage,
Conſpire to cenſure and expoſe our age:
Provok'd too far, we reſolutely muſt,
To the few virtues that we have, be juſt.

* John Sheffield duke of Buckinghamſhire.

For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more
To ſearch the treaſures of the Roman ſtore;
Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore?
The nobleſt fruits tranſplanted in our iſle
With early hope and fragrant bloſſoms ſmile.
Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inſpires,
And nature ſeconds all his ſoft deſires:
Theocritus does now to us belong;
And Albion's rocks repeat his rural ſong.
Who has not heard how Italy was bleſt,
Above the Medes, above the wealthy Eaſt?
Or Gallus' ſong, ſo tender and ſo true,
As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view!
When mourning nymphs attend their Daphnis' hearſe,
Who does not weep that reads the moving verſe!
But hear, oh hear, in what exalted ſtrains
Sicilian Muſes through theſe happy plains
Proclaim Saturnian times---our own Apollo reigns!

When France had breath'd, after inteſtine broils,
And peace and conqueſt crown'd her foreign toils,
There (cultivated by a royal hand)
Learning grew faſt, and ſpread, and bleſt the land;
The choiceſt books that Rome or Greece have known,
Her excellent tranſlators made her own:
And Europe ſtill conſiderably gains,
Both by their good example and their pains.
From hence our generous emulation came,
We undertook, and we perform'd the ſame.
But now, we ſhew the world a nobler way,
And in tranſlated verſe do more than they;

Serene

Serene, and clear, harmonious Horace flows,
With ſweetneſs not to be expreſt in proſe:
Degrading proſe explains his meaning ill,
And ſhews the ſtuff, but not the workman's ſkill:
I (who have ſerv'd him more than twenty years)
Scarce know my maſter as he there appears.
Vain are our neighbours hopes, and vain their cares,
The fault is more their language's than theirs:
'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words
Of ſofter ſound than ours perhaps affords;
But who did ever in French authors ſee
The comprehenſive Engliſh-ener y?
The weighty bullion of one ſterling line,
Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages ſhine.
I ſpeak my private, but impartial ſenſe,
With freedom, and (I hope) without offence;
For I 'll recant, when France can ſhew me wit,
As ſtrong as ours, and as ſuccinctly writ.
'Tis true, compoſing is the nobler part,
But good tranſlation is no eaſy art.
For though materials have long ſince been found,
Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound;
And by improving what was writ before,
Invention labours leſs, but judgment more.
The ſoil intended for Pierian ſeeds
Muſt be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds.
Apollo ſtarts, and all Parnaſſus ſhakes,
At the rude rumbling Baralipton makes.
For none have been with admiration read,
But who (beſide their learning) were well bred.

The firſt great work (a taſk perform'd by few)
Is, that yourſelf may to yourſelf be true:
No maſk, no tricks, no favour, no reſerve;
Diſſect your mind, examine every nerve.
Whoever vainly on his ſtrength depends,
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.
That wretch (in ſpite of his forgotten rhymes)
Condemn'd to live to all ſucceeding times,
With pompous nonſenſe and a bellowing ſound
Sung lofty Ilium, tumbling to the ground.
And (if my Muſe can through paſt ages ſee)
That noiſy, nauſeous, gaping fool was he;
Exploded, when with univerſal ſcorn,
The mountains labour'd and a mouſe was born.

Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wreſtler cries,
Audacious mortals, and be timely wiſe!
'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
Wedg'd in that timber, which he ſtrove to rend.

Each poet with a different talent writes,
One praiſes, one inſtructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aſpire to Epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro ſtoop to Lyric lays.
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling paſſion of your mind;
Then, ſeek a poet who your way does bend,
And chooſe an author as you chooſe a friend,
United by this ſympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
Your thoughts, your words, your ſtyles, your ſouls agree,
No longer his interpreter, but he.

With

With how much eaſe is a young Muſe betray'd!
How nice the reputation of the maid!
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
By chaſte inſtruction of her tender years.
The firſt impreſſion in her infant breaſt
Will be the deepeſt, and ſhould be the beſt.
Let not auſterity breed ſervile fear,
No wanton ſound offend her virgin ear.
Secure from fooliſh pride's affected ſtate,
And ſpecious flattery's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts,
But your neglect muſt anſwer for her faults.
Immodeſt words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of ſenſe.
What moderate fop would rake the Park or ſtews,
Who among troops of faultleſs nymphs may chooſe?
Variety of ſuch is to be found;
Take then a ſubject proper to expound:
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,
For men of ſenſe deſpiſe a trivial choice:
And ſuch applauſe it muſt expect to meet,
As would ſome painter buſy in a ſtreet,
To copy bulls and bears, and every ſign,
That calls the ſtaring ſots to naſty wine.
Yet 'tis not all to have a ſubject good,
It muſt delight us when 'tis underſtood.
He that brings fulſome objects to my view,
(As many old have done, and many new)
With nauſeous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of ſquills.

Inſtruct

Inſtruct the liſtening world how Maro ſings
Of uſeful ſubjects and of lofty things.
Theſe will ſuch true, ſuch bright ideas raiſe,
As merit gratitude, as well as praiſe:
But foul deſcriptions are offenſive ſtill,
Either for being like, or being ill.
For who, without a qualm, hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd?
Whoſe railing heroes, and whoſe wounded Gods,
Makes ſome ſuſpect he ſnores, as well as nods.
But I offend---Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down;
My bluſhing Muſe with conſcious fear retires,
And whom they like, implicitly admires.
  On ſure foundations let your fabric riſe,
And with attractive majeſty ſurpriſe,
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But ſtrict harmonious ſymmetry of parts;
Which through the whole inſenſibly muſt paſs,
With vital heat to animate the maſs:
A pure, an active, an auſpicious flame,
And bright as heaven, from whence the bleſſing came;
But few, oh few ſouls, præordain'd by fate,
The race of Gods, have reach'd that envy'd height.
No Rebel-Titan's ſacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills can hither climb:
The grizly ferryman of hell deny'd
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide:
How juſtly then will impious mortals fall,
Whoſe pride would ſoar to heaven without a call!

Pride

Pride (of all others the moſt dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of ſenſe, or want of thought.
The men, who labour and digeſt things moſt,
Will be much apter to deſpond than boaſt:
For if your author be profoundly good,
Twill coſt you dear before he 's underſtood.
How many ages ſince has Virgil writ!
How few are they who underſtand him yet!
Approach his altars with religious fear,
No vulgar deity inhabits there:
Heaven ſhakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
Than poets ſhould before their Mantuan God.
Hail mighty Maro! may that ſacred name
Kindle my breaſt with thy celeſtial flame;
Sublime ideas and apt words infuſe.
The Muſe inſtruct my voice, and thou inſpire the Muſe!
What I have inſtanc'd only in the beſt,
Is, in proportion, true of all the reſt.
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore,
There ſweat, there ſtrain, tug the laborious oar;
Search every comment that your care can find,
Some here, ſome there, may hit the poet's mind;
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng;
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural or hard,
Conſult your author, with himſelf compar'd;
Who knows what bleſſing Phœbus may beſtow,
And future ages to your labour owe?
Such ſecrets are not eaſily found out,
But, once diſcover'd, leave no room for doubt.

Truth

Truth ſtamps conviction in your raviſh'd breaſt,
And peace and joy attend the glorious gueſt.
Truth ſtill is one; truth is divinely bright,
No cloudy doubts obſcure her native light;
While in your thoughts you find the leaſt debate,
You may confound, but never can tranſlate.
Your ſtyle will this through all diſguiſes ſhow,
For none explain more clearly than they know.
He only proves he underſtands a text,
Whoſe expoſition leaves it unperplex'd.
They who too faithfully on names inſiſt,
Rather create than diſſipate the miſt;
And grow unjuſt by being over-nice,
(For ſuperſtitious virtue turns to vice.)
Let Craſſus's † ghoſt and Labienus tell
How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell.
Since Rome hath been ſo jealous of her fame,
That few know Pacorus' or Monæſes' name.
Words in one language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd.
And ſome that Rome admir'd in Cæſar's time,
May neither ſuit our genius nor our clime.
The genuine ſenſe, intelligibly told,
Shews a tranſlator both diſcreet and bold;
Excurſions are inexpiably bad;
And 'tis much ſafer to leave out than add.
Abſtruſe and myſtic thoughts you muſt expreſs
With painful care, but ſeeming eaſineſs;
For truth ſhines brighteſt through the plaineſt dreſs.

† Hor. 3, Od. vi.

Th' Æneam

Th' Ænean Muſe, when ſhe appears in ſtate,
Makes all Jove's thunder on her verſes wait.
Yet writes ſometimes as ſoft and moving things
As Venus ſpeaks, or Philomela ſings.
Your author always will the beſt adviſe,
Fall when he falls, and when he riſes riſe.
Affected noiſe is the moſt wretched thing,
That to contempt can empty ſcriblers bring.
Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,
On even ſyllables (and ſtill the laſt)
Though groſs innumerable faults abound,
In ſpite of nonſenſe, never fail of ſound.
But this is meant of even verſe alone,
As being moſt harmonious and moſt known:
For if you will unequal numbers try,
There accents on odd ſyllables muſt lie.
Whatever liſter of the learned Nine
Does to your ſuit a willing ear incline,
Urge your ſucceſs, deſerve a laſting name,
She 'll crown a grateful and a conſtant flame.
But, if a wild uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering heart with every gale,
You loſe the fruit of all your former care,
For the ſad proſpect of a juſt deſpair.
A quack (too ſcandalouſly mean to name)
Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame:
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The labouring wife invokes his ſurer aid.
Well-ſeaſon'd bowls the goſſip's ſpirits raiſe,
Who, while ſhe guzzles, chats the doctor's praiſe;

And

And largely, what ſhe wants in words, ſupplies,
With maudlin-eloquence of trickling eyes.
But what a thoughtleſs animal is man!
(How very active in his own trepan!)
For, greedy of phyſicians frequent fees,
From female mellow praiſe he takes degrees;
Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then
From ſaving women falls to killing men.
Another ſuch had left the nation thin,
In ſpite of all the children he brought in.
His pills as thick as hand-granadoes flew;
And where they fell, as certainly they ſlew;
His name ſtruck every where as great a damp,
As Archimedes through the Roman camp.
With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
For ſmarting ſoundly may convince a fool.
But now repentance came too late for grace;
And meagre Famine ſtar'd him in the face:
Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,
But found no huſband left to own a child.
The friends, that got the brats, were poiſon'd too;
In this ſad caſe, what could our vermin do?
Worry'd with debts and paſt all hope of bail,
Th' unpity'd wretch lies rotting in a jail:
And there with baſket-alms, ſcarce kept alive,
Shews how miſtaken talents ought to thrive.
I pity, from my ſoul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to proſtitute their pen;
Who muſt, like lawyers, either ſtarve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!

But you, Pompilian, wealthy, pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your ſwords and cares,
Let no vain hope your eaſy mind ſeduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuſe.
'Tis very dangerous, tampering with a Muſe,
The profit 's ſmall and you have much to loſe;
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade th' attainted race.
No poet any paſſion can excite,
But what they feel tranſport them when they write.
Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I ſee her rolling eyes:
And panting; Lo! the god, the god, ſhe cries;
With words not hers, and more than human ſound
She makes th' obedient ghoſts peep trembling through the ground.
But, though we muſt obey when heaven commands,
And man in vain the ſacred call withſtands,
Beware what ſpirit rages in your breaſt;
For ten inſpir'd, ten thouſand are poſſeſt.
Thus make the proper uſe of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the chearful hours too freely paſs,
And ſparkling wine ſmiles in the tempting glaſs,
Your pulſe adviſes, and begins to beat
Through every ſwelling vein a loud retreat:
So when a Muſe propitiouſly invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;

But

But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another ſummons wait.
Before the radiant ſun, a glimmering lamp,
Adulterate metals to the ſterling ſtamp,
Appear not meaner, than mere human lines,
Compar'd with thoſe whoſe inſpiration ſhines:
Theſe nervous, bold; thoſe languid and remiſs;
There, cold ſalutes; but here, a lover's kiſs.
Thus have I ſeen a rapid, headlong tide,
With foaming waves the paſſive Soane divide;
Whoſe lazy waters without motion lay,
While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous way.
The privilege that ancient poets claim,
Now turn'd to licenſe by too juſt a name,
Belongs to none but an eſtabliſh'd fame,
Which ſcorns to take it---
Abſurd expreſſions, crude, abortive thoughts,
All the lewd legion of exploded faults,
Baſe fugitives to that aſylum fly,
And ſacred laws with inſolence defy.
Not thus our heroes of the former days,
Deſerv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays;
For I miſtake, or far the greateſt part
Of what ſome call neglect, was ſtudy'd art.
When Virgil ſeems to trifle in a line,
'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the ſign
To wake your fancy, and prepare your ſight,
To reach the noble height of ſome unuſual flight.
I loſe my patience, when with ſaucy pride,
By untun'd ears I hear his numbers try'd.

Reverſe

Reverſe of nature! ſhall ſuch copies then
Arraign th' originals of Maro's pen!
And the rude notions of pedantic ſchools
Blaſpheme the ſacred founder of our rules!
The delicacy of the niceſt ear
Finds nothing harſh or out of order there.
Sublime or low, unbended or intenſe,
The ſound is ſtill a comment to the ſenſe.
A ſkilful ear in numbers ſhould preſide,
And all diſputes without appeal decide.
This ancient Rome and elder Athens found,
Before miſtaken ſtops debauch'd the ſound.
When, by impulſe from heaven, Tyrtæus ſung,
In drooping ſoldiers a new courage ſprung;
Reviving Sparta now the fight maintain'd,
And what two generals loſt a poet gain'd.
By ſecret influence of indulgent ſkies,
Empire and poeſy together riſe.
True poets are the guardians of a ſtate,
And, when they fail, portend approaching fate.
For that which Rome to conqueſt did inſpire,
Was not the Veſtal, but the Muſes' fire;
Heaven joins the bleſſings: No declining age
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.
Of many faults, rhyme is (perhaps) the cauſe;
Too ſtrict to rhyme, we ſlight more uſeful laws,
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:
Subdued, undone, they did at laſt obey,
And change their own for their invaders' way.

I grant that from ſome moſſy, idol oak,
In double rhymes our Thor and Woden ſpoke;
And by ſucceſſion of unlearned times,
As Bards began, ſo Monks rung on the chimes.
But now that Phœbus and the ſacred Nine,
With all their beams on our bleſt iſland ſhine,
Why ſhould not we their ancient rites reſtore,
And be, what Rome or Athens were before?

'* Have we forgot how Raphael's numerous proſe
'Led our exalted ſouls through heavenly camps,
'And mark'd the ground where proud apoſtate thrones
'Defy'd Jehovah! Here, 'twixt hoſt and hoſt,
'(A narrow, but a dreadful interval)
'Portentous ſight! before the cloudy van
'Satan with vaſt and haughty ſtrides advanc'd,
'Came towering arm'd in adamant and gold.
'There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
'Diſpers'd æthereal forms, and down they fell
'By thouſands, angels on arch-angels roll'd;
'Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,
'Which (with their ponderous load, rocks, waters,
'woods)
'From their firm ſeats torn by the ſhaggy tops
'They bore like ſhields before them through the air,
'Till more incens'd they hurld them at their foes.
'All was confuſion, heaven's foundations ſhook,
'Threatning no leſs than univerſal wreck,
'For Michael's arm main promontories flung,

* An eſſay on blank verſe, out of Paradiſe Loſt, B. VI.

'And

'And over-preſt whole legions weak with ſin:
'Yet they blaſphem'd and ſtruggled as they lay,
'Till the great enſign of Meſſiah blaz'd,
'And (arm'd with vengeance) God's victorious Son
'(Effulgence of paternal deity)
'Graſping ten thouſand thunders in his hand,
'Drove th' old original rebels headlong down,
'And ſent them flaming to the vaſt abyſs.'
O may I live to hail the glorious day,
And ſing loud pæans through the crowded way,
When in triumphant ſtate the Britiſh Muſe,
True to herſelf, ſhall barbarous aid refuſe,
And in the Roman majeſty appear,
Which none know better, and none come ſo near.

A PARAPHRASE

ON THE

CXLVIIIth PSALM.

O Azure vaults! O cryſtal ſky!
The world's tranſparent canopy,
Break your long ſilence, and let mortals know
With what contempt you look on things below.

Wing'd ſquadrons of the god of war,
Who conquer whereſoe'er you are,
Let echoing anthems make his praiſes known
On earth his footſtool, as in heaven his throne.

Great eye of all, whoſe glorious ray
Rules the bright empire of the day,
O praiſe his name, without whoſe purer light
Thou hadſt been hid in an abyſs of night.

Ye moon and planets, who diſpenſe,
By God's command, your influence;
Reſign to him, as your Creator due,
That veneration which men pay to you.

Faireſt, as well as firſt, of things,
From whom all joy, all beauty ſprings;
O praiſe th' Almighty Ruler of the globe,
Who uſeth thee for his empyreal robe.

Praiſe him ye loud harmonious ſpheres,
Whoſe ſacred ſtamp all nature bears,
Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,
And whoſe command is th' univerſal law:

Ye watery mountains of the ſky,
And you ſo far above our eye,
Vaſt ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,
Who gave its being to your glorious frame.

Ye dragons, whoſe contagious breath
Peoples the dark retreats of death,
Change your fierce hiſſing into joyful ſong,
And praiſe your Maker with your forked tongue.

Praiſe him, ye monſters of the deep,
That in the ſeas vaſt boſoms ſleep;
At whoſe command the foaming billows roar,
Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.

Ye miſts and vapours, hail and ſnow,
And you who through the concave blow,
Swift executors of his holy word,
Whirlwinds and tempeſts, praiſe th' Almighty Lord.

Mountains, who to your Maker's view
Seem leſs than mole-hills do to you,
Remember how, when firſt Jehovah ſpoke,
All heaven was fire, and Sinai hid in ſmoke.

Praiſe him, ſweet offspring of the ground,
With heavenly nectar yearly crown'd;
And ye tall cedars, celebrate his praiſe,
That in his temple ſacred altars raiſe.

Idle muſicians of the ſpring,
Whoſe only care 's to love and ſing,
Fly through the world, and let your trembling throat
Praiſe your Creator with the ſweeteſt note.

Praiſe him each ſavage furious beaſt,
That on his ſtores do daily feaſt:
And you tame ſlaves of the laborious plow,
Your weary knees to your Creator bow.

Majeſtic monarchs, mortal gods,
Whoſe power hath here no periods,
May all attempts againſt your crowns be vain!
But ſtill remember by whoſe power you reign.

Let the wide world his praiſes ſing,
Where Tagus and Euphrates ſpring,
And from the Danube's frofty banks, to thoſe
Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.

You that diſpoſe of all our lives,
Praiſe him from whom your power derives;
Be true and juſt like him, and fear his word,
As much as malefactors do your ſword.

Praiſe him, old monuments of time;
O praiſe him in your youthful prime;
Praiſe him, fair idols of our greedy ſenſe;
Exalt his name, ſweet age of innocence.

Jehovah's name ſhall only laſt,
When heaven, and earth, and all is paſt:
Nothing, great God, is to be found in thee,
But unconceivable eternity.

Exalt, O Jacob's ſacred race,
The God of gods, the God of grace;
Who will above the ſtars your empire raiſe,
And with his glory recompenſe your praiſe.

A PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN TO

His Royal Highneſs the DUKE of YORK,

At Edinburgh.

FOLLY and vice are eaſy to deſcribe,
The common ſubjects of our ſcribbling tribe;
But when true virtues, with unclouded light,
All great, all royal, ſhine divinely bright,
Our eyes are dazzled, and our voice is weak;
Let England, Flanders, let all Europe ſpeak,
Let France acknowledge that her ſhaken throne
Was once ſupported, Sir, by you alone:
Baniſh'd from thence for an uſurper's ſake,
Yet trafted then with her laſt deſperate ſtake:
When wealthy neighbours ſtrove with us for power,
Let the ſea tell, how in their fatal hour,
Swift as an eagle, our victorious prince,
Great Britain's genius, flew to her defence;
His name ſtruck fear, his conduct won the day,
He came, he ſaw, he ſeiz'd the ſtruggling prey,
And while the heavens were fire and th' ocean blood,
Confirm'd our empire o'er the conquer'd flood.
O happy iſlands, if you knew your bliſs!
Strong by the ſea's protection, ſafe by his!
Expreſs your gratitude the only way,
And humbly own a debt too vaſt to pay:

Let Fame aloud to future ages tell,
None e'er commanded, none obey'd ſo well;
While this high courage, this undaunted mind,
So loyal, ſo ſubmiſſively reſign'd,
Proclaim that ſuch a hero never ſprings,
But from the uncorrupted blood of kings.

SONG.

On a young Lady who ſung finely, and was afraid of a Cold.

WINTER, thy cruelty extend,
Till fatal tempeſts ſwell the ſea.
In vain let ſinking pilots pray;
Beneath thy yoke let Nature bend,
Let piercing froſt, and laſting ſnow,
Through woods and fields deſtruction ſow!

Yet we unmov'd will ſit and ſmile,
While you theſe leſſer ills create,
Theſe we can bear; but, gentle Fate,
And thou, bleſt Genius of our iſle,
From Winter's rage defend her voice,
At which the liſtening Gods rejoice.

May that celeſtial ſound each day
With extaſy tranſport our ſouls,
Whilſt all our paſſions it controls,
And kindly drives our cares away;
Let no ungentle cold deſtroy,
All taſte we have of heavenly joy!

VIRGIL'S

VIRGIL'S SIXTH ECLOGUE,

S I L E N U S.

THE ARGUMENT.

Two young ſhepherds, Chromis and Mnaſylus, having been often promiſed a ſong by Silenus, chance to catch him aſleep in this Eclogue; where they bind him hand and foot, and then claim his promiſe. Silenus, finding they would be put off no longer, begins his ſong, in which he deſcribes the formation of the univerſe, and the original of animals, according to the Epicurean philoſophy; and then runs through the moſt ſurpriſing transformations which have happened in Nature ſince her birth. This Eclogue was deſigned as a compliment to Syro the Epicurean, who inſtructed Virgil and Varus in the principles of that philoſophy. Silenus acts as tutor, Chromis and Mnaſylus as the two pupils.

I Firſt of Romans ſtoop'd to rural ſtrains,
Nor bluſh'd to dwell among Sicilian ſwains,
When my Thalia rais'd her bolder voice,
And kings and battles were her lofty choice,
Phœbus did kindly humbler thoughts infuſe,
And with this whiſper check th' aſpiring Muſe

A ſhepherd

My pastoral tribute in low numbers pay,
And though I once presum'd, I only now obey.
But yet (if any with indulgent eyes
Can look on this, and such a trifle prize)
Thee only, Varus, our glad swains shall sing,
And every grove and every echo ring.
Phœbus delights in Varus' favourite name,
And none who under that protection came
Was ever ill receiv'd, or unsecure of fame.
Proceed my Muse.
Young Chromis and Mnasylus chanc'd to stray
Where (sleeping in a cave) Silenus lay,
Whose constant cups fly fuming to his brain,
And always boil in each extended vein;
His trusty flaggon, full of potent juice,
Was hanging by, worn thin with age and use;
Drop'd from his head, a wreath lay on the groun
In haste they seiz'd him, and in haste they bound
Eager, for both had been deluded long

The promis'd verſe no longer I'll delay
(She ſhall be ſatisfy'd another way).
With that he rais'd his tuneful voice aloud,
The knotty oaks their liſtening branches bow'd,
And ſavage beaſts and Sylvan Gods did crowd;
For lo! he ſung the world's ſtupendous birth,
How ſcatter'd ſeeds of ſea, and air, and earth,
And purer fire, through univerſal night
And empty ſpace, did fruitfully unite;
From whence th' innumerable race of things,
By circular ſucceſſive order ſprings.
By what degrees this earth's compacted ſphere
Was harden'd, woods and rocks and towns to bear;
How ſinking waters (the firm land to drain)
Fill'd the capacious deep, and form'd the main,
While from above, adorn'd with radiant light,
A new-born ſun ſurpriz'd the dazzled ſight;
How vapours turn'd to clouds obſcure the ſky,
And clouds diſſolv'd the thirſty ground ſupply;
How the firſt foreſt rais'd its ſhady head,
Till when, few wandering beaſts on unknown mountains fed.
Then Pyrrha's ſtony race roſe from the ground,
Old Saturn reign'd with golden plenty crown'd,
And bold Prometheus (whoſe untam'd deſire
Rival'd the ſun with his own heavenly fire)
Now doom'd the Scythian vulture's endleſs prey,
Severely pays for animating clay.
He nam'd the nymph (for who but Gods could tell?)
Into whoſe arms the lovely Hylas fell;

Alcides

And imitated lowings fill'd the ſkies,
(Though metamorphos'd in their wild conceit)
Did never burn with ſuch unnatural heat.
Ah! wretched queen! while you on mountains ſtr
He on ſoft flowers his ſnowy ſide does lay;
Or ſeeks in herds a more proportion'd love:
Surround, my nymphs, ſhe cries, ſurround the gro
Perhaps ſome footſteps printed in the clay,
Will to my love direct your wandering way;
Perhaps, while thus in ſearch of him I roam,
My happier rivals have intic'd him home.
He ſung how Atalanta was betray'd
By thoſe Heſperian baits her lover laid,
And the ſad ſiſters who to trees were turn'd,
While with the world th' ambitious brother burn'd
All he deſcrib'd was preſent to their eyes,
And as he rais'd his verſe, the poplars ſeem'd to ri
He taught which Muſe did by Apollo's will

Charm'd by theſe ſtrings, trees ſtarting from the ground,
Have follow'd with delight the powerful ſound.
Thus conſecrated, thy Grynæan grove
Shall have no equal in Apollo's love.
Why ſhould I ſpeak of the Megarian maid,
For love perfidious, and by love betray'd?
And her, who round with barking monſters arm'd,
The wandering Greeks (ah frighted men!) alarm'd;
Whoſe only hope on ſhatter'd ſhips depends,
While fierce ſea-dogs devour the mangled friends.
Or tell the Thracian tyrant's alter'd ſhape,
And dire revenge of Philomela's rape,
Who to thoſe woods directs her mournful courſe,
Where ſhe had ſuffer'd by inceſtuous force,
While, loth to leave the palace too well known,
Progné flies, hovering round, and thinks it ſtill her own?
Whatever near Eurota's happy ſtream
With laurels crown'd, had been Apollo's theme,
Silenus ſings; the neighbouring rocks reply,
And ſend his myſtic numbers through the ſky;
Till night began to ſpread her gloomy veil,
And call'd the counted ſheep from every dale;
The weaker light unwillingly declin'd,
And to prevailing ſhades the murmuring world reſign'd.

ODE.

ODE UPON SOLITUDE.

I.

HAIL, ſacred Solitude! from this calm bay,
I view the world's tempeſtuous ſea,
And with wiſe pride deſpiſe
All thoſe ſenſeleſs vanities:
With pity mov'd for others, caſt away
On rocks of hopes and fears, I ſee them toſs'd
On rocks of folly, and of vice, I ſee them loſt:
Some the prevailing malice of the great,
Unhappy men or adverſe Fate,
Sunk deep into the gulphs of an afflicted ſtate.
But more, far more, a numberleſs prodigious train,
Whilſt Virtue courts them, but alas in vain,
Fly from her kind embracing arms,
Deaf to her fondeſt call, blind to her greateſt charms,
And, ſunk in pleaſures and in brutiſh eaſe,
They in their ſhipwreck'd ſtate themſelves obdurate pleaſe.

II.

Hail, ſacred Solitude! ſoul of my ſoul,
It is by thee I truly live,
Thou doſt a better life and nobler vigour give;
Doſt each unruly appetite control:
Thy conſtant quiet fills my peaceful breaſt,
With unmix'd joy, uninterrupted reſt.
Preſuming love does ne'er invade
This private ſolitary ſhade;
And, with fantaſtic wounds by beauty made,

The

The joy has no allay of jealouſy, hope, and fear,
The ſolid comforts of this happy ſphere:
Yet I exalted Love admire,
Friendſhip, abhorring ſordid gain,
And purify'd from Luſt's diſhoneſt ſtain:
Nor is it for my ſolitude unfit,
For I am with my friend alone;
As if we were but one;
'Tis the polluted love that multiplies,
But friendſhip does two ſouls in one compriſe.

III.

Here in a full and conſtant tide doth flow
All bleſſings man can hope to know;
Here in a deep receſs of thought we find
Pleaſures which entertain, and which exalt the mind;
Pleaſures which do from friendſhip and from knowledge riſe,
Which make us happy, as they make us wiſe:
Here may I always on this downy graſs,
Unknown, unſeen, my eaſy minutes paſs:
Till with a gentle force victorious death
My ſolitude invade,
And, ſtopping for a while my breath,
With eaſe convey me to a better ſhade.

THE

THE
TWENTY-SECOND ODE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

VIRTUE, dear friend, needs no defence,
The ſureſt guard is innocence:
None knew, till guilt created fear,
What darts or poiſon'd arrows were.
Integrity undaunted goes
Through Libyan ſands and Scythian ſnows,
Or where Hydaſpes' wealthy ſide
Pays tribute to the Perſian pride.
For as (by amorous thoughts betray'd)
Careleſs in Sabine woods I ſtray'd,
A griſly foaming wolf unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet trembling fled.
No beaſt of more portentous ſize
In the Hercinian foreſt lies;
None fiercer, in Numidia bred,
With Carthage were in triumph led.
Set me in the remoteſt place,
That Neptune's frozen arms embrace;
Where angry Jove did never ſpare
One breath of kind and temperate air.
Set me where on ſome pathleſs plain
The ſwarthy Africans complain,

To

To ſee the chariot of the Sun
So near their ſcorching country run.
The burning zone, the frozen iſles,
Shall hear me ſing of Cælia's ſmiles:
All cold but in her breaſt I will deſpiſe,
And dare all heat but that in Cælia's eyes.

THE SAME IMITATED.

I.

VIRTUE (dear friend) needs no defence,
No arms, but its own innocence:
Quivers and bows, and poiſon'd darts,
Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

II.

An honeſt mind ſafely alone
May travel through the burning zone;
Or through the deepeſt Scythian ſnows,
Or where the fam'd Hydaſpes flows.

III.

While, rul'd by a reſiſtleſs fire,
Our great † Orinda I admire,
The hungry wolves that ſee me ſtray,
Unarm'd and ſingle, run away.

† Mrs. Catharine Philips.

IV.

Set me in the remoteſt place
That ever Neptune did embrace;
When there her image fills my breaſt,
Helicon is not half ſo bleſt.

V.

Leave me upon ſome Libyan plain,
So ſhe my fancy entertain,
And when the thirſty monſters meet,
They 'll all pay homage to my feet.

VI.

The magic of Orinda's name,
Not only can their fierceneſs tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearſe,
They ſeem ſubmiſſively to roar in verſe.

Part of the FIFTH SCENE of the SECOND ACT in GUARINI'S PASTOR FIDO,

TRANSLATED.

AH happy grove! dark and ſecure retreat
Of ſacred ſilence, reſt's eternal ſeat;
How well your cool and unfrequented ſhade
Suits with the chaſte retirements of a maid;
Oh! if kind heaven had been ſo much my friend,
To make my fate upon my choice depend;
All my ambition I would here confine,
And only this Elyſium ſhould be mine:

Fond

Fond men, by paſſion wilfully betray'd,
Adore thoſe idols which their fancy made;
Purchaſing riches with our time and care,
We loſe our freedom in a gilded ſnare;
And, having all, all to ourſelves refuſe,
Oppreſt with bleſſings which we fear to uſe.
Fame is at beſt but an inconſtant good,
Vain are the boaſted titles of our blood;
We ſooneſt loſe what we moſt highly prize,
And with our youth our ſhort-liv'd beauty dies;
In vain our fields and flocks increaſe our ſtore,
If our abundance makes us wiſh for more;
How happy is the harmleſs country-maid,
Who, rich by nature, ſcorns ſuperfluous aid!
Whoſe modeſt cloaths no wanton eyes invite,
But like her ſoul preſerves the native white;
Whoſe little ſtore her well-taught mind does pleaſe,
Nor pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton eaſe,
Who, free from ſtorms, which on the great-ones fall,
Makes but few wiſhes, and enjoys them all;
No care but love can diſcompoſe her breaſt,
Love, of all cares, the ſweeteſt and the beſt:
While on ſweet graſs her bleating charge does lie,
Our happy lover feeds upon her eye;
Not one on whom or Gods or men impoſe,
But one whom love has for this lover choſe,
Under ſome favourite myrtle's ſhady boughs,
They ſpeak their paſſions in repeated vows,
And whilſt a bluſh confeſſes how ſhe burns,
His faithful heart makes as ſincere returns;

Thus in the arms of love and peace they lie,
And while they live, their flames can never die.

THE DREAM.

TO the pale tyrant, who to horrid graves
Condemns ſo many thouſand helpleſs ſlaves,
Ungrateful we do gentle ſleep compare,
Who, though his victories as numerous are,
Yet from his ſlaves no tribute does he take,
But woeful cares that load men while they wake.
When his ſoft charms had eas'd my weary ſight
Of all the baleful troubles of the light,
Dorinda came, diveſted of the ſcorn
Which the unequal'd maid ſo long had worn;
How oft, in vain, had Love's great God eſſay'd
To tame the ſtubborn heart of that bright maid!
Yet, ſpite of all the pride that ſwells her mind,
The humble God of Sleep can make her kind.
A riſing bluſh increas'd the native ſtore
Of charms, that but too fatal were before.
Once more preſent the viſion to my view,
The ſweet illuſion, gentle Fate, renew!
How kind, how lovely ſhe, how raviſh'd I!
Shew me, bleſt God of Sleep, and let me die.

THE

THE GHOST
OF THE OLD HOUSE OF COMMONS,

To the New One, appointed to meet at OXFORD.

FROM deepeſt dungeons of eternal night,
The ſeats of horror, ſorrow, pains, and ſpite,
I have been ſent to tell you, tender youth,
A ſeaſonable and important truth.
I feel (but, oh! too late) that no diſeaſe
Is like a furfeit of luxurious eaſe:
And of all others, the moſt tempting things
Are too much wealth, and too indulgent kings.
None ever was ſuperlatively ill,
But by degrees, with induſtry and ſkill:
And ſome, whoſe meaning hath at firſt been fair,
Grow knaves by uſe, and rebels by deſpair.
My time is paſt, and yours will ſoon begin,
Keep the firſt bloſſoms from the blaſt of ſin;
And by the fate of my tmultuous ways,
Preſerve yourſelves, and bring ſerener days.
The buſy, ſubtle ſerpents of the law,
Did firſt my mind from true obedience draw:
While I did limits to the king preſcribe,
And took for oracles that canting tribe,
I chang'd true freedom for the name of free,
And grew ſeditious for variety:
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
And by the laws illegally abus'd;

The robe was ſummon'd, Maynard in the head,
In legal murder none ſo deeply read;
I brought him to the bar, where once he ſtood,
Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) blood
Of the brave Strafford, when three kingdoms rung
With his accumulative hackney-tongue;
Priſoners and witneſſes were waiting by,
Theſe had been taught to ſwear, and thoſe to die,
And to expect their arbitrary fates,
Some for ill faces, ſome for good eſtates.
To fright the people, and alarm the town,
Bedloe and Oates employ'd the reverend gown.
But while the triple mitre bore the blame,
The king's three crowns were their rebellious aim:
I ſeem'd (and did but ſeem) to fear the guards,
And took for mine the Bethels and the Wards:
Anti-monarchic Herctics of ſtate,
Immoral Atheiſts, rich and reprobate:
But above all I got a little guide,
Who every ford of villainy had try'd:
None knew ſo well the old pernicious way,
To ruin ſubjects, and make kings obey;
And my ſmall Jehu, at a furious rate,
Was driving Eighty back to Forty-eight.
This the king knew, and was reſolv'd to bear,
But I miſtook his patience for his fear.
All that this happy iſland could afford,
Was ſacrific'd to my voluptuous board.
In his whole paradiſe, one only tree
He had excepted by a ſtrict decree;

A ſacred

A sacred tree, which royal fruit did bear,
Yet it in pieces I conspir'd to tear:
Beware, my child! divinity is there.
This so undid all I had done before,
I could attempt, and he endure no more;
My unprepar'd, and unrepenting breath,
Was snatch'd away by the swift hand of death.
And I, with all my sins about me, hurl'd
To th' utter darkness of the lower world!
A dreadful place! which you too soon will see,
If you believe seducers more than me.

ON THE

DEATH OF A LADY'S DOG.

THOU, happy creature, art secure
From all the torments we endure,
Despair, ambition, jealousy,
Lost friends, nor love, disquiet thee,
A fuller prudence drew thee hence
From noise, fraud, and impertinence.
Though life enjoy'd the surest wise,
Gilding itself with Laura's smile,
How didst thou scorn life [illegible],
Thou who could it break from Laura's arms.
Poor Cynick! still methinks I hear
Thy awful murmurs in my ear,
As when on Laura's lap you lay,
Chiding the worthless crowd away.
How fondly human passions turn
What we then envy'd, how we mourn.

EPILOGUE

TO

ALEXANDER THE GREAT,

WHEN ACTED AT THE THEATRE IN DUBLIN.

YOU 've ſeen to-night the glory of the Eaſt,
The man, who all the then known world poſſeſt,
That kings in chains did ſon of Ammon call,
And kingdoms thought divine, by treaſon fall.
Him Fortune only favour'd for her ſport;
And when his conduct wanted her ſupport,
His empire, courage, and his boaſted line,
Were all prov'd mortal by a ſlave's deſign.
Great Charles, whoſe birth has promis'd milder ſway,
Whoſe awful nod all nations muſt obey,
Secur'd by higher powers, exalted ſtands
Above the reach of ſacrilegious hands;
Thoſe miracles that guard his crowns, declare
That heaven has form'd a monarch worth their care;
Born to advance the loyal, and depoſe
His own, his brother's, and his father's foes.
Faction, that once made diadems her prey,
And ſtopt our prince in his triumphant way,
Fled like a miſt before this radiant day.
So when, in heaven, the mighty rebels roſe,
Proud, and reſolv'd that empire to depoſe,

Angels

Angels fought firſt, but unſucceſsful prov'd,
God kept the conqueſt for his beſt belov'd:
At ſight of ſuch omnipotence they fly,
Like leaves before autumnal winds, and die.
All who before him did aſcend the throne,
Labour'd to draw three reſtive nations on.
He boldly drives them forward without pain,
They hear his voice, and ſtraight obey the rein.
Such terror ſpeaks him deſtin'd to command;
We worſhip Jove with thunder in his hand;
But when his mercy without power appears,
We ſlight his altars, and neglect our prayers.
How weak in arms did civil diſcord ſhew!
Like Saul, ſhe ſtruck with fury at her foe,
When an immortal hand did ward the blow.
Her offspring, made the royal hero's ſcorn,
Like ſons of earth, all fell as ſoon as born:
Yet let us boaſt, for ſure it is our pride,
When with their blood our neighbour lands were dy'd,
Ireland's untainted loyalty remain'd,
Her people guiltleſs, and her fields unſtain'd.

ON THE

DAY OF JUDGMENT.

I.

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in aſhes lay,
As David and the Sibyls ſay.

II. What

II.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the ſtrict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find!

III.

The laſt loud trumpet's wondrous ſound,
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

IV.

Nature and Death ſhall, with ſurprize,
Behold the pale offender riſe,
And view the Judge with conſcious eyes.

V.

Then ſhall, with univerſal dread,
The ſacred myſtic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

VI.

The Judge aſcends his awful throne,
He makes each ſecret ſin be known,
And all with ſhame confeſs their own.

VII.

O then! what intereſt ſhall I make,
To ſave my laſt important ſtake,
When the moſt juſt have cauſe to quake?

VIII.

Thou mighty, formidable king,
Thou mercy's unexhauſted ſpring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

IX.

Forget not what my ranſom coſt,
Nor let my dear-bought ſoul be loſt,
In ſtorms of guilty terror toſt.

X.

Thou who for me didſt feel ſuch pain,
Whoſe precious blood the croſs did ſtain,
Let not thoſe agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt (too great to pay)
Before the ſad accounting-day.

XII.

Surrounded with amazing fears,
Whoſe load my ſoul with anguiſh bears,
I ſigh, I weep: Accept my tears.

XIII.

Thou who wert mov'd with Mary's grief,
And, by abſolving of the thief,
Haſt given me hope, now give relief.

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy prayer,
Preſerve me from that dangerous ſnare
Which death and gaping hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted ſoul a place
Among thy choſen right-hand race;
The ſons of God, and heirs of grace.

XVI. From

Proſtrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend;
Do not forſake me in my end.

XVIII.

Well may they curſe their ſecond breath
Who riſe to a reviving death;
Thou great Creator of Mankind,
Let guilty man compaſſion find!

PROLOGU

TO

POMPEY, A TRAG

Tranſlated by Mrs. CATH. PHIL
From the French of Monſieur CORNE
And acted at the Theatre in Dubli

THE mighty rivals, whoſe deſtructive ra
Did the whole world in civil arms eng
Are now agreed; and make it both their ch

When he the Thames, the Danube, and the Nile,
Had ſtain'd with blood, Peace flouriſh'd in this iſle;
And you alone may boaſt, you never ſaw
Cæſar till now, and now can give him law.
Great Pompey too, comes as a ſuppliant here,
But ſays he cannot now begin to fear:
He knows your equal juſtice, and (to tell
A Roman truth) he knows himſelf too well.
Succeſs, 'tis true, waited on Cæſar's ſide,
But Pompey thinks he conquer'd when he died.
His fortune, when ſhe prov'd the moſt unkind,
Chang'd his condition, but not Cato's mind.
Then of what doubt can Pompey's cauſe admit,
Since here ſo many Cato's judging ſit.
But you, bright nymphs, give Cæſar leave to woo,
The greateſt wonder of the world, but you;
And hear a Muſe, who has that hero taught
To ſpeak as generouſly as e'er he fought;
Whoſe eloquence from ſuch a theme deters
All tongues but Engliſh, and all pens but hers.
By the juſt Fates your ſex is doubly bleſt,
You conquer'd Cæſar, and you praiſe him beſt.
And you (* illuſtrious Sir) receive as due,
A preſent deſtiny preſerv'd for you.
Rome, France, and England, join their forces here,
To make a poem worthy of your ear.
Accept it then, and on that Pompey's brow,
Who gave ſo many crowns, beſtow one now.

* To the Lord Lieutenant.

ROSS'S GHOST

SHAME of my life, diſturber of my tomb,
Baſe as thy mother's proſtituted womb;
Huffing to cowards, fawning to the brave,
To knaves a fool, to credulous fools a knave,
The king's betrayer, and the people's ſlave.
Like Samuel, at thy necromantic call,
I riſe, to tell thee, God has left thee, Saul.
I ſtrove in vain th' infected blood to cure;
Streams will run muddy where the ſpring 's impu
In all your meritorious life, we ſee
Old Taaf's invincible ſobriety.
Places of Maſter of the Horſe, and Spy,
You (like Tom Howard) did at once ſupply:
From Sidney's blood your loyalty did ſpring,
You ſhew us all your parents, but the king,
From whoſe too tender and too bounteous arms
(Unhappy he who ſuch a viper warms!
As dutiful a ſubject as a ſon!)
To your true parent, the whole town, you run.
Read, if you can, how th' old apoſtate fell,
Out-do his pride, and merit more than hell:
Both he and you were glorious and bright,
The firſt and faireſt of the ſons of light:
But when, like him, you offer'd at the crown,
Like him, your angry father kick'd you down.

T

THE SIXTH ODE OF THE THIRD BOOK OF HORACE.

Of the Corruption of the Times.

THOSE ills your anceſtors have done,
Romans, are now become your own;
And they will coſt you dear,
Unleſs you ſoon repair
The falling temples which the gods provoke,
And ſtatues ſully'd yet with ſacrilegious ſmoke.

Propitious heaven, that rais'd your fathers high,
For humble, grateful piety,
(As it rewarded their reſpect)
Hath ſharply puniſh'd your neglect;
All empires on the gods depend,
Begun by their command, at their command they end.

Let Craſſus' ghoſt and Labienus tell,
How twice by Jove's revenge our legions fell,
And, with unſulting pride,
Shining in Roman ſpoils, the Parthian victors ride.

The Scythian and Ægyptian ſcum
Had almoſt ruin'd Rome,
While our ſeditions took their part,
Fill'd each Ægyptian ſail, and wing'd each Scythian dart.

First,

Firſt, thoſe ſlagitious times
(Pregnant with unknown crimes)
Conſpire to violate the nuptial bed,
From which polluted head
Infectious ſtreams of crowding ſins began,
And through the ſpurious breed and guilty nation ra

Behold a ripe and melting maid,
Bound prentice to the wanton trade;
Ionian artiſts, at a mighty price,
Inſtruct her in the myſteries of vice;
What nets to ſpread, where ſubtle baits to lay,
And with an early hand they form the temper'd cla

Marry'd, their leſſons ſhe improves
By practice of adulterous loves,
And ſcorns the common mean deſign
To take advantage of her huſband's wine,
Or ſnatch, in ſome dark place,
A haſty illegitimate embrace.

No! the brib'd huſband knows of all,
And bids her riſe when lovers call;
Hither a merchant from the ſtraits,
Grown wealthy by forbidden freights,
Or city cannibal, repairs,
Who feeds upon the fleſh of heirs;
Convenient brutes, whoſe tributary flame
Pays the full price of luſt, and gilds the ſlighted ſha

T

'Twas not the ſpawn of ſuch as theſe,
That dy'd with Punick blood the conquer'd ſeas,
And quaſh'd the ſtern Æacides;
Made the proud Aſian monarch feel
How weak his gold was againſt Europe's ſteel,
Forc'd even dire Hannibal to yield;
And won the long-diſputed world at Zama's fatal field.

But ſoldiers of a ruſtic mould,
Rough, hardy, ſeaſon'd, manly, bold.
Either they dug the ſtubborn ground,
Or through hewn woods their weighty ſtrokes did ſound.
And after the declining ſun
Had chang'd the ſhadows, and their taſk was done,
Home with their weary team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labour of the day.

Time ſenſibly all things impairs;
Our fathers have been worſe than theirs;
And we than ours; next age will ſee
A race more profligate than we
(With all the pains we take) have ſkill enough to be.

Tranſlation of the follwing Verſe from LUCAN.

Victrix Cauſa Diis placuit, ſed Victa Catoni.

THE gods were pleas'd to chuſe the conquering ſide,
But Cato thought he conquer'd when he dy'd.

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY*.

" Scribendi rectè, ſapere eſt & principium & fons."

I HAVE ſeldom known a trick ſucceed, and will put none upon the reader; but tell him plainly that I think it could never be more ſeaſonable than now to lay down ſuch rules, as, if they be obſerved, will make men write more correctly, and judge more diſcreetly: but Horace muſt be read ſeriouſly or not at all, for elſe the reader won't be the better for him, and I ſhall have loſt my labour. I have kept as cloſe as I could, both to the meaning and the words of the author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive if he were alive; and I have often aſked myſelf that queſtion. I know this is a field,

" Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit Alumnus."

But with all the reſpect due to the name of Ben Jonſon, to which no man pays more veneration than I; it cannot be denied, that the conſtraint of rhyme, and a literal tranſlation (to which Horace in this book declares himſelf an enemy), has made him want a comment in many places.

* Printed from Dr. Rawlinſon's copy, corrected by the Earl of Roſcommon's own hand.

My chief care has been to write intelligibly; and where the Latin was obſcure, I have added a line or two to explain it.

I am below the envy of the critics; but, if I durſt, I would beg them to remember, that Horace owed his favour and his fortune to the character given of him by Virgil and Varius, that Fundanius and Pollio are ſtill valued by what Horace ſays of them, and that, in their golden age, there was a good underſtanding among the ingenious, and thoſe who were the moſt eſteemed were the beſt natured.

IF in a picture (Piſo) you ſhould ſee
A handſome woman with a fiſhes tail,
Or a man's head upon a horſe's neck,
Or limbs of beaſts of the moſt different kinds,
Cover'd with feathers of all ſorts of birds,
Would you not laugh, and think the painter mad!
Truſt me, that book is as ridiculous,
Whoſe incoherent ſtyle (like ſick men's dreams)
Varies all ſhapes, and mixes all extremes.
Painters and Poets have been ſtill allow'd
Their pencils, and their fancies unconfin'd.
This privilege we freely give and take;
But Nature, and the common laws of ſenſe,
Forbid to reconcile Antipathies,
Or make a ſnake engender with a dove,
And hungry tigers court the tender lambs.
Some, that at firſt have promis'd mighty things,
Applaud themſelves, when a few florid lines

Shine through th' inſipid dulneſs of the reſt;
Here they deſcribe a temple, or a wood,
Or ſtreams that through delightful meadows run,
And there the rainbow, or the rapid Rhine;
But they miſplace them all, and crowd them in,
And are as much to ſeek in other things,
As he that only can deſign a tree,
Would be to draw a ſhipwreck or a ſtorm.
When you begin with ſo much pomp and ſhow,
Why is the end ſo little and ſo low?
Be what you will, ſo you be ſtill the ſame.
Moſt poets fall into the groſſeſt faults,
Deluded by a ſeeming excellence:
By ſtriving to be ſhort, they grow obſcure,
And when they would write ſmoothly, they want ſtreng
Their ſprits ſink; while others, that affect
A lofty ſtyle, ſwell to a tympany;
Some timorous wretches ſtart at every blaſt,
And, fearing tempeſts, dare not leave the ſhore;
Others, in love with wild variety,
Draw boars in waves, and dolphins in a wood;
Thus fear of erring, join'd with want of ſkill,
Is a moſt certain way of erring ſtill.
The meaneſt workman in th' Æmilian ſquare,
May grave the nails, or imitate the hair,
But cannot finiſh what he hath begun;
What can be more ridiculous than he?
For one or two good features in a face,
Where all the reſt are ſcandalouſly ill,
Make it but more remarkably deform'd.

Let poets match their ſubject to their ſtrength,
And often try what weight they can ſupport,
And what their ſhoulders are too weak to bear.
After a ſerious and judicious choice,
Method and eloquence will never fail.
As well the force as ornament of verſe
Conſiſt in chooſing a fit time for things,
And knowing when a Muſe may be indulg'd
In her full flight, and when ſhe ſhould be curb'd.
Words muſt be choſen, and be plac'd with ſkill:
You gain your point, when by the noble art
Of good connexion, an unuſual word
Is made at firſt familiar to our ear.
But if you write of things abſtruſe or new,
Some of your own inventing may be us'd,
So it be ſeldom and diſcreetly done:
But he that hopes to have new words allow'd,
Muſt ſo derive them from the Grecian ſpring,
As they may ſeem to flow without conſtraint.
Can an impartial reader diſcommend
In Varius, or in Virgil, what he likes
In Plautus or Cæcilius? Why ſhould I
Be envy'd for the little I invent,
When Ennius and Cato's copious ſtyle
Have ſo enrich'd, and ſo adorn'd our tongue?
Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
To coin new words well ſuited to the age.
Words are like leaves, ſome wither every year,
And every year a younger race ſucceeds.
Death is a tribute all things owe to fate;

The Lucrine mole (Cæſar's ſtupendous work)
Protects our navies from the raging north;
And (ſince Cethegus drain'd the Pontine lake)
We plow and reap where former ages row'd.
See how the Tiber (whoſe licentious waves
So often overflow'd the neighbouring fields)
Now runs a ſmooth and inoffenſive courſe,
Confin'd by our great Emperor's command:
Yet this, and they, and all, will be forgot;
Why then ſhould words challenge eternity,
When greateſt men and greateſt actions die?
Uſe may revive the obſoleteſt words,
And baniſh thoſe that now are moſt in vogue;
Uſe is the judge, the law, and rule of ſpeech.
Homer firſt taught the world in epick verſe
To write of great commanders, and of kings.
Elegies were at firſt deſign'd for grief,
Though now we uſe them to expreſs our joy:
But to whoſe Muſe we owe that ſort of verſe,
Is undecided by the men of ſkill.
Rage with Iambicks arm'd Archilochus,
Numbers for dialogue and action fit,
And favourites of the Dramatic Muſe.
Fierce, lofty, rapid, whoſe commanding ſound
Awes the tumultuous noiſes of the pit,
And whoſe peculiar province is the ſtage.
Gods, heroes, conquerors, Olympic crowns,
Love's pleaſing cares, and the free joys of wine,
Are proper ſubjects for the Lyric ſong.
Why is he honour'd with a poet's name,

Who neither knows nor would obſerve a rule;
And chooſes to be ignorant and proud,
Rather than own his ignorance, and learn?
Let every thing have its due place and time.
A comic ſubject loves an humble verſe,
Thyeſtes ſcorns a low and comic ſtyle.
Yet comedy ſometimes may raiſe her voice,
And Chremes be allow'd to foam and rail:
Tragedians too lay by their ſtate too grieve;
Peleus and Telephus exil'd and poor,
Forget their ſwelling and gigantic words.
He that would have ſpectators ſhare his grief,
Muſt write not only well, but movingly,
And raiſe men's paſſions to what height he will.
We weep and laugh, as we ſee others do:
He only makes me ſad who ſhews the way,
And firſt is ſad himſelf; then, Telephus,
I feel the weight of your calamities,
And fancy all your miſeries my own:
But, if you act them ill, I ſleep or laugh;
Your looks muſt alter, as your ſubject does,
From kind to fierce, from wanton to ſevere:
For nature forms, and ſoftens us within,
And writes our fortune's changes in our face.
Pleaſure inchants, impetuous rage tranſports,
And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd ſoul,
And theſe are all interpreted by ſpeech;
But he whoſe words and fortunes diſagree,
Abſurd, unpity'd, grows a public jeſt.
Obſerve the characters of thoſe that ſpeak,

Whether an honeſt ſervant, or a cheat,
Or one whoſe blood boils in his youthful veins,
Or a grave matron, or a buſy nurſe,
Extorting merchants, careful huſbandmen,
Argives or Thebans, Aſians or Greeks.
Follow report, or feign coherent things;
Deſcribe Achilles, as Achilles was,
Impatient, raſh, inexorable, proud,
Scorning all judges, and all law but arms;
Medea muſt be all revenge and blood,
Ino all tears, Ixion all deceit,
Io muſt wander, and Oreſtes mourn.
If your bold Muſe dare tread unbeaten paths,
And bring new characters upon the ſtage,
Be ſure you keep them up to their firſt height.
New ſubjects are not eaſily explain'd,
And you had better chooſe a well-known theme,
Than truſt to an invention of your own:
For what originally others writ,
May be ſo well diſguis'd, and ſo improv'd,
That with ſome juſtice it may paſs for yours;
But then you muſt not copy trivial things,
Nor word for word too faithfully tranſlate,
Nor (as ſome ſervile imitators do)
Preſcribe at firſt ſuch ſtrict uneaſy rules,
As you muſt ever ſlaviſhly obſerve,
Or all the laws of decency renounce.
Begin not as th' old poetaſter did,
"Troy's famous war, and Priam's fate, I ſing."

In

In what will all this oſtentation end?
The labouring mountain ſcarce brings forth a mouſe:
How far is this from the Mæonian ſtile?
"Muſe, ſpeak the man, who, ſince the ſiege of Troy,
"So many towns, ſuch change of manners ſaw."
One with a flaſh begins, and ends in ſmoke,
The other out of ſmoke brings glorious light,
And (without raiſing expectation high)
Surprizes us with daring miracles,
The bloody Leſtrygons, Charybdis' gulph,
And frighted Greeks, who near the Ætna ſhore,
Hear Scylla bark, and Polyphemus roar.
He doth not trouble us with Leda's eggs,
When he begins to write the Trojan war;
Nor, writing the return of Diomed,
Go back as far as Meleager's death:
Nothing is idle, each judicious line
Inſenſibly acquaints us with the plot;
He chooſes only what he can improve,
And truth and fiction are ſo aptly mix'd
That all ſeems uniform, and of a piece.
Now hear what every auditor expects;
If you intend that he ſhould ſtay to hear
The epilogue, and ſee the curtain fall;
Mind how our tempers alter in our years,
And by that rule form all your characters.
One that hath newly learn'd to ſpeak and go,
Loves childiſh plays, is ſoon provok'd and pleas'd,
And changes every hour his wavering mind.
A youth that firſt caſts off his tutor's yoke,

Loves

Loves horſes, hounds, and ſports, and exerciſe,
Prone to all vice, impatient of reproof,
Proud, careleſs, fond, inconſtant, and profuſe.
Gain and ambition rule our riper years,
And make us ſlaves to intereſt and power.
Old men are only walking hoſpitals,
Where all defects and all diſeaſes croud
With reſtleſs pain, and more tormenting fear,
Lazy, moroſe, full of delays and hopes,
Oppreſs'd with riches which they dare not uſe;
Ill-natur'd cenſors of the preſent age,
And fond of all the follies of the paſt.
Thus all the treaſure of our flowing years,
Our ebb of life for ever takes away.
Boys muſt not have th' ambitious care of men,
Nor men the weak anxieties of age.

Some things are acted, others only told;
But what we hear moves leſs than what we ſee;
Spectators only have their eyes to truſt,
But auditors muſt truſt their ears and you;
Yet there are things improper for a ſcene,
Which men of judgment only will relate.
Medea muſt not draw her murdering knife,
And ſpill her childrens blood upon the ſtage,
Nor Atreus there his horrid feaſt prepare.
Cadmus and Progné's metamorphoſis,
(She to a ſwallow turn'd, he to a ſnake)
And whatſoever contradicts my ſenſe,
I hate to ſee, and never can believe.

Five acts are the juſt meaſure of a play.
Never preſume to make a God appear,
But for a buſineſs worthy of a God;
And in one ſcene no more than three ſhould ſpeak.
A chorus ſhould ſupply what action wants,
And hath a generous and manly part;
Bridles wild rage, loves rigid honeſty,
And ſtrict obſervance of impartial laws,
Sobriety, ſecurity, and peace,
And begs the Gods who guide blind fortune's wheel,
To raiſe the wretched, and pull down the proud.
But nothing muſt be ſung between the acts,
But what ſome way conduces to the plot.
Firſt the ſhrill ſound of a ſmall rural pipe
(Not loud like trumpets, nor adorn'd as now)
Was entertainment for the infant ſtage,
And pleas'd the thin and baſhful audience
Of our well-meaning, frugal anceſtors.
But when our walls and limits were enlarg'd,
And men (grown wanton by proſperity)
Study'd new arts of luxury and eaſe,
The verſe, the muſic, and the ſcene, 's improv'd;
For how ſhould ignorance be judge of wit,
Or men of ſenſe applaud the jeſts of fools?
Then came rich cloaths and graceful action in,
Then inſtruments were taught more moving notes,
And eloquence with all her pomp and charms
Foretold us uſeful and ſententious truths,
As thoſe deliver'd by the Delphic God.
The firſt tragedians found that ſerious ſtyle
Too grave for their uncultivated age,

And ſo brought wild and naked ſatyrs in,
Whoſe motion, words, and ſhape, were all a farce,
(As oft as decency would give them leave)
Becauſe the mad ungovernable rout,
Full of confuſion, and the fumes of wine,
Lov'd ſuch variety and antic tricks.
But then they did not wrong themſelves ſo much
To make a god, a hero, or a king,
(Stript of his golden crown and purple robe)
Deſcend to a mechanic dialect,
Nor (to avoid ſuch meanneſs) ſoaring high
With empty ſound and airy notions fly;
For tragedy ſhould bluſh as much to ſtoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would to dance with girls:
You muſt not think that a ſatiric ſtyle
Allows of ſcandalous and brutiſh words,
Or the confounding of your characters.
Begin with Truth, then give Invention ſcope,
And if your ſtyle be natural and ſmooth,
All men will try, and hope to write as well;
And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.
So much good method and connexion may
Improve the common and the plaineſt things.
A ſatyr that comes ſtaring from the woods,
Muſt not at firſt ſpeak like an orator:
But, though his language ſhould not be refin'd,
It muſt not be obſcene and impudent;
The better ſort abhors ſcurrility,
And often cenſures what the rabble likes.

Unpoliſh'd

Unpoliſh'd verſes paſs with many men,
And Rome is too indulgent in that point;
But then to write at a looſe rambling rate,
In hope the world will wink at all our faults,
Is ſuch a raſh ill-grounded confidence,
As men may pardon, but will never praiſe.
Be perfect in the Greek originals,
Read them by day, and think of them by night.
But Plautus was admir'd in former time
With too much patience (not to call it worſe):
His harſh, unequal verſe was muſic then,
And rudeneſs had the privilege of wit.

When Theſpis firſt expos'd the Tragic Muſe,
Rude were the actors, and a cart the ſcene,
Where ghaſtly faces ſtain'd with lees of wine
Frighted the children, and amus'd the croud;
This Æſchylus (with indignation) ſaw,
And built a ſtage, found out a decent dreſs,
Brought vizards in (a civiler diſguiſe),
And taught men how to ſpeak and how to act.
Next Comedy appear'd with great applauſe,
Till her licentious and abuſive tongue
Waken'd the magiſtrates coercive power,
And forc'd it to ſuppreſs her inſolence.

Our writers have attempted every way;
And they deſerve our praiſe, whoſe daring Muſe
Diſdain'd to be beholden to the Greeks,
And found fit ſubjects for her verſe at home.
Nor ſhould we be leſs famous for our wit,
Than for the force of our victorious arms;

But that the time and care that are requir'd
To overlook, and file, and poliſh well,
Fright poets from that neceſſary toil.
Democritus was ſo in love with wit,
And ſome men's natural impulſe to write,
That he deſpis'd the help of art and rules,
And thought none poets till their brains were crack'd
And this hath ſo intoxicated ſome,
That (to appear incorrigibly mad)
They cleanlineſs and company renounce
For lunacy beyond the cure of art,
With a long beard, and ten long dirty nails,
Paſs current for Apollo's livery.
O my unhappy ſtars! if in the Spring
Some phyſic had not cur'd me of the ſpleen,
None would have writ with more ſucceſs than I;
But I muſt reſt contented as I am,
And only ſerve to whet that wit in you,
To which I willingly reſign my claim.
Yet without writing I may teach to write,
Tell what the duty of a poet is;
Wherein his wealth and ornaments conſiſt,
And how he may be form'd, and how improv'd,
What fit, what not, what excellent or ill.
Sound judgment is the ground of writing well;
And when Philoſophy directs your choice
To proper ſubjects rightly underſtood,
Words from your pen will naturally flow;
He only gives the proper characters,
Who knows the duty of all ranks of men,

And what we owe our country, parents, friends,
How judges and how ſenators ſhould act,
And what becomes a general to do;
Thoſe are the likeſt copies, which are drawn
By the original of human life.
Sometimes in rough and undigeſted plays
We meet with ſuch a lucky character,
As, being humour'd right, and well purſued,
Succeeds much better than the ſhallow verſe
And chiming trifles of more ſtudious pens.
Greece had a genius, Greece had eloquence,
For her ambition and her end was fame.
Our Roman youth is diligently taught
The deep myſterious art of growing rich,
And the firſt words that children learn to ſpeak
Are of the value of the names of coin;
Can a penurious wretch, that with his milk
Hath ſuck'd the baſeſt dregs of uſury,
Pretend to generous and heroic thoughts?
Can ruſt and avarice write laſting lines?
But you, brave youth, wiſe Numa's worthy heir,
Remember of what weight your judgment is,
And never venture to commend a book,
That has not paſs'd all judges and all teſts.
A poet ſhould inſtruct, or pleaſe, or both:
Let all your precepts be ſuccinct and clear,
That ready wits may comprehend them ſoon,
And faithful memories retain them long;
All ſuperfluities are ſoon forgot.
Never be ſo conceited of your parts,

To

To think you may perſuade us what you pleaſe,
Or venture to bring in a child alive,
That Canibals have murder'd and devour'd.
Old age explodes all but morality;
Auſterity offends aſpiring youths;
But he that joins inſtruction with delight,
Profit with pleaſure, carries all the votes:
Theſe are the volumes that enrich the ſhops,
Theſe paſs with admiration through the world,
And bring their author to eternal fame.
Be not too rigidly cenſorious,
A ſtring may jar in the beſt maſter's hand,
And the moſt ſkilful archer miſs his aim;
But in a poem elegantly writ,
I would not quarrel with a ſlight miſtake,
Such as our nature's frailty may excuſe;
But he that hath been often told his fault,
And ſtill perſiſts, is as impertinent
As a muſician that will always play,
And yet is always out at the ſame note:
When ſuch a poſitive abandon'd fop
(Among his numerous abſurdities)
Stumbles upon ſome tolerable line,
I fret to ſee them in ſuch company,
And wonder by what magic they came there.
But in long works ſleep will ſometimes ſurpriſe;
Homer himſelf hath been obſerv'd to nod.
Poems, like pictures, are of different ſorts,
Some better at a diſtance, others near,
Some love the dark, ſome chooſe the cleareſt light,

And boldly challenge the moſt piercing eye,
Some pleaſe for once, ſome will for ever pleaſe.
But, Piſo, (though your knowledge of the world,
Join'd with your father's precepts, make you wiſe)
Remember this as an important truth:
Some things admit of mediocrity,
A counſellor, or pleader at the bar,
May want Meſſala's powerful eloquence,
Or be leſs read than deep Caſcellius;
Yet this indifferent lawyer is eſteem'd;
But no authority of gods nor men
Allow of any mean in poeſy.
As an ill concert, and a coarſe perfume,
Diſgrace the delicacy of a feaſt,
And might with more diſcretion have been ſpar'd;
So poeſy, whoſe end is to delight,
Admits of no degrees, but muſt be ſtill
Sublimely good, or deſpicably ill.
In other things men have ſome reaſon left,
And one that cannot dance, or fence, or run,
Deſpairing of ſucceſs, forbears to try;
But all (without conſideration) write;
Some thinking that th' omnipotence of wealth
Can turn them into poets when they pleaſe.
But, Piſo, you are of too quick a ſight
Not to diſcern which way your talent lies,
Or vainly with your genius to contend;
Yet if it ever be your fate to write,
Let your productions paſs the ſtricteſt hands,
Mine and your father's, and not ſee the light

Till time and care have ripen'd every line.
What you keep by you, you may change and mend
But words once ſpoke can never be recall'd.

Orpheus, inſpir'd by more than human power,
Did not, as poets feign, tame ſavage beaſts,
But men as lawleſs and as wild as they,
And firſt diſſuaded them from rage and blood;
Thus, when Amphion built the Theban wall,
They feign'd the ſtones obey'd his magic lute;
Poets, the firſt inſtructors of mankind,
Brought all things to their proper, native uſe;
Some they appropriated to the gods,
And ſome to public, ſome to private ends:
Promiſcuous love by marriage was reſtrain'd,
Cities were built, and uſeful laws were made;
So great was the divinity of verſe,
And ſuch obſervance to a poet paid.
Then Homer's and Tyrtæus' martial Muſe
Waken'd the world, and ſounded loud alarms,
To verſe we owe the ſacred oracles,
And our beſt precepts of morality;
Some have by verſe obtain'd the love of kings,
(Who, with the Muſes, eaſe their weary'd minds)
Then bluſh not, noble Piſo, to protect
What gods inſpire, and kings delight to hear.
Some think that poets may be form'd by art,
Others maintain that Nature makes them ſo;
I neither ſee what art without a vein,
Nor wit without the help of art can do,
But mutually they crave each other's aid.

He that intends to gain th' Olympic prize
Muſt uſe himſelf to hunger, heat, and cold,
Take leave of wine, and the ſoft joys of love;
And no muſician dares pretend to ſkill,
Without a great expence of time and pains;
But every little buſy ſcribbler now
Swells with the praiſes which he gives himſelf;
And, taking ſanctuary in the crowd,
Brags of his impudence, and ſcorns to mend.
A wealthy poet takes more pains to hire
A flattering audience, than poor tradeſmen do
To perſuade cuſtomers to buy their goods.
'Tis hard to find a man of great eſtate,
That can diſtinguiſh flatterers from friends.
Never delude yourſelf, nor read your book
Before a brib'd and fawning auditor,
For he 'll commend and feign an extaſy,
Grow pale or weep, do any thing to pleaſe:
True friends appear leſs mov'd than counterfeit;
As men that truly grieve at funerals,
Are not ſo loud as thoſe that cry for hire.
Wiſe were the kings, who never choſe a friend,
Till with full cups they had unmaſk'd his ſoul,
And ſeen the bottom of his deepeſt thoughts;
You cannot arm yourſelf with too much care
Againſt the ſmiles of a deſigning knave.
Quintilius (if his advice were aſk'd)
Would freely tell you what you ſhould correct,
Or, if you could not, bid you blot it out,
And with more care ſupply the vacancy;

But if he found you fond and obſtinate
(And apter to defend than mend your faults),
With ſilence leave you to admire yourſelf,
And without rival hug your darling book.
The prudent care of an impartial friend
Will give you notice of each idle line,
Shew what ſounds harſh, and what wants ornament,
Or where it is too laviſhly beſtow'd;
Make you explain all that he finds obſcure,
And with a ſtrict enquiry mark your faults;
Nor for theſe trifles fear to loſe your love:
Thoſe things which now ſeem frivolous and ſlight,
Will be of a moſt ſerious conſequence,
When they have made you once ridiculous.
A poetaſter, in his raging fit,
(Follow'd and pointed at by fools and boys)
Is dreaded and proſcrib'd by men of ſenſe;
They make a lane for the polluted thing,
And fly as from th' infection of the plague,
Or from a man whom, for a juſt revenge,
Fanatic phrenzy ſent by heaven purſues.
If (in the raving of a frantic Muſe)
And minding more his verſes than his way,
Any of theſe ſhould drop into a well,
Though he might burſt his lungs to call for help,
No creature would aſſiſt or pity him,
But ſeem to think he fell on purpoſe in.
Hear how an old Sicilian poet dy'd;
Empedocles, mad to be thought a god,
In a cold fit leap'd into Ætna's flames.

Give poets leave to make themſelves away,
Why ſhould it be a greater ſin to kill,
Than to keep men alive againſt their will?
Nor was this chance, but a deliberate choice;
For if Empedocles were now reviv'd,
He would be at his frolic once again,
And his pretenſions to divinity:
'Tis hard to ſay whether for ſacrilege,
Or inceſt, or ſome more unheard-of crime,
The rhyming fiend is ſent into theſe men;
But they are all moſt viſibly poſſeſt,
And, like a baited bear when he breaks looſe,
Without diſtinction ſeize on all they meet;
None ever ſcap'd that came within their reach,
Sticking like leeches, till they burſt with blood,
Without remorſe inſatiably they read,
And never leave till they have read men dead.

*** Lord ROSCOMMON's verſes on the "Religio "Laici" are printed in the firſt volume of DRYDEN's Poems.

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POEMS

BY THE

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

POEMS

BY THE

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

A DIALOGUE.

STREPHON.

PR'YTHEE now, fond fool, give o'er;
Since my heart is gone before,
To what purpoſe ſhould I ſtay?
Love commands another way.

DAPHNE.

Perjur'd ſwain, I knew the time
When diſſembling was your crime,
In pity now employ that art,
Which firſt betray'd, to eaſe my heart.

STREPHON.

Women can with pleaſure feign:
Men diſſemble ſtill with pain.

What

What advantage will it prove,
If I lye, who cannot love?

DAPHNE.

Tell me then the reaſon, why
Love from hearts in love does fly?
Why the bird will build a neſt,
Where ſhe ne'er intends to reſt?

STREPHON.

Love, like other little boys,
Cries for hearts, as they for toys:
Which when gain'd, in childiſh play,
Wantonly are thrown away.

DAPHNE.

Still on wing, or on his knees,
Love does nothing by degrees;
Baſely flying when moſt priz'd,
Meanly fawning when deſpis'd.
Flattering or inſulting ever,
Generous and grateful never:
All his joys are fleeting dreams,
All his woes ſevere extremes.

STREPHON.

Nymph, unjuſtly you inveigh;
Love, like us, muſt Fate obey.
Since 'tis Nature's law to change,
Conſtancy alone is ſtrange.
See the heavens in lightnings break,
Next in ſtorms of thunder ſpeak;
Till a kind rain from above
Makes a calm—ſo 'tis in love.

Flames begin our firſt addreſs,
Like meeting thunder we embrace:
Then, you know, the ſhowers that fall
Quench the fire, and quiet all.

DAPHNE.

How ſhould I the ſhowers forget?
'Twas ſo pleaſant to be wet!
They kill'd love, I knew it well.
I dy'd all the while they fell.
Say at leaſt what nymph it is,
Robs my breaſt of ſo much bliſs?
If ſhe 's fair, I ſhall be eas'd,
Through my ruin you 'll be pleas'd.

STREPHON.

Daphne never was ſo fair,
Strephon, ſcarcely, ſo ſincere.
Gentle, innocent, and free,
Ever pleas'd with only me.
Many charms my heart enthral,
But there 's one above them all:
With averſion, ſhe does fly
Tedious, trading, conſtancy.

DAPHNE.

Cruel ſhepherd! I ſubmit,
Do what love and you think fit:
Change is fate, and not deſign.
Say you would have ſtill been mine.

STREPHON.

Nymph, I cannot: 'tis too true,
Change has greater charms than you.

Be,

Be, by my example, wife;
Faith to pleafure facrifice.

DAPHNE.

Silly fwain, I'll have you know,
'Twas my practice long ago:
Whilft you vainly thought me true,
I was falfe, in fcorn of you.
By my tears, my heart's difguife,
I thy love and thee defpife.
Womankind more joy difcovers
Making fools, than keeping lovers.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

ALEXIS AND STREPHON.

Written at the Bath in the Year 1674.

ALEXIS.

THERE fighs not on the plain
So loft a fwain as I;
Scorch'd up with love, froze with difdain,
Of killing fweetnefs I complain.

STREPHON.

If 'tis Corinna, die.
Since firft my dazzled eyes were thrown
On that bewitching face,
Like ruin'd birds robb'd of their young,
Lamenting,

Lamenting, frighted, and undone,
I fly from place to place.
Fram'd by ſome cruel powers above,
So nice ſhe is, and fair;
None from undoing can remove
Since all, who are not blind, muſt love;
Who are not vain, deſpair.

ALEXIS.

The gods no ſooner give a grace,
But, fond of their own art,
Severely jealous, ever place,
To guard the glories of a face,
A dragon in the heart.
Proud and ill-natur'd powers they are,
Who, peeviſh to mankind,
For their own honour's ſake, with care
Make a ſweet form divinely fair:
Then add a cruel mind.

STREPHON.

Since ſhe 's inſenſible of love,
By honour taught to hate;
If we, forc'd by decrees above,
Muſt ſenſible to beauty prove,
How tyrannous is Fate!
I to the nymph have never nam'd
The cauſe of all my pain.

ALEXIS.

Such baſhfulneſs may well be blam'd;
For, ſince to ſerve we 're not aſham'd,
Why ſhould ſhe bluſh to reign?

STREPHON.

STREPHON.

But, if her haughty heart deſpiſe
  My humble proffer'd one,
The juſt compaſſion ſhe denies,
I may obtain from others' eyes;
  Hers are not fair alone.
Devouring flames require new food;
  My heart 's conſum'd almoſt:
New fires muſt kindle in her blood,
Or mine go out, and that 's as good.

ALEXIS.

  Would'ſt live when love is loſt?
Be dead before thy paſſion dies;
  For if thou ſhould'ſt ſurvive,
What anguiſh would thy heart ſurprize,
To ſee her flames begin to riſe,
  And thine no more alive?

STREPHON.

Rather what pleaſure ſhould I meet
  In my triumphant ſcorn,
To ſee my tyrant at my feet;
While, taught by her, unmov'd I ſit
  A tyrant in my turn.

ALEXIS.

Ungentle ſhepherd! ceaſe, for ſhame,
  Which way can you pretend
To merit ſo divine a flame,
Who to dull life make a mean claim,
  When love is at an end?

As trees are by their bark embrac'd,
Love to my ſoul doth cling;
When torn by the herd's greedy taſte,
The injur'd plants feel they're defac'd,
They wither in the ſpring.
My rifled love would ſoon retire,
Diſſolving into air,
Should I that nymph ceaſe to admire,
Bleſs'd in whoſe arms I will expire,
Or at her feet deſpair.

THE ADVICE.

ALL things ſubmit themſelves to your command,
Fair Cælia, when it does not love withſtand:
The power it borrows from your eyes alone;
All but the god muſt yield to, who has none.
Were he not blind, ſuch are the charms you have,
He 'd quit his godhead to become your ſlave:
Be proud to act a mortal hero's part,
And throw himſelf for fame on his own dart.
But fate has otherwiſe diſpos'd of things,
In different bands ſubjected ſlaves and kings:
Fetter'd in forms of royal ſtate are they,
While we enjoy the freedom to obey.
That fate, like you, reſiſtleſs does ordain
To Love, that over Beauty he ſhall reign.
By harmony the univerſe does move,
And what is harmony but mutual love?

Who

Who would reſiſt an empire ſo divine,
Which univerſal nature does enjoin?
See gentle brooks, how quietly they glide,
Kiſſing the rugged banks on either ſide;
While in their cryſtal ſtreams at once they ſhow,
And with them feed the flowers which they beſtow
Though rudely throng'd by a too near embrace,
In gentle murmurs they keep on their pace
To the lov'd ſea; for ſtreams have their deſires;
Cool as they are, they feel love's powerful fires,
And with ſuch paſſion, that if any force
Stop or moleſt them in their amorous courſe,
They ſwell, break down with rage, and ravage o'er
The banks they kiſs'd, and flowers they fed before.
Submit then, Cælia, ere you be reduc'd,
For rebels, vanquiſh'd once, are vilely us'd.
Beauty 's no more but the dead ſoil, which Love
Manures, and does by wiſe commerce improve:
Sailing by ſighs, through ſeas of tears, he ſends
Courtſhips from foreign hearts, for your own ends:
Cheriſh the trade, for as with Indians we
Get gold and jewels, for our trumpery,
So to each other, for their uſeleſs toys,
Lovers afford whole magazines of joys.
But, if you 're fond of baubles, be, and ſtarve,
Your gewgaw reputation ſtill preſerve:
Live upon modeſty and empty fame,
Foregoing ſenſe for a fantaſtic name.

THE

THE DISCOVERY.

CÆLIA, that faithful ſervant you diſown,
Would in obedience keep his love his own:
But bright ideas, ſuch as you inſpire,
We can no more conceal than not admire.
My heart at home in my own breaſt did dwell,
Like humble hermit in a peaceful cell:
Unknown and undiſturb'd it reſted there,
Stranger alike to Hope and to Deſpair.
Now Love with a tumultuous train invades
The ſacred quiet of thoſe hallow'd ſhades;
His fatal flames ſhine out to every eye,
Like blazing comets in a winter ſky.
How can my paſſion merit your offence,
That challenges ſo little recompence?
For I am one born only to admire,
Too humble e'er to hope, ſcarce to deſire.
A thing, whoſe bliſs depends upon your will,
Who would be proud you'd deign to uſe him ill.
Then give me leave to glory in my chain,
My fruitleſs ſighs, and my unpity'd pain.
Let me but ever love, and ever be
Th' example of your power and cruelty.
Since ſo much ſcorn does in your breaſt reſide,
Be more indulgent to its mother Pride.
Kill all you ſtrike, and trample on their graves;
But own the fates of your neglected ſlaves:

When in the crowd yours undiſtinguiſh'd lies,
You give away the triumph of your eyes.
Perhaps (obtaining this) you 'll think I find
More mercy, than your anger has deſign'd:
But Love has carefully deſign'd for me,
The laſt perfection of miſery.
For to my ſtate the hopes of common peace,
Which every wretch enjoys in death, muſt ceaſe,
My worſt of fates attend me in my grave,
Since, dying, I muſt be no more your ſlave.

WOMAN'S HONOUR.

A SONG.

I.

LOVE bid me hope, and I obey'd;
Phillis continued ſtill unkind:
Then you may e'en deſpair, he ſaid,
In vain I ſtrive to change her mind.

II.

Honour's got in, and keeps her heart,
Durſt he but venture once abroad,
In my own right I 'd take your part,
And ſhew myſelf a mightier god.

III.

This huffing Honour domineers
In breaſts, where he alone has place:
But if true generous Love appears,
The hector dares not ſhew his face.

IV. Let

IV.

Let me ſtill languiſh and complain,
Be moſt inhumanly deny'd:
I have ſome pleaſure in my pain,
She can have none with all her pride.

V.

I fall a ſacrifice to Love,
She lives a wretch for Honour's ſake.
Whoſe tyrant does moſt cruel prove,
The difference is not hard to make.

VI.

Conſider Real Honour then,
You'll find hers cannot be the ſame;
'Tis noble confidence in men,
In women mean miſtruſtful ſhame.

GRECIAN KINDNESS.

A SONG.

I.

THE utmoſt grace the Greeks could ſhew,
When to the Trojans they grew kind,
Was with their arms to let them go,
And leave their lingering wives behind.
They beat the men, and burnt the town;
Then all the baggage was their own.

II.

There the kind deity of wine
Kiſs'd the ſoft wanton god of love;

This clapp'd his wings, that preſs'd his vine;
And their beſt powers united move.
While each brave Greek embrac'd his punk,
Lull'd her aſleep, and then grew drunk.

THE MISTRESS.

A SONG.

I.

AN age, in her embraces paſt,
Would ſeem a winter's day;
Where life and light, with envious haſte,
Are torn and ſnatch'd away.

II.

But, oh! how ſlowly minutes roll,
When abſent from her eyes;
That fed my love, which is my ſoul,
It languiſhes and dies.

III.

For then, no more a ſoul but ſhade,
It mournfully does move;
And haunts my breaſt, by abſence made
The living tomb of love.

IV.

You wiſer men deſpiſe me not;
Whoſe love-ſick fancy raves,
On ſhades of ſouls, and heaven knows what:
Short ages live in graves.

V.

Whene'er thoſe wounding eyes, ſo full
Of ſweetneſs you did ſee,
Had you not been profoundly dull,
You had gone mad like me.

VI.

Nor cenſure us, you who perceive
My beſt-belov'd and me,
Sigh and lament, complain and grieve,
You think we diſagree.

VII.

Alas! 'tis ſacred jealouſy,
Love rais'd to an extreme;
The only proof, 'twixt them and me,
We love, and do not dream.

VIII.

Fantaſtic fancies fondly move,
And in frail joys believe:
Taking falſe pleaſure for true love;
But pain can ne'er deceive.

IX.

Kind jealous doubts, tormenting fears,
And anxious cares, when paſt,
Prove our heart's treaſure fix'd and dear,
And make us bleſs'd at laſt.

A SONG.

I.

ABSENT from thee I languiſh ſtill;
Then aſk me not, When I return?
The ſtraying fool 't will plainly kill,
To wiſh all day, all night to mourn.

II.

Dear, from thine arms then let me fly,
That my fantaſtic mind may prove
The torments it deſerves to try,
That tears my fix'd heart from my love.

III.

When wearied with a world of woe
To thy ſafe boſom I retire,
Where love, and peace, and truth, does flow,
May I contented there expire!

IV.

Left, once more wandering from that heaven,
I fall on ſome baſe heart unbleſt;
Faithleſs to thee, falſe, unforgiven,
And loſe my everlaſting reſt.

A SONG.

I.

PHILLIS, be gentler, I adviſe,
Make up for time miſ-ſpent,
When beauty on its death-bed lies,
'Tis high time to repent.

II.

Such is the malice of your fate,
That makes you old ſo ſoon;
Your pleaſure ever comes too late,
How early e'er begun.

III.

Think what a wretched thing is ſhe,
Whoſe ſtars contrive, in ſpight,
The morning of her love ſhould be
Her fading beauty's night.

IV.

Then if, to make your ruin more,
You 'll peeviſhly be coy,
Die with the ſcandal of a whore,
And never know the joy.

TO CORINNA.

A SONG.

I.

WHAT cruel pains Corinna takes,
To force that harmleſs frown;
When not one charm her face forſakes.
Love cannot loſe his own.

II.

So ſweet a face, ſo ſoft a heart,
Such eyes ſo very kind,
Betray, alas! the ſilly art
Virtue had ill deſign'd.

III.

Poor feeble tyrant! who in vain
Would proudly take upon her,
Againſt kind Nature to maintain
Affected rules of honour.

IV.

The ſcorn ſhe bears ſo helpleſs proves,
When I plead paſſion to her,
That much ſhe fears (but more ſhe loves)
Her vaſſal ſhould undo her.

LOVE AND LIFE.

A SONG.

I.

ALL my paſt life is mine no more,
The flying hours are gone:
Like tranſitory dreams given o'er,
Whoſe images are kept in ſtore
By memory alone.

II.

The time that is to come is not;
How can it then be mine?
The preſent moment 's all my lot;
And that, as faſt as it is got,
Phillis, is only thine.

III. Then

III.

Then talk not of inconſtancy,
  Falſe hearts, and broken vows;
If I, by miracle, can be
This live-long minute true to thee,
  'Tis all that heaven allows.

A SONG.

I.

WHILE on thoſe lovely looks I gaze,
  To ſee a wretch purſuing,
In raptures of a bleſs'd amaze,
  His pleaſing happy ruin;
'Tis not for pity that I move;
  His fate is too aſpiring,
Whoſe heart, broke with a load of love,
  Dies wiſhing and admiring.

II.

But if this murder you 'd forego,
  Your ſlave from death removing;
Let me your art of charming know,
  Or learn you mine of loving.
But, whether life or death betide,
  In love 'tis equal meaſure;
The victor lives with empty pride,
  The vanquiſh'd die with pleaſure.

A SONG.

I.

TO this moment a rebel, I throw down my arms,
Great Love, at firſt ſight of Olinda's bright charms:
Made proud and ſecure by ſuch forces as theſe,
You may now play the tyrant as ſoon as you pleaſe.

II.

When innocence, beauty, and wit, do conſpire
To betray, and engage, and inflame my deſire;
Why ſhould I decline what I cannot avoid,
And let pleaſing hope by baſe fear be deſtroy'd?

III.

Her innocence cannot contrive to undo me,
Her beauty 's inclin'd, or why ſhould it purſue me?
And wit has to pleaſure been ever a friend;
Then what room for deſpair, ſince delight is Love's end?

IV.

There can be no danger in ſweetneſs and youth,
Where love is ſecur'd by good-nature and truth.
On her beauty I 'll gaze, and of pleaſure complain;
While every kind look adds a link to my chain.

V.

'Tis more to maintain, than it was to ſurprize,
But her wit leads in triumph the ſlave of her eyes:
I beheld, with the loſs of my freedom before;
But, hearing, for ever muſt ſerve and adore.

VI. Too

VI.

Too bright is my goddeſs, her temple too weak:
Retire, divine image! I feel my heart break.
Help, Love; I diſſolve in a rapture of charms,
At the thought of thoſe joys I ſhould meet in her arms.

UPON HIS LEAVING HIS MISTRESS.

I.

TIS not that I am weary grown
Of being yours, and yours alone:
But with what face can I incline
To damn you to be only mine:
You, whom ſome kinder power did faſhion,
By merit, and by inclination,
The joy at leaſt of a whole nation?

II.

Let meaner ſpirits of your ſex,
With humble aims their thoughts perplex:
And boaſt, if, by their arts, they can
Contrive to make one happy man.
While, mov'd by an impartial ſenſe,
Favours, like Nature, you diſpenſe,
With univerſal influence.

UPON
DRINKING IN A BOWL.

I.

VULCAN, contrive me ſuch a cup
As Neſtor us'd of old;
Shew all thy ſkill to trim it up,
Damaſk it round with gold.

II.

Make it ſo large, that, fill'd with ſack
Up to the ſwelling brim,
Vaſt toaſts on the delicious lake,
Like ſhips at ſea, may ſwim.

III.

Engrave not battle on his cheek;
With war I 've nought to do;
I 'm none of thoſe that took Mæſtrick,
Nor Yarmouth leaguer knew.

IV.

Let it no name of planets tell,
Fix'd ſtars, or conſtellations:
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his relations.

V.

But carve thereon a ſpreading vine;
Then add two lovely boys;
Their limbs in amorous folds intwine,
The type of future joys.

VI. Cupid

VI.

Cupid and Bacchus my ſaints are.
May drink and love ſtill reign!
With wine I waſh away my cares,
And then to Love again.

A SONG.

I.

AS Chloris full of harmleſs thoughts
Beneath a willow lay,
Kind Love a youthful ſhepherd brought,
To paſs the time away.

II.

She bluſh'd to be encounter'd ſo,
And chid the amorous ſwain;
But, as ſhe ſtrove to riſe and go,
He pull'd her down again.

III.

A ſudden paſſion ſeiz'd her heart,
In ſpight of her diſdain;
She found a pulſe in every part,
And love in every vein.

IV.

Ah, youth! (ſaid ſhe) what charms are theſe,
That conquer and ſurprize?
Ah! let me----for, unleſs you pleaſe,
I have no power to riſe.

V.

She fainting ſpoke, and trembling lay,
For fear he ſhould comply;
Her lovely eyes her heart betray,
And give her tongue the lye.

VI.

Thus ſhe, who princes had deny'd,
With all their pomp and train,
Was in the lucky minute try'd,
And yielded to a ſwain.

A SONG.

I.

GIVE me leave to rail at you,
I aſk nothing but my due;
To call you falſe, and then to ſay
You ſhall not keep my heart a day:
But, alas! againſt my will,
I muſt be your captive ſtill.
Ah! be kinder then; for I
Cannot change, and would not die.

II.

Kindneſs has reſiſtleſs charms,
All beſides but weakly move,
Fierceſt anger it diſarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.

Beauty

Beauty does the heart invade,
Kindneſs only can perſuade;
It gilds the lover's ſervile chain,
And makes the ſlaves grow pleas'd again.

THE ANSWER.

I.

NOTHING adds to your fond fire
More than ſcorn, and cold diſdain:
I, to cheriſh your deſire,
Kindneſs us'd, but 't was in vain.

II.

You inſiſted on your ſlave,
Humble love you ſoon refus'd;
Hope not then a power to have
Which inglorioufly you us'd.

III.

Think not, Thyrſis, I will e'er
By my love my empire loſe;
You grow conſtant through deſpair,
Love return'd you would abuſe.

IV.

Though you ſtill poſſeſs my heart,
Scorn and rigour I muſt feign:
Ah! forgive that only art
Love has left your love to gain.

V.

You that could my heart ſubdue,
To new conqueſts ne'er pretend:
Let th' example make me true,
And of a conquer'd foe a friend.

VI.

Then, if e'er I ſhould complain
Of your empire, or my chain,
Summon all the powerful charms,
And kill the rebel in your arms.

CONSTANCY.

A SONG.

I.

I Cannot change, as others do,
Though you unjuſtly ſcorn;
Since that poor ſwain that ſighs for you,
For you alone was born,
No, Phillis, no, your heart to move
A ſurer way I 'll try;
And, to revenge my ſlighted love,
Will ſtill love on, will ſtill love on, and die.

II.

When, kill'd with grief, Amyntas lies,
And you to mind ſhall call
The ſighs that now unpity'd riſe,
The tears that vainly fall:

That

That welcome hour that ends this ſmart,
Will then begin your pain;
For ſuch a faithful tender heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

A SONG.

I.

MY dear miſtreſs has a heart
Soft as thoſe kind looks ſhe gave me,
When, with love's reſiſtleſs art,
And her eyes, ſhe did enſlave me.
But her conſtancy 's ſo weak,
She 's ſo wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day aſunder.

II.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleaſures, wounding bliſſes:
She can dreſs her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kiſſes.
Angels liſten when ſhe ſpeaks,
She 's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day aſunder.

A LETTER

From ARTEMISA in the Town, To CLOE in the Country.

CLOE, by your command in verſe I write;
Shortly you 'll bid me ride aſtride and fight:
Such talents better with our ſex agree,
Than lofty flights of dangerous poetry.
Among the men, I mean the men of wit,
(At leaſt they paſs'd for ſuch before they writ)
How many bold adventurers for the bays,
Proudly deſigning large returns of praiſe;
Who durſt that ſtormy pathleſs world explore,
Were ſoon daſh'd back, and wreck'd on the dull ſhore,
Broke of that little ſtock they had before!
How would a woman's tottering barque be toſt,
Where ſtouteſt ſhips (the men of wit) are loſt!
When I reflect on this, I ſtraight grow wiſe,
And my own ſelf I gravely thus adviſe:
Dear Artemiſa! poetry 's a ſnare;
Bedlam has many manſions, have a care;
Your Muſe diverts you, makes the reader ſad;
You think yourſelf inſpir'd, he thinks you mad.
Conſider too, 'twill be diſcreetly done,
To make yourſelf the fiddle of the town.
To find th' ill-humour'd pleaſure at their need:
Curs'd when you fail, and ſcorn'd when you ſucceed.

Thus,

Thus, like an arrant woman as I am,
No ſooner well convinc'd writing 's a ſhame,
That Whore is ſcarce a more reproachful name
Than Poeteſs------
Like men that marry, or like maids that woo,
Becauſe 'tis th' very worſt thing they can do:
Pleas'd with the contradiction and the ſin,
Methinks I ſtand on thorns till I begin.
Y' expect to hear, at leaſt, what love has paſt
In this lewd town, ſince you and I ſaw laſt;
What change has happen'd of intrigues, and whether
The old ones laſt, and who and who's together.
But how, my deareſt Cloe, ſhould I ſet
My pen to write what I would fain forget!
Or name that loſt thing Love, without a tear,
Since ſo debauch'd by ill-bred cuſtoms here?
Love, the moſt generous paſſion of the mind,
The ſofteſt refuge innocence can find;
The ſafe director of unguided youth,
Fraught with kind wiſhes, and ſecur'd by truth;
That cordial-drop heaven in our cup has thrown,
To make the nauſeous draught of life go down;
On which one only bleſſing God might raiſe,
In lands of Atheiſts, ſubſidies of praiſe:
For none did e'er ſo dull and ſtupid prove,
But felt a God, and bleſs'd his power, in love:
This only joy, for which poor we are made,
Is grown, like play, to be an arrant trade:
The rooks creep in, and it has got of late
As many little cheats and tricks as that;

But, what yet more a woman's heart would vex,
'Tis chiefly carry'd on by our own ſex;
Our ſilly ſex, who born, like monarchs, free,
Turn Gipſies for a meaner liberty,
And hate reſtraint, though but from infamy:
That call whatever is not common nice,
And, deaf to Nature's rule, or Love's advice,
Forſake the pleaſure, to purſue the vice.
To an exact perfection they have brought
The action Love, the paſſion is forgot.
'Tis below wit, they tell you, to admire,
And ev'n without approving they deſire:
Their private wiſh obeys the public voice,
'Twixt good and bad whimſy decides, not choice:
Faſhions grow up for taſte, at forms they ſtrike,
They know what they would have, not what they like.
Bovy's a beauty, if ſome few agree
To call him ſo, the reſt to that degree
Affected are, that with their ears they ſee.
Where I was viſiting the other night,
Comes a fine lady, with her humble knight,
Who had prevail'd with her, through her own ſkill,
At his requeſt, though much againſt his will,
To come to London------
As the coach ſtopt, I heard her voice, more loud
Than a great-belly'd woman's in a croud;
Telling the knight, that her affairs require
He, for ſome hours, obſequiouſly retire.
I think ſhe was aſham'd he ſhould be ſeen:
Hard fate of huſbands! the gallant had been,
Though a diſeas'd, ill-favour'd fool, brought in.

Diſpatch

Diſpatch, ſays ſhe, the buſineſs you pretend,
Your beaſtly viſit to your drunken friend,
A bottle ever makes you look ſo fine;
Methinks I long to ſmell you ſtink of wine.
Your country drinking breath 's enough to kill;
Sour ale corrected with a lemon-peel.
Pr'ythee, farewel; we'll meet again anon:
The neceſſary thing bows, and is gone.
She flies up ſtairs, and all the haſte does ſhow
That fifty antic poſtures will allow;
And then burſts out----Dear madam, am not I
The ſtrangeſt, alter'd, creature: let me die,
I find myſelf ridiculouſly grown,
Embarraſt with my being out of town:
Rude and untaught, like any Indian queen,
My country nakedneſs is plainly ſeen.
How is Love govern'd? Love that rules the ſtate;
And pray who are the men moſt worn of late?
When I was marry'd, fools were à-la-mode,
The men of wit were then held incommode:
Slow of belief, and fickle in deſire,
Who, ere they 'll be perſuaded, muſt enquire,
As if they came to ſpy, and not t' admire:
With ſearching wiſdom, fatal to their caſe,
They ſtill find out why what may ſhould not pleaſe;
Nay, take themſelves for injur'd, when we dare
Make them think better of us than we are;
And if we hide our frailties from their ſights,
Call us deceitful jilts and hypocrites;

They little gueſs, who at our arts are griev'd,
The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd;
Inquiſitive as jealous cuckolds grow;
Rather than not be knowing, they will know
What, being known, creates their certain woe.
Women ſhould theſe, of all mankind, avoid,
For wonder, by clear knowledge, is deſtroy'd.
Woman, who is an arrant bird of night,
Bold in the duſk, before a fool's dull ſight
Muſt fly, when Reaſon brings the glaring light.
But the kind eaſy fool, apt to admire
Himſelf, truſts us; his follies all conſpire
To flatter his, and favour our deſire:
Vain of his proper merit, he with eaſe
Believes we love him beſt, who beſt can pleaſe;
On him our groſs, dull, common flatteries paſs,
Ever moſt happy when moſt made an aſs;
Heavy to apprehend, though all mankind
Perceive us falſe, the fop himſelf is blind;
Who, doating on himſelf------
Thinks every one that ſees him of his mind.
Theſe are true womens men----Here, forc'd to ceaſe
Through want of breath, not will, to hold her peace,
She to the window runs, where ſhe had ſpy'd
Her much-eſteem'd dear friend, the monkey, ty'd;
With forty ſmiles, as many antic bows,
As if 't had been the lady of the houſe,
The dirty chattering monſter ſhe embrac'd,
And made it this fine tender ſpeech at laſt:

Kiſs

Kiſs me, thou curious miniature of man;
How odd thou art, how pretty, how japan!
Oh! I could live and die with thee: then on,
For half an hour, in compliments ſhe ran:
I took this time to think what Nature meant,
When this mixt thing into the world ſhe ſent,
So very wiſe, yet ſo impertinent:
One that knows every thing that God thought fit,
Should be an aſs through choice, not want of wit;
Whoſe foppery, without the help of ſenſe,
Could ne'er have roſe to ſuch an excellence:
Nature's as lame in making a true fop
As a philoſopher; the very top
And dignity of folly we attain
By ſtudious ſearch and labour of the brain,
By obſervation, counſel, and deep thought:
God never made a coxcomb worth a groat;
We owe that name to induſtry and arts:
An eminent fool muſt be a fool of parts,
And ſuch a one was ſhe, who had turn'd o'er
As many books as men, lov'd much, read more,
Had a diſcerning wit; to her was known
Every one's fault, or merit, but her own.
All the good qualities that ever bleſt
A woman ſo diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
Except diſcretion only, ſhe poſſeſt.
But now, *mon cher*, dear Pug, ſhe cries, adieu;
And the diſcourſe broke off does thus renew:
You ſmile to ſee me, who the world perchance
Miſtakes to have ſome wit, ſo far advance

The intereſt of fools, that I approve
Their merit more than men of wit in love;
But in our ſex too many proofs there are
Of ſuch whom wits undo, and fools repair.
This, in my time, was ſo obſerv'd a rule,
Hardly a wench in town but had her fool;
The meaneſt common ſlut, who long was grown
The jeſt and ſcorn of every pit buffoon,
Had yet left charms enough to have ſubdued
Some fop or other, fond to be thought lewd.
Foſter could make an Iriſh lord a Nokes,
And Betty Morris had her city cokes.
A woman 's ne'er ſo ruin'd, but ſhe can
Be ſtill reveng'd on her undoer, man:
How loſt ſoe'er, ſhe'll find ſome lover more
A lewd abandon'd fool than ſhe a whore.
That wretched thing Corinna, who has run
Through all the ſeveral ways of being undone:
Cozen'd at firſt by love, and living then
By turning the too-dear-bought cheat on men:
Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,
When firſt the town her early beauties knew;
Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with preſents fed,
Youth in her looks, and pleaſure in her bed;
Till fate, or her ill angel, thought it fit
To make her doat upon a man of wit;
Who found 'twas dull to love above a day,
Made his ill-natur'd jeſt, and went away.
Now ſcorn'd of all, forſaken and oppreſt,
She 's a *memento mori* to the reſt.

Diſeas'd,

Diſeas'd, decay'd, to take up half a crown
Muſt mortgage her long ſcarf and mantua gown;
Poor creature, who, unheard-of, as a fly
In ſome dark hole muſt all the winter lie,
And want and dirt endure a whole half-year,
That for one month ſhe tawdry may appear.
In Eaſter-term ſhe gets her a new gown;
When my young maſter's worſhip comes to town,
From pedagogue and mother juſt ſet free,
The heir and hopes of a great family;
Who with ſtrong beer and beef the country rules,
And ever ſince the Conqueſt have been fools;
And now, with careful proſpect to maintain
This character, leſt croſſing of the ſtrain
Should mend the booby breed, his friends provide
A couſin of his own to be his bride:
And thus ſet out-----
With an eſtate, no wit, and a young wife,
The ſolid comforts of a coxcomb's life,
Dunghill and peaſe forſook, he comes to town,
Turns ſpark, learns to be lewd, and is undone;
Nothing ſuits worſe with vice than want of ſenſe,
Fools are ſtill wicked at their own expence.
This o'er-grown ſchool-boy loſt Corinna wins;
At the firſt daſh to make an aſs begins:
Pretends to like a man that has not known
The vanities or vices of the town;
Freſh is the youth, and faithful in his love,
Eager of joys which he does ſeldom prove;

Healthful

Healthful and ſtrong, he does no pains endure
But what the fair-one he adores can cure;
Grateful for favours, does the ſex eſteem,
And libels none for being kind to him;
Then of the lewdneſs of the town complains,
Rails at the wits and atheiſts, and maintains
'Tis better than good ſenſe, than power or wealth,
To have a blood untainted, youth, and health.
The unbred puppy, who had never ſeen
A creature look ſo gay, or talk ſo fine,
Believes, then falls in love, and then in debt;
Mortgages all, ev'n to the ancient ſeat,
To buy his miſtreſs a new houſe for life,
To give her plate and jewels, robs his wife;
And when to th' height of fondneſs he is grown,
'Tis time to poiſon him, and all 's her own:
Thus meeting in her common arms his fate,
He leaves her baſtard heir to his eſtate;
And, as the race of ſuch an owl deſerve,
His own dull lawful progeny he ſtarves.
Nature (that never made a thing in vain,
But does each inſect to ſome end ordain)
Wiſely provokes kind keeping fools, no doubt,
To patch up vices men of wit wear out.

Thus ſhe ran on two hours, ſome grains of ſenſe
Still mixt with follies of impertinence.
But now 'tis time I ſhould ſome pity ſhow
To Cloe, ſince I cannot chooſe but know,
Readers muſt reap what dulleſt writers ſow.

By

By the next poſt I will ſuch ſtories tell,
As, join'd to theſe, ſhall to a volume ſwell;
As true as heaven, more infamous than hell.
But you are tir'd, and ſo am I. Farewell.

AN EPISTOLARY ESSAY

From Lord ROCHESTER to Lord MULGRAVE,

UPON

THEIR MUTUAL POEMS.

DEAR friend, I hear this town does ſo abound
In ſaucy cenſurers, that faults are found
With what of late we, in poetic rage
Beſtowing, threw away on the dull age.
But (howſoe'er envy their ſpleen may raiſe,
To rob my brows of the deſerved bays)
Their thanks, at leaſt, I merit; ſince through me
They are partakers of your poetry.
And this is all I 'll ſay in my defence,
T' obtain one line of your well-worded ſenſe,
I 'll be content t' have writ the "Britiſh Prince."
I 'm none of thoſe who think themſelves inſpir'd,
Nor write with the vain hope to be admir'd;
But from a rule I have (upon long trial)
T' avoid with care all ſort of ſelf-denial.
Which way ſoe'er deſire and fancy lead,
(Contemning fame) that path I boldly tread.

And

And if expoſing what I take for wit,
To my dear ſelf a pleaſure I beget,
No matter though the cenſuring critics fret.
Theſe whom my Muſe diſpleaſes are at ſtrife,
With equal ſpleen, againſt my courſe of life;
The leaſt delight of which I 'll not forego,
For all the flattering praiſe man can beſtow.
If I deſign'd to pleaſe, the way were then
To mend my manners, rather than my pen:
The firſt 's unnatural, therefore unfit;
And for the ſecond I deſpair of it,
Since grace is not ſo hard to get as wit:
Perhaps ill verſes ought to be confin'd,
In mere good-breeding, like unſavoury wind.
Were reading forc'd, I ſhould be apt to think,
Men might no more write ſcurvily than ſtink.
I 'll own that you write better than I do,
But I have as much need to write as you.
In all I write, ſhould ſenſe, and wit, and rhyme,
Fail me at once, yet ſomething ſo ſublime
Shall ſtamp my poem, that the world may ſee,
It could have been produc'd by none but me.
And that 's my end; for man can wiſh no more
Than ſo to write, as none e'er writ before;
Yet why am I no poet of the times?
I have alluſions, ſimilies, and rhymes,
And wit; or elſe 'tis hard that I alone,
Of the whole race of mankind, ſhould have none.
Unequally the partial hand of heaven
Has all but this one only bleſſing given.

The

The world appears like a great family,
Whoſe lord, oppreſs'd with pride and poverty,
(That to a few great bounty he may ſhow)
Is fain to ſtarve the numerous train below.
Juſt ſo ſeems Providence, as poor and vain,
Keeping more creatures than it can maintain:
Here 'tis profuſe, and there it meanly ſaves,
And for one prince, it makes ten thouſand ſlaves.
In wit alone 't has been magnificent,
Of which ſo juſt a ſhare to each is ſent,
That the moſt avaricious are content.
For none e'er thought (the due diviſion 's ſuch)
His own too little, or his friend's too much.
Yet moſt men ſhew, or find, great want of wit,
Writing themſelves, or judging what is writ.
But I, who am of ſprightly vigour full,
Look on mankind as envious and dull.
Born to myſelf, I like myſelf alone,
And muſt conclude my judgment good, or none:
For could my ſenſe be naught, how ſhould I know
Whether another man's were good or no?
Thus I reſolve of my own poetry,
That 'tis the beſt; and there 's a fame for me.
If then I 'm happy, what does it advance,
Whether to merit due, or arrogance?
Oh, but the world will take offence hereby!
Why then the world ſhall ſuffer for 't, not I.
Did e'er this ſaucy world and I agree,
To let it have its beaſtly will on me?

Why

Why ſhould my proſtituted ſenſe be drawn,
To every rule their muſty cuſtoms ſpawn?
But men may cenſure you; 'tis two to one,
Whene'er they cenſure, they 'll be in the wrong.
There 's not a thing on earth, that I can name,
So fooliſh, and ſo falſe, as common fame.
It calls the courtier knave, the plain-man rude,
Haughty the grave, and the delightful lewd,
Impertinent the briſk, moroſe the ſad,
Mean the familiar, the reſerv'd-one mad.
Poor helpleſs woman is not favour'd more,
She 's a ſly hypocrite, or public whore.
Then who the devil would give this---to be free
From th' innocent reproach of infamy?
Theſe things conſider'd, make me (in deſpight
Of idle rumour) keep at home and write.

A SATYR AGAINST MANKIND.

WERE I, who to my coſt already am
One of thoſe ſtrange prodigious creatures man,
A ſpirit free, to chooſe for my own ſhare,
What ſort of fleſh and blood I pleas'd to wear,
I 'd be a dog, a monkey, or a bear,
Or any thing, but that vain animal,
Who is ſo proud of being rational.

The

The ſenſes are too groſs, and he 'll contrive
A ſixth, to contradict the other five;
And, before certain inſtinct, will prefer
Reaſon, which fifty times for one does err.
Reaſon, an *ignis fatuus* of the mind,
Which leaves the light of nature, ſenſe, behind:
Pathleſs and dangerous wandering ways it takes,
Through error's fenny bogs, and thorny brakes;
Whilſt the miſguided follower climbs with pain
Mountains of whimſies, heapt in his own brain:
Stumbling from thought to thought, falls headlong down
Into Doubt's boundleſs ſea, where like to drown
Books bear him up a while, and make him try
To ſwim with bladders of philoſophy;
In hopes ſtill to o'ertake the ſkipping light,
The vapour dances in his dazzled ſight,
Till, ſpent, it leaves him to eternal night.
Then Old Age and Experience, hand in hand,
Lead him to Death, and make him underſtand,
After a ſearch ſo painful and ſo long,
That all his life he has been in the wrong.
Huddled in dirt, this reaſoning engine lies,
Who was ſo proud, ſo witty, and ſo wiſe:
Pride drew him in, as cheats their bubbles catch,
And made him venture to be made a wretch:
His wiſdom did his happineſs deſtroy,
Aiming to know the world he ſhould enjoy:
And wit was his vain frivolous pretence,
Of pleaſing others at his own expence;

For

For wits are treated juſt like common whores,
Firſt they 're enjoy'd, and then kick'd out of doors:
The pleaſure paſt, a threatening doubt remains,
That frights th' enjoyer with ſucceeding pains.
Women, and men of wit, are dangerous tools,
And ever fatal to admiring fools.
Pleaſure allures; and when the fops eſcape,
'Tis not that they are lov'd, but fortunate;
And therefore what they fear, at heart they hate.
But now, methinks, ſome formal band and beard
Takes me to taſk: come on, Sir, I 'm prepar'd.
Then, by your favour, any thing that 's writ,
Againſt this gibing, gingling knack, call'd Wit,
Likes me abundantly; but you 'll take care,
Upon this point, not to be too ſevere;
Perhaps my Muſe were fitter for this part;
For, I profeſs, I can be very ſmart
On wit, which I abhor with all my heart.
I long to laſh it in ſome ſharp eſſay,
But your grand indiſcretion bids me ſtay,
And turns my tide of ink another way.
What rage ferments in your degenerate mind,
To make you rail at reaſon and mankind?
Bleſt glorious man, to whom alone kind heaven
An everlaſting ſoul hath freely given;
Whom his great Maker took ſuch care to make,
That from himſelf he did the image take,
And this fair frame in ſhining reaſon dreſt,
To dignify his nature above beaſt:

Reaſon,

Reaſon, by whoſe aſpiring influence,
We take a flight beyond material ſenſe,
Dive into myſteries, then ſoaring pierce
The flaming limits of the univerſe,
Search heaven and hell, find out what's acted there,
And give the world true grounds of hope and fear.
Hold, mighty man, I cry; all this we know
From the pathetic pen of Ingelo,
From Patrick's Pilgrim, Sibb's Soliloquies,
And 'tis this very reaſon I deſpiſe
This ſupernatural gift, that makes a mite
Think he's the image of the Infinite;
Comparing his ſhort life, void of all reſt,
To the Eternal and the Ever-bleſt:
This buſy puzzling ſtirrer up of doubt,
That frames deep myſteries, then finds them out,
Filling with frantic crowds of thinking fools,
The reverend bedlams, colleges and ſchools,
Borne on whoſe wings, each heavy ſot can pierce
The limits of the boundleſs univerſe.
So charming ointments make an old witch fly,
And bear a crippled carcaſe through the ſky.
'Tis this exalted power, whoſe buſineſs lies
In nonſenſe and impoſſibilities:
This made a whimſical philoſopher,
Before the ſpacious world his tub prefer;
And we have many modern coxcombs, who
Retire to think, 'cauſe they have nought to do.
But thoughts were given for actions' government,
Where action ceaſes, thought's impertinent.

Our ſphere of action is life's happineſs,
And he that thinks beyond, thinks like an aſs.
Thus whilſt againſt falſe reaſoning I inveigh,
I own right reaſon, which I would obey;
That reaſon, which diſtinguiſhes by ſenſe,
And gives us rules of good and ill from thence;
That bounds deſires with a reforming will,
To keep them more in vigour, not to kill:
Your reaſon hinders, mine helps to enjoy,
Renewing appetites, yours would deſtroy.
My reaſon is my friend, yours is a cheat;
Hunger calls out, my reaſon bids me eat;
Perverſely yours, your appetite does mock;
This aſks for food; that anſwers, what 's a clock?
This plain diſtinction, Sir, your doubt ſecures;
'Tis not true reaſon I deſpiſe, but yours.
Thus I think reaſon righted: but for man,
I'll ne'er recant, defend him if you can.
For all his pride, and his philoſophy,
'Tis evident beaſts are, in their degree,
As wiſe at leaſt, and better far than he.
Thoſe creatures are the wiſeſt, who attain,
By ſureſt means, the ends at which they aim.
If therefore Jowler finds, and kills his hare,
Better than Meres ſupplies committee-chair;
Though one 's a ſtateſman, th' other but a hound,
Jowler in juſtice will be wiſer found.
You ſee how far man's wiſdom here extends:
Look next if human nature makes amends;

Whoſe

Whoſe principles are moſt generous and juſt;
And to whoſe morals you would ſooner truſt:
Be judge yourſelf, I 'll bring it to the teſt,
Which is the baſeſt creature, man or beaſt:
Birds feed on birds, beaſts on each other prey,
But ſavage man alone does man betray.
Preſt by neceſſity, they kill for food;
Man undoes man, to do himſelf no good:
With teeth and claws by nature arm'd, they hunt
Nature's allowance, to ſupply their want.
But man, with ſmiles, embraces, friendſhips, praiſe,
Inhumanly his fellow's life betrays;
With voluntary pains works his diſtreſs;
Not through neceſſity, but wantonneſs.
For hunger or for love, they bite or tear,
Whilſt wretched man is ſtill in arms for fear:
For fear he arms, and is of arms afraid,
From fear to fear ſucceſſively betray'd:
Baſe fear, the ſource whence his beſt paſſions came,
His boaſted honour, and his dear-bought fame:
The luſt of power, to which he 's ſuch a ſlave,
And for the which alone he dares be brave;
To which his various projects are deſign'd,
Which makes him generous, affable, and kind:
For which he takes ſuch pains to be thought wiſe,
And ſcrews his actions in a forc'd diſguiſe;
Leads a moſt tedious life, in miſery,
Under laborious, mean hypocriſy.
Look to the bottom of his vaſt deſign,
Wherein man's wiſdom, power, and glory join;

The good he acts, the ill he does endure,
'Tis all from fear, to make himſelf ſecure.
Merely for ſafety, after fame they thirſt;
For all men would be cowards if they durſt:
And honeſty 's againſt all common ſenſe;
Men muſt be knaves; 'tis in their own defence,
Mankind 's diſhoneſt; if you think it fair,
Amongſt known cheats, to play upon the ſquare,
You 'll be undone------
Nor can weak truth your reputation ſave;
The knaves will all agree to call you knave.
Wrong'd ſhall he live, inſulted o'er, oppreſt,
Who dares be leſs a villain than the reſt.
Thus here you ſee what human nature craves,
Moſt men are cowards, all men ſhould be knaves.
The difference lies, as far as I can ſee,
Not in the thing itſelf, but the degree;
And all the ſubject-matter of debate,
Is only who 's a knave of the firſt rate.

POSTSCRIPT.

ALL this with indignation have I hurl'd,
At the pretending part of the proud world,
Who, ſwoln with ſelfiſh vanity, deviſe
Falſe freedoms, holy cheats, and formal lyes,
Over their fellow-ſlaves to tyrannize.
But if in court ſo juſt a man there be,
(In court a juſt man, yet unknown to me)

Who

Who does his needful flattery direct,
Not to oppreſs and ruin, but protect;
Since flattery, which way ſoever laid,
Is ſtill a tax on that unhappy trade;
If ſo upright a ſtateſman you can find,
Whoſe paſſions bend to his unbiaſs'd mind;
Who does his arts and policies apply,
To raiſe his country, not his family.
Is there a mortal who on God relies?
Whoſe life his faith and doctrine juſtifies?
Not one blown up with vain aſpiring pride,
Who, for reproof of ſins, does man deride:
Whoſe envious heart with ſaucy eloquence,
Dares chide at kings, and rail at men of ſenſe:
Who in his talking vents more peeviſh lyes,
More bitter railings, ſcandals, calumnies,
Than at a goſſiping are thrown about,
When the good wives drink free, and then fall out.
None of the ſenſual tribe, whoſe talents lie
In avarice, pride, in ſloth, and gluttony;
Who hunt preferment, but abhor good lives,
Whoſe luſt exalted to that height arrives,
They act adultery with their own wives;
And, ere a ſcore of years completed be,
Can from the lofty ſtage of honour ſee,
Half a large pariſh their own progeny.
Nor doating ------ who would be ador'd,
For domineering at the council-board,
A greater fop, in buſineſs at fourſcore,
Fonder of ſerious toys, affected more,

Than the gay glittering fool at twenty proves,
With all his noiſe, his tawdry cloaths, and loves.
But a meek humble man of modeſt ſenſe,
Who, preaching peace, does practiſe continence;
Whoſe pious life 's a proof he does believe
Myſterious truths, which no man can conceive.
If upon earth there dwell ſuch godlike men,
I 'll here recant my paradox to them;
Adore thoſe ſhrines of virtue, homage pay,
And, with the thinking world, their laws obey.
If ſuch there are, yet grant me this at leaſt,
Man differs more from man, than man from beaſt.

THE MAIMED DEBAUCHEE.

I.

AS ſome brave admiral, in former war
Depriv'd of force, but preſt with courage ſtill,
Two rival fleets appearing from afar,
Crawls to the top of an adjacent hill:

II.

From whence (with thoughts full of concern) he views
The wiſe and daring conduct of the fight:
And each bold action to his mind renews
His preſent glory and his paſt delight.

III.

From his fierce eyes flaſhes of rage he throws,
As from black clouds when lightning breaks away,
Tranſported thinks himſelf amidſt his foes,
And abſent, yet enjoys the bloody day.

W. S.

IV.

So when my days of impotence approach,
And I 'm by wine and love's unlucky chance,
Driven from the pleaſing billows of debauch,
On the dull ſhore of lazy temperance:

V.

My pains at laſt ſome reſpite ſhall afford,
While I behold the battles you maintain;
When fleets of glaſſes ſail around the board,
From whoſe broadſides vollies of wit ſhall rain.

VI.

Nor ſhall the ſight of honourable ſcars,
Which my too forward valour did procure,
Frighten new-liſted ſoldiers from the wars;
Paſt joys have more than paid what I endure.

VII.

Should ſome brave youth (worth being drunk) prove nice,
And from his fair inviter meanly ſhrink,
'Twould pleaſe the ghoſt of my departed vice,
If, at my council, he repent and drink.

VIII.

Or ſhould ſome cold-complexion'd ſot forbid,
With his dull morals, our night's briſk alarms;
I 'll fire his blood, by telling what I did
When I was ſtrong, and able to bear arms.

IX.

I 'll tell of whores attack'd their lords at home,
Bawds quarters beaten up, and fortreſs won;
Windows demoliſh'd, watches overcome,
And handſome ills by my contrivance done.

X.

With tales like theſe I will ſuch heat inſpire,
As to important miſchief ſhall incline;
I 'll make him long ſome ancient church to fire,
And fear no lewdneſs they 're call'd to by wine.

XI.

Thus ſtateſman-like I 'll ſaucily impoſe,
And, ſafe from danger, valiantly adviſe;
Shelter'd in impotence urge you to blows,
And, being good for nothing elſe, be wiſe.

UPON NOTHING.

I.

NOTHING! thou elder brother ev'n to ſhade,
That hadſt a being ere the world was made,
And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid.

II.

Ere Time and Place were, Time and Place were not,
When primitive Nothing Something ſtraight begot,
Then all proceeded from the great united---What.

III.

Something, the general attribute of all,
Sever'd from thee, its ſole original,
Into thy boundleſs ſelf muſt undiſtinguiſh'd fall.

IV.

Yet ſomething did thy mighty power command,
And from thy fruitful emptineſs's hand,
Snatched men, beaſts, birds, fire, air, and land.

V. Matter,

V.

Matter, the wicked'ſt offspring of thy race,
By Form aſſiſted, flew from thy embrace,
And rebel light obſcur'd thy reverend duſky face.

VI.

With Form and Matter, Time and Place did join;
Body, thy foe, with thee did leagues combine,
To ſpoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line.

VII.

But turn-coat Time aſſiſts the foe in vain,
And, brib'd by thee, aſſiſts thy ſhort-liv'd reign,
And to thy hungry womb drives back thy ſlaves again.

VIII.

Though myſteries are barr'd from laic eyes,
And the divine alone, with warrant, pries
Into thy boſom, where the truth in private lies:

IX.

Yet this of thee the wiſe may freely ſay,
Thou from the virtuous nothing tak'ſt away,
And to be part with thee the wicked wiſely pray.

X.

Great Negative! how vainly would the wiſe
Enquire, define, diſtinguiſh, teach, deviſe?
Didſt thou not ſtand to point their dull philoſophies.

IX.

Is, or *is not*, the two great ends of Fate,
And, true or falſe, the ſubject of debate,
That perfect or deſtroy the vaſt deſigns of Fate;

XII. When

XII.

When they have rack'd the politician's breaſt,
Within thy boſom moſt ſecurely reſt,
And, when reduc'd to thee, are leaſt unſafe and beſt.

XIII.

But Nothing, why does Something ſtill permit,
That ſacred monarchs ſhould at council ſit,
With perſons highly thought at beſt for nothing fit?

XIV.

Whilſt weighty Something modeſtly abſtains
From princes' coffers, and from ſtateſmens' brains,
And nothing there like ſtately Nothing reigns.

XV.

Nothing, who dwell'ſt with fools in grave diſguiſe,
For whom they reverend ſhapes and forms deviſe,
Lawn ſleeves, and furs, and gowns, when they like
thee look wiſe.

XVI.

French truth, Dutch proweſs, Britiſh policy,
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,
Spaniards' diſpatch, Danes' wit, are mainly ſeen in thee.

XVII.

The great man's gratitude to his beſt friend,
Kings' promiſes, whores' vows, towards thee they bend,
Flow ſwiftly into thee, and in thee ever end.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION
OF
SOME LINES IN LUCRETIUS.

THE Gods, by right of nature, muſt poſſeſs
An everlaſting age of perfect peace;
Far off remov'd from us and our affairs,
Neither approach'd by dangers or by cares;
Rich in themſelves, to whom we cannot add;
Not pleas'd by good deeds, nor provok'd by bad.

The latter End of the CHORUS of the Second Act of SENECA'S TROAS, Tranſlated.

AFTER Death nothing is, and nothing Death,
The utmoſt limits of a gaſp of breath.
Let the ambitious zealot lay aſide
His hope of heaven (whoſe faith is but his pride);
Let ſlaviſh ſouls lay by their fear,
Nor be concern'd which way, or where,
After this life they ſhall be hurl'd:
Dead, we become the lumber of the world,
And to that maſs of matter ſhall be ſwept
Where things deſtroy'd with things unborn are kept;
Devouring Time ſwallows us whole,
Impartial Death confounds body and ſoul.

For

For hell, and the foul fiend that rules
The everlaſting fiery gaols,
Devis'd by rogues, dreaded by fools,
With his grim griſly dog that keeps the door,
Are ſenſeleſs ſtories, idle tales,
Dreams, whimſies, and no more.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY,

ON HIS

RESTORATION in the YEAR 1660.

VIRTUE's triumphant ſhrine! who doſt engage
At once three kingdoms in a pilgrimage;
Which in extatic duty ſtrive to come
Out of themſelves, as well as from their home;
Whilſt England grows one camp, and London is
Itſelf the nation, not metropolis;
And loyal Kent renews her arts again,
Fencing her ways with moving groves of men;
Forgive this diſtant homage, which does meet
Your bleſt approach on ſedentary feet;
And though my youth, not patient yet to bear
The weight of arms, denies me to appear
In ſteel before you; yet, great Sir, approve
My manly wiſhes, and more vigorous love;
In whom a cold reſpect were treaſon to
A father's aſhes, greater than to you;
Whoſe one ambition 't is for to be known,
By daring loyalty, your Wilmot's ſon.

Wadh. Coll. ROCHESTER.

TO

TO HER
SACRED MAJESTY THE QUEEN-MOTHER,
ON THE
DEATH of MARY, Princeſs of Orange.

RESPITE, great queen, your juſt and haſty fears:
There 's no infection lodges in our tears.
Though our unhappy air be arm'd with death,
Yet ſighs have an untainted guiltleſs breath.
Oh! ſtay a while, and teach your equal ſkill
To underſtand, and to ſupport our ill.
You that in mighty wrongs an age have ſpent,
And ſeem to have out-liv'd ev'n baniſhment:
Whom traiterous miſchief ſought its earlieſt prey,
When to moſt ſacred blood it made its way;
And did thereby its black deſign impart,
To take his head, that wounded firſt his heart:
You that unmov'd great Charles's ruin ſtood,
When three great nations ſunk beneath the load;
Then a young daughter loſt, yet balſam found
To ſtanch that new and freſhly-bleeding wound;
And, after this, with fixt and ſteady eyes
Beheld your noble Glouceſter's obſequies:
And then ſuſtain'd the royal Princeſs' fall;
You only can lament her funeral.
But you will hence remove, and leave behind
Our ſad complaints loſt in the empty wind;

Thoſe

While ſickneſs, from whoſe rage you poſt away,
Relents, and only now contrives your ſtay;
The lately fatal and infectious ill
Courts the fair princeſs, and forgets to kill:
In vain on fevers curſes we diſpenſe,
And vent our paſſion's angry eloquence:
In vain we blaſt the miniſters of Fate,
And the forlorn phyſicians imprecate;
Say they to death new poiſons add and fire,
Murder ſecurely for reward and hire;
Arts baſiliſks, that kill whome'er they ſee,
And truly write bills of mortality,
Who, left the bleeding corpſe ſhould them betray,
Firſt drain theſe vital ſpeaking ſtreams away.
And will you, by your flight, take part with theſe?
Become yourſelf a third and new diſeaſe?
If they have caus'd our loſs, then ſo have you,
Who take yourſelf and the fair princeſs too:

AN EPILOGUE.

SOME few, from wit, have this true maxim got,
"That 't is ſtill better to be pleas'd than not;"
And therefore never their own torment plot.
While the malicious Critics ſtill agree
To loath each play they come and pay to ſee.
The firſt know 'tis a meaner part of ſenſe
To find a fault, than taſte an excellence:
Therefore they praiſe, and ſtrive to like, while theſe
Are dully vain of being hard to pleaſe.
Poets and women have an equal right
To hate the dull, who, dead to all delight,
Feel pain alone, and have no joy but ſpight.
'Twas impotence did firſt this vice begin;
Fools cenſure wit, as old men rail at ſin:
Who envy pleaſure which they cannot taſte,
And, good for nothing, would be wiſe at laſt.
Since therefore to the women it appears,
That all the enemies of wit are theirs,
Our poet the dull herd no longer fears.
Whate'er his fate may prove, 'twill be his pride
To ſtand or fall with beauty on his ſide.

AN ALLUSION

TO THE

Tenth Satire of the First Book of HORACE.

WELL, Sir, 't is granted; I ſaid Dryden's rhymes
Were ſtolen, unequal, nay dull many times:
What fooliſh patron is there found of his,
So blindly partial to deny me this?
But that his plays, embroider'd up and down
With wit and learning, juſtly pleas'd the town,
In the ſame paper I as freely own.
Yet, having this allow'd, the heavy maſs
That ſtuffs up his looſe volumes, muſt not paſs;
For by that rule I might as well admit
Crown's tedious ſcenes for poetry and wit.
'Tis therefore not enough, when your falſe ſenſe,
Hits the falſe judgment of an audience
Of clapping fools aſſembling, a vaſt crowd,
Till the thronged playhouſe crack'd with the dull load;
Though ev'n that talent merits, in ſome ſort,
That can divert the rabble and the court,
Which blundering Settle never could obtain,
And puzzling Otway labours at in vain:
But within due proportion circumſcribe
Whate'er you write, that with a flowing tide
The ſtyle may riſe, yet in its riſe forbear
With uſeleſs words t' oppreſs the weary'd ear.

Here

Here be your language lofty, there more light,
Your rhetoric with your poetry unite,
For elegance ſake, ſometimes allay the force
Of epithets, 'twill ſoften the diſcourſe:
A jeſt in ſcorn points out and hits the thing
More home, than the remoteſt ſatire's ſting.
Shakeſpeare and Jonſon did in this excel,
And might herein be imitated well,
Whom refin'd Etherege copies not at all,
But is himſelf a ſheer original.
Nor that ſlow drudge in ſwift Pindaric ſtrains,
Flatman, who Cowley imitates with pains,
And rides a jaded Muſe, whipt, with looſe reins.
When Lee makes temperate Scipio fret and rave,
And Hannibal a whining amorous ſlave,
I laugh, and wiſh the hot-brain'd fuſtian fool
In Buſby's hands, to be well laſh'd at ſchool.
Of all our modern wits, none ſeem to me
Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
But haſty Shadwell, and ſlow Wycherley.
Shadwell's unfiniſh'd works do yet impart
Great proofs of force of nature, none of art;
With juſt bold ſtrokes he daſhes here and there,
Showing great maſtery with little care,
Scorning to varniſh his good touches o'er,
To make the fools and women praiſe them more.
But Wycherley earns hard whate'er he gains,
He wants no judgment, and he ſpares no pains:
He frequently excels, and, at the leaſt,
Makes fewer faults than any of the reſt.

Waller, by Nature for the Bays design'd,
With force and fire, and fancy unconfin'd,
In panegyric does excel mankind.
He best can turn, enforce, and soften things,
To praise great conquerors, and flatter kings,
For pointed satire I would Buckhurst choose,
The best good man, with the worst-natur'd Muse.
For songs and verses mannerly obscene,
That can stir Nature up by springs unseen,
And, without forcing blushes, warm the queen;
Sedley has that prevailing gentle art,
That can with a resistless power impart
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart,
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,
Betwixt declining virtue and desire,
Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.
Dryden in vain try'd this nice way of wit;
For he, to be a tearing blade, thought fit
To give the ladies a dry bawdy bob,
And thus he got the name of poet Squab.
But to be just, 't will to his praise be found,
His excellences more than faults abound:
Nor dare I from his sacred temples tear
The laurel, which he best deserves to wear.
But does not Dryden find even Jonson dull?
Beaumont and Fletcher uncorrect, and full
Of lewd lines, as he calls them? Shakespeare's style
Stiff and affected? To his own the while

Allowing

Allowing all the juſtice that his pride
So arrogantly had to theſe deny'd?
And may not I have leave impartially
To ſearch and cenſure Dryden's works, and try
If thoſe groſs faults his choice pen doth commit
Proceed from want of judgment, or of wit?
Or if his lumpiſh fancy does refuſe
Spirit and grace to his looſe flattern Muſe?
Five hundred verſes every morning writ,
Prove him no more a poet than a wit:
Such ſcribbling authors have been ſeen before;
Muſtapha, the Iſland Princeſs, forty more,
Were things perhaps compos'd in half an hour.
To write what may ſecurely ſtand the teſt
Of being well read over thrice at leaſt;
Compare each phraſe, examine every line,
Weigh every word, and every thought refine;
Scorn all applauſe the vile rout can beſtow,
And be content to pleaſe thoſe few who know.
Canſt thou be ſuch a vain miſtaken thing,
To wiſh thy works might make a play-houſe ring
With the unthinking laughter and poor praiſe
Of fops and ladies, factious for thy plays?
Then ſend a cunning friend to learn thy doom
From the ſhrewd judges in the drawing-room.
I 've no ambition on that idle ſcore;
But ſay with Betty Morice heretofore,
When a court lady call'd her Buckley's whore;
I pleaſe one man of wit, am proud on't too,
Let all the coxcombs dance to bed to you.

Should I be troubled when the Purblind Knight,
Who ſquints more in his judgment than his ſight,
Picks filly faults, and cenſures what I write?
Or when the poor-fed poets of the town
For ſcabs and coach-room cry my verſes down?
I loath the rabble; 'tis enough for me
If Sedley, Shadwell, Shephard, Wycherley,
Godolphin, Butler, Buckhurſt, Buckingham,
And ſome few more, whom I omit to name,
Approve my ſenſe: I count their cenſure fame.

Sir CAR SCROPE, who thought himſelf reflected on at the latter End of the preceding Poem, publiſhed a Poem "In Defence of Satire," which occaſioned the following Reply.

To Sir CAR SCROPE.

TO rack and torture thy unmeaning brain,
In Satire's praiſe, to a low untun'd ſtrain,
In thee was moſt impertinent and vain.
When in thy perſon we more clearly ſee
That ſatire's of divine authority,
For God made one on man when he made thee;
To ſhew there were ſome men, as there are apes,
Fram'd for mere ſport, who differ but in ſhapes:
In thee are all theſe contradictions join'd,
That make an aſs prodigious and refin'd.

A lump

A lump deform'd and ſhapeleſs wert thou born,
Begot in Love's deſpight and Nature's ſcorn;
And art grown up the moſt ungrateful wight,
Harſh to the ear, and hideous to the ſight;
Yet Love 's thy bufineſs, Beauty thy delight.
Curſe on that ſilly hour that firſt inſpir'd
Thy madneſs, to pretend to be admir'd;
To paint thy griſly face, to dance, to dreſs,
And all thoſe aukward follies that expreſs
Thy loathſome love, and filthy daintineſs.
Who needs wilt be an ugly Beau-Garçon,
Spit at, and ſhunn'd by every girl in town;
Where dreadfully Love's ſcare-crow thou art plac'd
To fright the tender flock that long to taſte:
While every coming maid, when you appear,
Starts back for ſhame, and ſtraight turns chaſte for fear;
For none ſo poor or proſtitute have prov'd,
Where you made love, t' endure to be belov'd.
'T were labour loſt, or elſe I would adviſe;
But thy half-wit will ne'er let thee be wiſe.
Half witty, and half mad, and ſcarce half brave,
Half honeſt (which is very much a knave)
Made up of all theſe halves, thou canſt not paſs
For any thing intirely, but an Aſs.

EPILOGUE.

AS charms are nonſenſe, nonſenſe ſeems a charm,
Which hearers of all judgment does diſarm;
For ſongs and ſcenes a double audience bring,
And doggrel takes, which Smiths in ſatin ſing.
Now to machines and a dull maſk you run;
We find that wit 's the monſter you would ſhun,
And by my troth 'tis moſt diſcreetly done.
For ſince with vice and folly wit is fed,
Through mercy 'tis moſt of you are not dead.
Players turn puppets now at your deſire,
In their mouth 's nonſenſe, in their tail 's a wire,
They fly through crowds of clouts and ſhowers of fire.
A kind of loſing Loadum is their game,
Where the worſt writer has the greateſt fame.
To get vile plays like theirs ſhall be our care;
But of ſuch aukward actors we deſpair.
Falſe taught at firſt------
Like bowls ill-biaſs'd, ſtill the more they run,
They 're further off than when they firſt begun.
In comedy their unweigh'd action mark,
There 's one is ſuch a dear familiar ſpark,
He yawns as if he were but half awake,
And fribbling for free ſpeaking does miſtake;
Falſe accent and neglectful action too:
They have both ſo nigh good, yet neither true,

That

That both together, like an ape's mock-face,
By near reſembling man, do man diſgrace.
Thorough-pac'd ill actors may, perhaps, be cur'd;
Half players, like half wits, can't be endur'd.
Yet theſe are they, who durſt expoſe the age
Of the great * wonder of the Engliſh ſtage;
Whom Nature ſeem'd to form for your delight,
And bid him ſpeak, as ſhe bid Shakeſpeare write.
Thoſe blades indeed are cripples in their art,
Mimic his foot, but not his ſpeaking part.
Let them the Traitor or Volpone try,
Could they------
Rage like Cethegus, or like Caſſius die,
They ne'er had ſent to Paris for ſuch fancies,
As monſters heads and Merry-Andrew's dances.
Wither'd, perhaps, not periſh'd, we appear;
But they are blighted, and ne'er came to bear.
Th' old poets dreſs'd your miſtreſs Wit before;
Theſe draw you on with an old painted whore,
And ſell, like bawds, patch'd plays for maids twice o'er.
Yet they may ſcorn our houſe and actors too,
Since they have ſwell'd ſo high to hector you.
They cry, Pox o' theſe Covent-Garden men,
Damn them, not one of them but keeps out ten.
Were they once gone, we for thoſe thundering blades
Should have an audience of ſubſtantial trades,
Who love our muzzled boys and tearing fellows,
My Lord, great Neptune, and great nephew Æolus.

* Major Mohun.

O how the merry citizen 's in love
With ------
Pſyche, the goddeſs of each field and grove.
He cries, I' faith, methinks 'tis well enough;
But you roar out and cry, 'Tis all damn'd ſtuff!
So to their houſe the graver fops repair,
While men of wit find one another here.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN AT THE

COURT AT WHITEHALL,

BEFORE

KING CHARLES II.

By the Lady ELIZABETH HOWARD.

WIT has of late took up a trick t' appear
Unmannerly, or at the beſt, ſevere:
And poets ſhare the fate by which we fall,
When kindly we attempt to pleaſe you all.
'Tis hard your ſcorn ſhould againſt ſuch prevail,
Whoſe ends are to divert you, though they fail.
You men would think it an ill-natur'd jeſt,
Should we laugh at you when you do your beſt.
Then rail not here, though you ſee reaſon for 't;
If wit can find itſelf no better ſport,
Wit is a very foolish thing at court.

Wit's

Wit's buſineſs is to pleaſe, and not to fright;
'Tis no wit to be always in the right;
You 'll find it none, who dare be ſo to-night.
Few ſo ill-bred will venture to a play,
To ſpy out faults in what we women ſay.
For us, no matter what we ſpeak, but how:
How kindly can we ſay------I hate you now!
And for the men, if you 'll laugh at them, do;
They mind themſelves ſo much, they 'll ne'er mind you.
But why do I deſcend to loſe a prayer
On thoſe ſmall ſaints in wit? the god ſits there!

To the KING.

To you (Great SIR) my meſſage hither tends,
From Youth and Beauty, your allies and friends;
See my credentials written in my face,
They challenge your protection in this place;
And hither come with ſuch a force of charms,
As may give check ev'n to your proſperous arms.
Millions of Cupids hovering in the rear,
Like eagles following fatal troops, appear:
All waiting for the ſlaughter which draws nigh,
Of thoſe bold gazers who this night muſt die.
Nor can you 'ſcape our ſoft captivity,
From which old age alone muſt ſet you free.
Then tremble at the fatal conſequence,
Since 'tis well known, for your own part, great Prince,
'Gainſt us you ſtill have made a weak defence.
Be generous and wiſe, and take our part;
Remember we have eyes, and you a heart;

Elſe

For Love will ever make the triumph yours.

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POEMS

POEMS

BY

THOMAS YALDEN, D.D.

POEMS

BY

DR. YALDEN.

AGAINST IMMODERATE GRIEF.

TO A YOUNG LADY WEEPING.

An ODE in Imitation of CASIMIRE.

I.

COULD mournful ſighs, or floods of tears, prevent
The ills, unhappy men lament:
Could all the anguiſh of my mind
Remove my cares, or make but Fortune kind;
Soon I'd the grateful tribute pay,
And weep my troubled thoughts away:
To wealth and pleaſure every ſigh prefer,
And more than gems eſteem each falling tear.

II.

But, ſince inſulting cares are moſt inclin'd
To triumph o'er th' afflicted mind;
Since ſighs can yield us no relief,
And tears, like fruitful ſhowers, but nouriſh grief;

Then

Then ceaſe, fair mourner, to complain,
Nor laviſh ſuch bright ſtreams in vain:
But ſtill with chearful thoughts thy cares beguile,
And tempt thy better fortunes with a ſmile.

III.

The generous mind is by its ſufferings known,
Which no affliction tramples down;
But when oppreſs'd will upward move,
Spurn down its clog of cares, and ſoar above.
Thus the young royal eagle tries
On the ſun-beams his tender eyes,
And, if he ſhrinks not at th' offenſive light,
He 's then for empire fit, and takes his ſoaring flight.

IV.

Though cares aſſault thy breaſt on every ſide,
Yet bravely ſtem th' impetuous tide:
No tributary tears to fortune pay,
Nor add to any leſs a nobler day;
But with kind hopes ſupport thy mind,
And think thy better lot behind:
Amidſt afflictions let thy ſoul be great,
And ſhew thou dar'ſt deſerve a better fate.

V.

Then, lovely mourner, wipe thoſe tears away,
And cares that urge thee to decay:
Like ravenous age thy charms they waſte,
Wrinkle thy youthful brow, and blooming beauties blaſt.
But keep thy looks and mind ſerene,
All gay without, all calm within:
For Fate is awe'd, and adverſe fortunes fly
A chearful look, and an unconcern'd eye.

HYMN

HYMN TO THE MORNING,

IN PRAISE OF LIGHT.

I.

PARENT of Day! whoſe beauteous beams of light
Spring from the darkſome womb of night,
And midſt their native horrors ſhow,
Like gems adorning of the Negro's brow:
Not heaven's fair bow can equal thee,
In all its gaudy drapery;
Thou firſt eſſay of light, and pledge of day!
That uſher'ſt in the ſun, and ſtill prepar'ſt its way.

II.

Rival of ſhade, eternal ſpring of light!
Thou art the genuine ſource of it:
From thy bright unexhauſted womb,
The beauteous race of days and ſeaſons come.
Thy beauty ages cannot wrong,
But, ſpight of time, thou 'rt ever young:
Thou art alone heaven's modeſt virgin light,
Whoſe face a veil of bluſhes hides from human ſight.

III.

Like ſome fair bride thou riſeſt from thy bed,
And doſt around thy luſtre ſpread;
Around the univerſe diſpenſe
New life to all, and quickening influence.

With gloomy ſmiles thy rival Night
Beholds / glorious dawn of light:
Not all the .alth ſhe views in mines below
Can match thy brighter beams, or equal luſtre ſhow.

IV.

At thy approach, Nature erects her head,
The ſmiling univerſe is glad;
The drowſy earth and ſeas awake,
And, from thy beams, new life and vigour take:
When thy more chearful rays appear,
Ev'n guilt and women ceaſe to fear:
Horror, Deſpair, and all the ſons of Night
Retire before thy beams, and take their haſty flight.

V.

To thee, the grateful Eaſt their altars raiſe,
And ſing with early hymns thy praiſe;
Thou doſt their happy ſoil beſtow,
Enrich the heavens above, and earth below:
Thou riſeſt in the fragrant Eaſt,
Like the fair Phœnix from her balmy neſt:
No altar of the gods can equal thine,
The air's thy richeſt incenſe, the whole land thy ſhrine!

VI.

But yet thy fading glories ſoon decay.
Thine 's but a momentary ſtay;
Too ſoon thou 'rt raviſh'd from our ſight,
Borne down the ſtream of day, and overwhelm'd with light.
Thy beams to their own ruin haſte,
They 're fram'd too exquiſite to laſt:

Thine

Thine is a glorious, but a ſhort-liv'd ſtate.
Pity ſo fair a birth ſhould yield ſo ſoon to Fate!

VII.

Before th' Almighty Artiſt fram'd the ſky,
Or gave the earth its harmony,
His firſt command was for thy light;
He view'd the lovely birth, and bleſſed it:
In purple ſwaddling-bands it ſtruggling lay,
Not yet maturely bright for day:
Old Chaos then a chearful ſmile put on,
And, from thy beauteous form, did firſt preſage its own.

VIII.

"Let there be Light!" the great Creator ſaid,
His word the active child obey'd:
Night did her teeming womb diſcloſe;
And then the bluſhing Morn, its brighteſt offspring, roſe.
A while th' Almighty wondering view'd,
And then himſelf pronounc'd it good:
"With Night," ſaid he, "divide th' imperial ſway;
"Thou my firſt labour art, and thou ſhalt bleſs the Day."

HYMN TO DARKNESS.

I.

DARKNESS, thou firſt great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original:
Since from thy univerſal womb
Does all thou ſhad'ſt below, thy numerous offspring, come.

II.

Thy wondrous birth is ev'n to Time unknown,
Or, like Eternity, thou'dſt none;
Whilſt Light did its firſt being owe
Unto that awful ſhade it dares to rival now.

III.

Say, in what diſtant region doſt thou dwell,
To Reaſon inacceſſible?
From form and duller matter free,
Thou ſoar'ſt above the reach of man's philoſophy.

IV.

Involv'd in thee, we firſt receive our breath,
Thou art our refuge too in death:
Great Monarch of the Grave and Womb,
Where-e'er our ſouls ſhall go, to thee our bodies come.

V.

The ſilent globe is ſtruck with awful fear,
When thy majeſtic ſhades appear:
Thou doſt compoſe the air and ſea,
And Earth a ſabbath keeps, ſacred to Reſt and Thee.

VI.

In thy ſerener ſhades our ghoſts delight,
And court the umbrage of the Night;
In vaults and gloomy caves they ſtray,
But fly the Morning's beams, and ſicken at the Day.

VII.

Though ſolid bodies dare exclude the light,
Nor will the brighteſt ray admit;
No ſubſtance can thy force repel,
Thou reign'ſt in depths below, doſt in the centre dwell.

VIII. The

VIII.

The ſparkling gems, and ore in mines below,
To thee their beauteous luſtre owe;
Though form'd within the womb of Night,
Bright as their fire they ſhine, with native rays of light.

IX.

When thou doſt raiſe thy venerable head,
And art in genuine Night array'd,
Thy Negro beauties then delight;
Beauties, like poliſh'd jet, with their own darkneſs bright.

X.

Thou doſt thy ſmiles impartially beſtow,
And know'ſt no difference here below:
All things appear the ſame by thee,
Though Light diſtinction makes, thou giv'ſt equality.

XI.

Thou, Darkneſs, art the lover's kind retreat,
And doſt the nuptial joys compleat;
Thou doſt inſpire them with thy ſhade,
Giv'ſt vigour to the youth, and warm'ſt the yielding maid.

XII.

Calm as the bleſs'd above the Anchorites dwell,
Within their peaceful gloomy cell.
Their minds with heavenly joys are fill'd;
The pleaſures Light deny, thy ſhades for ever yield.

XIII.

In caves of Night, the oracles of old
Did all their myſteries unfold:
Darkneſs did firſt Religion grace,
Gave terrors to the God, and reverence to the place.

XIV.

When the Almighty did on Horeb ſtand,
Thy ſhades inclos'd the hallow'd land;
In clouds of Night he was array'd,
And venerable Darkneſs his pavilion made.

XV.

When he appear'd arm'd in his power and might,
He veil'd the beatific light;
When terrible with majeſty,
In tempeſts he gave laws, and clad himſelf in thee.

XVI.

Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,
Or brighter firmament was made;
Ere matter, time, or place, was known,
Thou, Monarch Darkneſs, ſwayd'ſt theſe ſpacious realms alone.

XVII.

But, now the Moon (though gay with borrow'd light)
Invades thy ſcanty lot of Night:
By rebel ſubjects thou 'rt betray'd,
The anarchy of Stars depoſe their Monarch Shade.

XVIII.

Yet fading Light its empire muſt reſign,
And Nature's power ſubmit to thine:
An univerſal ruin ſhall erect thy throne,
And Fate confirm thy kingdom evermore thy own.

HUMAN

HUMAN LIFE.

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY AN EPICURE.

In Imitation of the Second Chapter of the WISDOM of SOLOMON.

To the Lord HUNSDON.

A PINDARIC ODE.

THEN will penurious Heaven no more allow?
No more on its own darling Man beſtow?
Is it for this he lord of all appears,
And his great Maker's image bears?
To toil beneath a wretched ſtate,
Oppreſs'd with miſeries and fate;
Beneath his painful burthen groan,
And in this beaten road of life drudge on!
Amidſt our labours, we poſſeſs
No kind allays of happineſs:
No ſoftening joys can call our own,
To make this bitter drug go down;
Whilſt Death an eaſy conqueſt gains,
And the inſatiate Grave in endleſs triumph reigns.
With throes and pangs into the world we come,
The curſe and burthen of the womb:
Nor wretched to ourſelves alone,
Our mothers' labours introduce our own.

In cries and tears our infancy we waſte,
Thoſe ſad prophetic tears, that flow
By inſtinct of our future woe;
And ev'n our dawn of life with ſorrows over-caſt.
Thus we toil out a reſtleſs age,
Each his laborious part muſt have,
Down from the monarch to the ſlave,
Act o'er this farce of life, then drop beneath the ſtage.

II.

From our firſt drawing vital breath,
From our firſt ſtarting from the womb,
Until we reach the deſtin'd tomb,
We are poſting on to the dark goal of death.
Life, like a cloud that fleets before the wind,
No mark, no kind impreſſion, leaves behind,
'Tis ſcatter'd like the winds that blow,
Boiſterous as them, full as inconſtant too,
That know not whence they come, nor where they go.
Here we 're detain'd a while, and then
Become originals again:
Time ſhall a man to his firſt ſelf reſtore,
And make him intire nothing, all he was before.
No part of us, no remnant, ſhall ſurvive!
And yet we impudently ſay, we live:
No! we but ebb into ourſelves again,
And only come to be, as we had never been.

III.

Say, learned Sage, thou that art mighty wiſe!
Unriddle me theſe myſteries:
What is the ſoul, the vital heat,
That our mean frame does animate?

Who

What is our breath, the breath of man,
That buoys his nature up, and does ev'n life ſuſtain?
Is it not air, an empty fume,
A fire that does itſelf conſume;
A warmth that in a heart is bred,
A lambent flame with heat and motion fed?
Extinguiſh that, the whole is gone,
This boaſted ſcene of life is done:
Away the phantom takes its flight,
Damn'd to a loathſome grave, and an eternal night.
The ſoul, th' immortal part we boaſt,
In one conſuming minute 's loſt;
To its firſt ſource it muſt repair,
Scatter with winds, and flow with common air:
Whilſt the fall'n body, by a ſwift decay,
Reſolves into its native clay:
For duſt and aſhes are its ſecond birth,
And that incorporates too with its great parent Earth.

IV.

Nor ſhall our names our memories ſurvive,
Alas, no part of man can live!
The empty blaſts of fame ſhall die,
And even thoſe nothings taſte mortality.
In vain to future ages we tranſmit
Heroic acts, and monuments of wit:
In vain we dear-bought honours leave,
To make our aſhes gay, and furniſh out a grave.
Ah, treacherous immortality!
For thee our ſtock of youth we waſte,
And urge on life, that ebbs too faſt:

To purchaſe thee with blood, the valiant fly;
And, to ſurvive in fame, the great and glorious die.
Laviſh of life, they ſquander this eſtate,
And for a poor reverſion wait:
Bankrupts and miſers to themſelves they grow,
Embitter wretched life with toils and woe,
To hoard up endleſs fame, they know not where or how.

V.

Ah, think, my friends, how ſwift the minutes haſte!
The preſent day entirely is our own,
Then ſeize the bleſſing ere 'tis gone:
To-morrow, fatal ſound! ſince this may be our laſt.
Why do we boaſt of years, and ſum up days!
'Tis all imaginary ſpace:
To-day, to-day, is our inheritance,
'Tis all penurious Fate will give,
Poſterity 'll to-morrow live,
Our ſons crowd on behind, our children drive us hence.
With garlands then your temples crown,
And lie on beds of roſes down:
Beds of roſes we 'll prepare,
Roſes that our emblems are;
A while they flouriſh on the bough,
And drink large draughts of heavenly dew:
Like us they ſmile, are young and gay,
And, like us too, are tenants for a day,
Since with Night's blaſting breath they vaniſh ſwift away.

VI.

Bring chearful wine, and coſtly ſweets prepare:
'Tis more than frenzy now to ſpare:

Let

Let cares and buſineſs wait a while;
Old age affords a thinking interval:
Or, if they muſt a longer hearing have,
Bid them attend below, adjourn into the grave.
Then gay and ſprightly wine produce,
Wines that wit and mirth infuſe:
That feed, like oil, th' expiring flame,
Revive our drooping ſouls, and prop this tottering frame.
That, when the grave our bodies has engroſs'd,
When virtues ſhall forgotten lie,
With all their boaſted piety,
Honours and titles, like ourſelves, be loſt;
Then our recorded vice ſhall flouriſh on,
And our immortal riots be for ever known.
This, this, is what we ought to do,
The great deſign, the grand affair below!
Since bounteous Nature 's plac'd our Steward here,
Then man his grandeur ſhould maintain,
And in exceſs of pleaſure reign,
Keep up his character, and lord of all appear.

AGAINST ENJOYMENT.

WE love and hate, as reſtleſs monarchs fight,
Who boldly dare invade another's right:
Yet, when through all the dangerous toils they 've run,
Ignobly quit the conqueſts they have won;
Thoſe charming hopes, that made them valiant grow,
Pall'd with Enjoyment, make them cowards now.

Our paſſions only form our happineſs,
Hopes ſtill enlarge, as fears contract it leſs:
Hope with a gaudy proſpect feeds the eye,
Sooths every ſenſe, does with each wiſh comply;
But falſe Enjoyment the kind guide deſtroys,
We loſe the paſſion in the treacherous joys.
Like the gay ſilk-worm, when it pleaſes moſt,
In that ungrateful web it ſpun, 'tis loſt.

Fruition only cloys the appetite;
More does the conqueſt, than the prize delight:
One victory gain'd, another fills the mind,
Our reſtleſs wiſhes cannot be confin'd.
Like boiſterous waves, no ſettled bounds they know,
Fix at no point, but always ebb or flow.

Who moſt expects, enjoys the pleaſure moſt,
'Tis rais'd by wiſhes, by fruition loſt:
We 're charm'd with diſtant views of happineſs,
But near approaches make the proſpect leſs.
Wiſhes, like painted landſcapes, beſt delight,
Whilſt diſtance recommends them to the ſight:
Plac'd afar off, they beautiful appear;
But ſhow their courſe and nauſeous colours, near.

Thus the fam'd Midas, when he found his ſtore
Increaſing ſtill, and would admit of more,
With eager arms his ſwelling bags he preſs'd;
And expectation only made him bleſs'd:
But, when a boundleſs treaſure he enjoy'd,
And every wiſh was with fruition cloy'd:
Then, damn'd to heaps, and ſurfeited with ore,
He curs'd that gold he doated on before.

TH

THE CURSE OF BABYLON.

ISAIAH, Chap. xiii. paraphraſed.

A PINDARIC ODE.

I.

NOW let the fatal banner be diſplay'd!
Upon ſome lofty mountain's top
Go ſet the dreadful ſtandard up!
And all around the hills the bloody ſignals ſpread.
For, lo, the numerous hoſts of heaven appear!
Th' embattled legions of the ſky,
With all their dread artillery,
Draw forth in bright array, and muſter in the air.
Why do the mountains tremble with the noiſe,
And valleys echo back their voice?
The hills tumultuous grow and loud,
The hills that groan beneath the gathering multitude.
Wide as the poles of heaven's extent,
So far 's the dreadful ſummons ſent:
Kingdoms and nations at his call appear,
For ev'n the Lord of Hoſts commands in perſon there.

II.

Start from thy lethargy, thou drowſy land,
Awake, and hear his dread command!
Thy black tempeſtuous day comes lowering on,
O fatal light! O inauſpicious hour!
Was ever ſuch a day before!
So ſtain'd with blood, by marks of vengeance known.

Nature

Nature ſhall from her ſteady courſe remove,
The well-fix'd earth be from its baſis rent,
Convulſions ſhake the firmament;
Horror ſeize all below, confuſion reign above.
The ſtars of heaven ſhall ſicken at the ſight,
Nor ſhall the planets yield their light:
But from the wretched object fly,
And, like extinguiſh'd tapers, quit the darken'd ſky.
The riſing ſun, as he was conſcious too,
As he the fatal buſineſs knew,
A deep, a bloody red ſhall ſtain
And at his early dawn ſhall ſet in night again.

III.

To the deſtroying ſword I've ſaid, Go forth,
Go, fully execute my wrath!
Command my hoſts, my willing armies lead;
For this rebellious land and all therein ſhall bleed.
They ſhall not grieve me more, no more tranſgre
I will con ume the ſtubborn race:
Yet brutes and ſavages I juſtly ſpare;
Uſeleſs is all my vengeance there;
Ungrateful man's the greater monſter far.
On guiltleſs beaſts I will the land beſtow,
To them th' inheritance ſhall go;
Thoſe elder broth rs now ſhall lord it here below:
And, if ſome poor remains eſcape behind,
Some relicks left of loſt mankind;
Th' aſtoniſh'd herds ſhall in their cities cry.
When they behold a man, Lo, there's a prodigy!

IV. T

IV.

The Medes I call to my aſſiſtance here,
A people that delight in war;
A generous race of men, a nation free
From vicious eaſe and Perſian luxury.
Silver is deſpicable in their eyes,
Contemn'd the uſeleſs metal lies:
Their conquering iron they prefer before
The fineſt gold, ev'n Ophir's tempting ore.
By theſe the land ſhall be ſubdued,
Abroad their bows ſhall overcome,
Their ſwords and flames deſtroy at home;
For neither ſex nor age ſhall be exempt from blood.
The nobles and the princes of thy ſtate
Shall on the victor's triumphs wait:
And thoſe that from the battle fled
Shall be, with chains oppreſs'd, in cruel bondage led.

V.

I 'll viſit their diſtreſs with plagues and miſeries,
The throes that womens' labours wait,
Convulſive pangs, and bloody ſweat,
Their beauty ſhall conſume, and vital ſpirits ſeize.
The raviſh'd virgins ſhall be borne away,
And their diſhonour'd wives be led
To the inſulting victor's bed,
To brutal luſts expos'd, to fury left a prey.
Nor ſhall the teeming womb afford
Its forming births a refuge from the ſword;
The ſword, that ſhall their pangs increaſe,
And all the throes of travail curſe with barrenneſs,

The

The infants ſhall expire with their firſt breath,
And only live in pangs of death;
Live but with early cries to curſe the light,
And, at the dawn of life, ſet in eternal night.

VI.

Ev'n Babylon, adorn'd with every grace,
The beauty of the univerſe:
Glory of nations! the Chaldæans' pride,
And joy of all th' admiring world beſide:
Thou, Babylon! before whoſe throne
The empires of the earth fall down;
The proſtrate nations homage pay,
And vaſſal princes of the world obey:
Shalt in the duſt be trampled low:
Abject and low upon the earth be laid,
And deep in ruins hide thy ignominious head.
Thy ſtrong amazing walls, whoſe impious height
The clouds conceal from human ſight;
That proudly now their poliſh'd turrets rear,
Which bright as neighbouring ſtars appear,
Diffuſing glories round th' enlighten'd air,
In flames ſhall downwards to their centre fly,
And deep within the earth, as their foundations, lie.

VII.

Thy beauteous palaces (though now thy pride)
Shall be in heaps of aſhes hid:
In vaſt ſurpriſing heaps ſhall lie,
And ev'n their ruins bear the poomp of majeſty.
No bold inhabitant ſhall dare
Thy ruin'd foundations to repair:

No

No pitying hand exalt thy abject ſtate;
No! to ſucceeding times thou muſt remain
An horrid exemplary ſcene,
And lie from age to age ruin'd and deſolate.
Thy fall 's decreed (amazing turn of fate!)
Low as Gomorrah's wretched ſtate:
Thou, Babylon, ſhalt be like Sodom curſt,
Deſtroy'd by flames from heaven, and thy more burning luſt.

VIII.

The day 's at hand, when in thy fruitful ſoil
No labourer ſhall reap, no mower toil:
His tent the wandering Arab ſhall not ſpread,
Nor make thy curſed ground his bed;
Though faint with travel, though oppreſt with thirſt,
He to his drooping herds ſhall cry aloud,
Taſte not of that embitter'd flood, [curſt.
Taſte not Euphrates' ſtreams, they 're poiſonous all, and
The ſhepherd to his wandering flocks ſhall ſay,
When o'er thy battlements they ſtray,
When in thy palaces they graze,
Ah, fly, unhappy flocks! fly this infectious place.
Whilſt the ſad traveller, that paſſes on,
Shall aſk, Lo, where is Babylon?
And when he has thy ſmall remainder found,
Shall ſay, I 'll fly from hence, 'tis ſure accurſed ground.

IX.

Then ſhall the ſavages and beaſts of prey
From their deſerted mountains haſte away;
Every obſcene and vulgar beaſt
Shall be to Babylon a gueſt:

Her marble roofs, and every cedar room,
Shall dens and caves of ſtate to nobler brutes become.
Thy courts of juſtice, and tribunals too,
(O irony to call them ſo!)
There, where the tyrant and oppreſſor bore
The ſpoils of innocence and blood before;
There ſhall the wolf and ſavage tiger meet,
And griping vulture ſhall appear in ſtate,
There birds of prey ſhall rule, and ravenous beaſts be great.
Thoſe uncorrupted ſhall remain,
Thoſe ſhall alone their genuine uſe retain,
There Violence ſhall thrive, Rapine and Fraud ſhall reign.

X.

Then ſhall the melancholy Satyrs groan,
O'er their lamented Babylon;
And ghoſts that glide with horror by,
To view where their unbury'd bodies lie,
With doleful cries ſhall fill the air,
And with amazement ſtrike th' affrighted traveller.
There the obſcener birds of night,
Birds that in gloomy ſhades delight,
Shall ſolitude enjoy, live undiſturb'd by light.
All the ill omens of the air
Shall ſcream their loud preſages there.
But let them all their dire predictions tell,
Secure in ills, and fortify'd with woe,
Heaven ſhall in vain its future vengeance ſhow:
For thou art happily inſenſible,
Beneath the reach of miſeries fell,
Thou need'ſt no deſolation dread, no greater curſes fear.

TO

TO MR. CONGREVE.

AN EPISTOLARY ODE, 1693.

OCCASIONED BY "THE OLD BACHELOR."

I.

FAM'D wits and beauties share this common fate,
To stand expos'd to public love and hate,
In every breast they different passions raise,
At once our envy, and our praise.
For when, like you, some noble youth appears,
For wit and humour fam'd above his years;
Each emulous Muse, that views the laurel won,
Must praise the worth so much transcends their own,
And, while his fame they envy, add to his renown.
But sure, like you, no youth could please,
Nor at his first attempt boast such success:
Where all mankind have fail'd, you glories won;
Triumphant are in this alone,
In this, have all the bards of old out-done.

II.

Then may'st thou rule our stage in triumph long!
May'st thou its injur'd fame revive,
And matchless proofs of wit and humour give,
Reforming with thy scenes, and charming with thy song!
And though a curse ill-fated wit pursues,
And waits the fatal dowry of a Muse;
Yet may thy rising fortunes be
Secure from all the blasts of poetry;

As thy own laurels flouriſhing appear,
Unſully'd ſtill with cares, nor clogg'd with hope and fear!
As from its wants, be from its vices free,
From nauſeous ſervile flattery;
Nor to a patron proſtitute thy mind,
Though like Auguſtus great, as fam'd Mæcenas kind.

III.

Though great in fame! believe me, generous youth,
Believe this oft-experienc'd truth,
Form him that knows thy virtues, and admires their worth.
Though thou 'rt above what vulgar poets fear,
Truſt not th' ungrateful world too far;
Truſt not the ſmiles of the inconſtant town;
Truſt not the plaudits of a theatre
(Which Durfey ſhall with Thee and Dryden ſhare);
Nor to a ſtage's intereſt ſacrifice thy own.
Thy genius, that 's for nobler things deſign'd,
May at looſe hours oblige mankind:
Then, great as is thy fame, thy fortunes raiſe,
Join thriving intereſt to thy barren bays,
And teach the world to envy, as thou doſt to praiſe.
The world, that does like common whores embrace,
Injurious ſtill to thoſe it does careſs:
Injurious as the tainted breath of Fame,
That blaſts a poet's fortunes, while it ſounds his name

IV.

When firſt a Muſe inflames ſome youthful breaſt,
Like an unpractis'd virgin, ſtill ſhe 's kind:
Adorn'd with graces then, and beauties bleſt,
She charms the ear with ſame, with raptures fills the mi

TV

Then from all cares the happy youth is free,
But thoſe of love and poetry:
Cares, ſtill allay'd with pleaſing charms,
That crown the head with bays, with beauty fill the arms.
But all a woman's frailties ſoon ſhe ſhows,
Too ſoon a ſtale domeſtic creature grows:
Then, wedded to a Muſe that 's nauſeous grown,
We loath what we enjoy, drudge when the pleaſure's gone.
For, tempted with imaginary bays,
Fed with immortal hopes and empty praiſe,
He fame purſues, that fair and treacherous bait,
Grows wiſe when he 's undone, repents when 'tis too late.

V.

Small are the trophies of his boaſted bays,
The great man's promiſe for his flattering toil,
Fame in reverſion, and the public ſmile,
All vainer than his hopes, uncertain as his praiſe.
'Twas thus in mournful numbers heretofore,
Neglected Spenſer did his fate deplore:
Long did his injur'd Muſe complain,
Admir'd in midſt of wants, and charming ſtill in vain.
Long did the generous Cowley mourn,
And long oblig'd the age without return.
Deny'd what every wretch obtains of Fate,
An humble roof, and an obſcure retreat,
Condemn'd to needy fame, and to be miſerably great.
Thus did the world thy great fore-fathers uſe;
Thus all th' inſpir'd bards before
Did their hereditary ills deplore;
From tuneful Chaucer's down to thy own Dryden's Muſe.

VI.

Yet, pleas'd with gaudy ruin, youth will on,
As proud by public fame to be undone;
Pleas'd, though he does the worſt of labours chuſe,
To ſerve a barbarous age, and an ungrateful Muſe.
Since Dryden's ſelf, to Wit's great empire born,
Whoſe genius and exalted name
Triumph with all the ſpoils of Wit and Fame,
Muſt, 'midſt the loud applauſe, his barren laurels mourn.
Ev'n that fam'd man, whom all the world admires,
Whom every Grace adorns, and Muſe inſpires,
Like the great injur'd Taſſo, ſhows
Triumphant in the midſt of woes;
In all his wants, majeſtic ſtill appears,
Charming the age to which he owes his cares,
And cheriſhing that Muſe whoſe fatal curſe he bears.

THE INSECT.

AGAINST BULK.

"Ineſt ſua gratia parvis."

WHERE greatneſs is to Nature's works deny'd,
In worth and beauty it is well ſupply'd:
In a ſmall ſpace the more perfection 's ſhown,
And what is exquiſite in little 's done.
Thus beams, contracted in a narrow glaſs,
To flames convert their larger uſeleſs rays.
'Tis Nature's ſmalleſt products pleaſe the eye,
Whilſt greater births paſs unregarded by;

Her monſters ſeem a violence to ſight;
They 're form'd for terror, inſects to delight.
Thus, when ſhe nicely frames a piece of art,
Fine are her ſtrokes, and ſmall in every part;
No labour can ſhe boaſt more wonderful
Than to inform an atom with a ſoul;
To animate her little beauteous fly,
And cloath it in her gaudieſt drapery.

Thus does the little epigram delight,
And charm us with its miniature of wit;
Whilſt tedious authors give the reader pain,
Weary his thoughts, and make him toil in vain;
When in leſs volumes we more pleaſure find,
And what diverts, ſtill beſt informs the mind.

'Tis the ſmall inſect looks correct and fair,
And ſeems the product of her niceſt care.
When, weary'd out with the ſtupendous weight
Of forming prodigies and brutes of ſtate;
Then ſhe the inſect frames, her maſter-piece,
Made for diverſion, and deſign'd to pleaſe.

Thus Archimedes, in his cryſtal ſphere,
Seem'd to correct the World's Artificer:
Whilſt the large globe moves round with long delay,
His beauteous orbs in nimbler circles play:
This ſeem'd the nobler labour of the two,
Great was the ſphere above, but fine below.

Thus ſmalleſt things have a peculiar grace,
The great w' admire, but 'tis the little pleaſe;
Then, ſince the leaſt ſo beautifully ſhow,
B' advis'd in time, my Muſe, and learn to know
A Poet's lines ſhould be correct and few.

TO

TO HIS FRIEND

CAPTAIN CHAMBERLAIN,

In Love with a Lady he had taken in an Algerine Prize at Sea.

In Alluſion to HORACE 2 Od. iv.

I.

'TIS no diſgrace, brave youth, to own
By a Fair Slave you are undone:
Why doſt thou bluſh to hear that name,
And ſtifle thus a generous flame?
Did not the fair Briſeïs heretofore
With powerful charms ſubdue?
What though a captive, ſtill ſhe bore
Thoſe eyes that freedom could reſtore,
And make her haughty lord, the proud Achilles, bow.

II.

Stern Ajax, though renown'd in arms,
Did yield to bright Tecmeſſa's charms:
And all the laurels he had won
As trophies at her feet were thrown.
When, beautiful in tears, he view'd the mourning fair,
The hero felt her power:
Though great in camps, and fierce in war,
Her ſofter looks he could not bear,
Proud to become her ſlave, though late her conqueror.

III. When

III.

When beauty in diſtreſs appears,
An irreſiſtleſs charm it bears:
In every breaſt does pity move,
Pity, the tendereſt part of love.
Amidſt his triumphs great Atrides ſued,
Unto a weeping maid:
Though Troy was by his arms ſubdued,
And Greece the bloody trophies view'd,
Yet at a captive's feet th' imploring victor laid.

IV.

Think not thy charming maid can be
Of a baſe ſtock, and mean degree;
Her ſhape, her air, her every grace,
A more than vulgar birth confeſs:
Yes, yes, my friend, with royal blood ſhe 's great,
Sprung from ſome monarch's bed;
Now mourns her family's hard fate,
Her mighty fall and abject ſtate,
And her illuſtrious race conceals with noble pride.

V.

Ah, think not an ignoble houſe
Could ſuch a heroine produce;
Nor think ſuch generous ſprightly blood
Could flow from the corrupted crowd;
But view her courage, her undaunted mind,
And ſoul with virtues crown'd;
Where dazzling intereſt cannot blind,
Nor youth nor gold admittance find,
But ſtill her honour 's fix'd, and virtue keeps its ground.

VI. View

VI.

View well her great majeſtic air,
And modeſt looks divinely fair;
Too bright for fancy to improve,
And worthy of thy nobleſt love.
But yet ſuſpect not thy officious friend,
All jealous thoughts remove;
Though I with youthful heat commend,
For thee I all my wiſhes ſend,
And if ſhe makes thee bleſt, 'tis all I aſk of Love!

TO MR. WATSON,

On his EPHEMERIS of the CELESTIAL MOTIONS preſented to Her MAJESTY.

ART, when in full perfection, is deſign'd
To pleaſe the eye, or to inform the mind:
This nobler piece performs the double part,
With graceful beauty and inſtructive art.
Since the great Archimedes' ſphere was loſt,
The nobleſt labour finiſh'd it could boaſt;
No generous hand durſt that fam'd model trace,
Which Greece admir'd, and Rome could only praiſe.
This you, with greater luſtre, have reſtor'd,
And taught thoſe arts we ignorantly ador'd:
Motion in full perfection here you 've ſhown,
And what mankind deſpair'd to reach, have done.
In artful frames your heavenly bodies move,
Scarce brighter in their beauteous orbs above;

And ſtars, depriv'd of all malignant flames,
Here court the eye with more auſpicious beams:
In graceful order the juſt planets riſe,
And here complete their circles in the ſkies;
Here 's the full concert of revolving ſpheres,
And heaven in bright epitome appears.
With charms the ancients did invade the Moon,
And from her orb compell'd her ſtruggling down;
But here 's ſhe 's taught a nobler change by you,
And moves with pride in this bright ſphere below:
While your celeſtial bodies thus I view,
They give me bright ideas of the true;
Inſpir'd by them, my thoughts dare upward move,
And viſit regions of the bleſt above.
Thus from your hand w' admire the globe in ſmall,
A copy fair as its original:
This labour 's to the whole creation juſt,
Second to none, and rival to the firſt.
The artful ſpring, like the diffuſive ſoul,
Informs the machine, and directs the whole:
Like Nature's ſelf, it fills the ſpacious throne,
And unconfin'd ſways the fair orbs alone;
Th' unactive parts with awful ſilence wait,
And from its nod their birth of motion date:
Like Chaos, they obey the powerful call,
Move to its ſound, and into meaſures fall.

THE

THE RAPE OF THEUTILLA.

Imitated from the Latin of FAMIANUS STRADA.

THE INTRODUCTORY ARGUMENT.

Theutilla, a fair young virgin, who, to avoid the addreſſes of thoſe many admirers her beauty drew about her, aſſumed the habit of a religious order, and wholly withdrew herſelf from the eye and converſe of the world: but the common report of her beauty had ſo inflamed Amalis (a young perſon of quality) with love, that one night, in a debauch of wine, he commands his ſervants to force her dormitory, and bear off, though by violence, the lovely votareſs; which having ſucceſsfully performed, they bring Theutilla to their expecting lord's apartment, the ſcene of the enſuing Poem.

SOON as the tyrant her bright form ſurvey'd,
He grew inflam'd with the fair captive maid:
A graceful ſorrow in her looks ſhe bears,
Lovely with grief, and beautiful in tears;
Her mein and air reſiſtleſs charms impart,
Forcing an eaſy paſſage to his heart:
Long he devours her beauties with his eyes,
While through his glowing veins th' infection flies;
Swifter than lightning to his breaſt it came,
Like that, a fair, but a deſtructive flame.

Yet

Yet ſhe, though in her young and blooming ſtate,
Poſſeſt a ſoul, beyond a virgin's, great;
No charms of youth her colder boſom move,
Chaſte were her thoughts, and moſt averſe to love:
And as ſome timorous hind in toils betray'd,
Thus in his arms ſtrove the reſiſting maid;
Thus did ſhe combat with his ſtrict embrace,
And ſpurn'd the guilty cauſe of her diſgrace.
Revenge ſhe courted, but deſpair'd to find
A ſtrength and vigour equal to her mind;
While checks of ſhame her willing hands reſtrain,
Since all a virgin's force is her diſdain:
Yet her reſolves are nobly fix'd to die
Rather than violate her chaſtity,
Than break her vows to heaven, than blot her fame,
Or ſoil her beauties with a luſtful flame.
The night from its meridian did decline,
An hour propitious to the black deſign:
When ſleep and reſt their peaceful laws maintain,
And o'er the globe b' infectious ſilence reign;
While death-like ſlumbers every boſom ſeize,
Unbend our minds, and weary'd bodies eaſe:
Now fond Amalis finds his drooping breaſt
Heavy with wine, with amorous cares oppreſt;
Not all the joys expecting lovers feel
Can from his breaſt the drowſy charm repel;
In vain from wine his paſſion ſeeks redreſs,
Whoſe treacherous force the flame it rais'd betrays:
Weak and unnerv'd his uſeleſs limbs became,
Bending beneath their ill-ſupported frame;

And from her weary limbs repulſes ſleep.
Oft ſhe reflects with horror on the rape,
Oft tries each avenue for her eſcape;
Though ſtill repulſe upon repulſe ſhe bears,
And finds no paſſage but for ſighs and tears:
Then, with the wildneſs of her ſoul let looſe,
And all the fury that her wrongs infuſe;
She weeps, ſhe raves, ſhe rends her flowing h
Wild in her grief, and raging with deſpair,
At length her reſtleſs thoughts an utterance fin
And vent the anguiſh of her labouring mind:
Whilſt all diſſolv'd in calmer tears ſhe ſaid,
" Shall I again be to his arms betray'd!
" Again the toil of loath'd embraces bear,
" And for ſome blacker ſcene of luſt prepare!
" Firſt may his bed my guiltleſs grave becom
" His marble roof my unpolluted tomb;
" Then, juſt to honour, and unſtain'd in fam

" Not arts, nor ruder force of men prevail'd,
" My tears found pity, when my language fail'd.
" Oft have theſe violated locks been torn,
" And injur'd face their ſavage fury borne;
" Oft have my bloody robes their crimes confeſt,
" And pointed daggers glitter'd at my breaſt;
" Yet, free from guilt, I found ſome happier charm
" To vanquiſh luſt, and wildeſt rage diſarm.
" But ah! the greateſt labour 's yet behind;
" No tears can ſoften this obdurate mind:
" No prayers inexorable pity move,
" Or guard me from the worſt of ruins, Love:
" Though ſleep and wine allow this kind reprieve,
" Yet to the youth they 'll ſtrength and fury give;
" Then, wretched maid! then think what artifice,
" What charm, ſhall reſcue from his nerv'd embrace!
" When with ſupplies of vigour next he ſtorms,
" And every dictate of his luſt perforins.
" But you, bleſt Power, that own a virgin's name,
" Protect my virtue, and defend my fame,
" From powerful luſt, and the reproach of ſhame;
" If I a ſtrict religious life have led,
" Drunk the cold ſtream, and made the earth my bed!
" If from the world a chaſte recluſe I live,
" Redreſs my wrongs, and generous ſuccour give;
" Allay this raging tempeſt of my mind,
" A virgin ſhould be to a virgin kind:
" Proſtrate with tears from you I beg defence,
" Or take my life, or guard my innocence."

While thus th' afflicted beauty pray'd, ſhe ſpy'd
A fatal dagger by Amalis' ſide:

" This weapon's mine !" ſhe cries. (then graſp'd it faſt)
" And now the luſtful tyrant ſleeps his laſt."
With eager hand the pointed ſteel ſhe draws,
Ev'n murder pleaſes in ſo juſt a cauſe;
Nor fears, nor dangers, now reſiſtance make,
Since honour, life, and dearer fame, 's at ſtake.
Yet in her breaſt does kind compaſſion plead,
And fills her ſoul with horror of the deed;
Her ſex's tenderneſs reſumes its place,
And ſpreads in conſcious bluſhes o'er her face.
Now, ſtung with the remorſe of guilt, ſhe cries,
" Ah, frantic girl, what wild attempt is this !
" Think, think, Theutilla, on the murderer's doom,
" And tremble at a puniſhment to come:
" Stain not thy virgin hands with guilty blood,
" And dread to be ſo criminally good.
" Lay both thy courage and thy weapon down,
" Nor fly to aids a maid muſt bluſh to own;
" Nor arms, nor valour, with thy ſex agree,
" They wound thy fame, and taint thy modeſty."
Thus different paſſions combat in her mind,
Oft ſhe 's to pity, oft to rage inclin'd:
Now from her hand the hated weapon 's caſt,
Then ſeiz'd again with more impetuous haſte:
Unfix'd her wiſhes, her reſolves are vain,
What ſhe attempts, ſhe ſtraight rejects again;
Her looks, the emblems of her thoughts, appear
Vary'd with rage, with pity, and deſpair:
Alone her fears incline to no extreme,
Equally poiz'd betwixt revenge and ſhame.

At length, with more prevailing rage poſſeſt,
Her jealous honour ſteels her daring breaſt:
The thoughts of injur'd fame new courage gave,
And nicer virtue now confirms her brave.
Then the fam'd Judith her whole mind employs,
Urges her hand, and ſooths the fatal choice:
This great example pleas'd, inflam'd by this,
With wild diſorder to the youth ſhe flies;
One hand ſhe wreaths within his flowing hair,
The other does the ready weapon bear:
"Now guide me (cries) fair Hebrew, now look down,
"And pity labours thou haſt undergone.
"Direct the hand that takes thy path to fame,
"And be propitious to a virgin's name,
"Whoſe glory 's but a refuge from her ſhame!"
Thus rais'd by hopes, and arm'd with courage now,
She with undaunted looks directs the blow:
Deep in his breaſt the ſpacious wound ſhe made,
And to his heart diſpatch'd th' unerring blade.
When their expiring lord the ſervants heard,
Whoſe dying groans the fatal act declar'd,
Like a fierce torrent, with no bounds they 're ſtay'd,
But vent their rage on the defenceleſs maid:
Not virtue, youth, nor beauty in diſtreſs,
Can move their ſavage breaſts to tenderneſs:
But death with horrid torments they prepare,
And to her fate th' undaunted virgin bear.
Tortures and death ſeem lovely in her eyes,
Since ſhe to honour falls a ſacrifice:
Amidſt her ſufferings, ſtill her mind is great,
And, free from guilt, ſhe triumphs o'er her fate.

But heaven, that 's ſuffering virtue's ſure reward,
Exerts its power, and is itſelf her guard:
Amalis, conſcious of his black offence,
Now feels remorſe for her wrong'd innocence;
Though now he 's ſtruggling in the pangs of death,
And all life's purple ſtream is ebbing forth:
Yet, raiſing up his pale and drooping head,
He recollects his ſpirits as they fled,
And, with his laſt remains of voice, he ſaid,
" Spare the chaſte maid, your impious hands reſtrain,
" Nor beauty with ſuch inſolence prophane:
" Learn by my fate wrong'd innocence to ſpare,
" Since injur'd virtue 's heaven's peculiar care."
But you, brave virgin, now ſhall ſtand enrol'd
Amongſt the nobleſt heroines of old:
Thy fam'd attempt, and celebrated hand,
Shall laſting trophies of thy glory ſtand;
And, if my verſe the juſt reward can give,
Theutilla's name ſhall to new ages live.
For to thy ſex thou haſt new honours won,
And France now boaſts a Judith of its own.

A N O D E

FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1693.

I.

BEGIN, and ſtrike th' harmonious lyre!
Let the loud inſtruments prepare
To raiſe our ſouls, and charm the ear,
With joys which muſic only can inſpire:

Hark

Hark how the willing ſtrings obey!
To conſecrate this happy day,
Sacred to Muſic, Love, and bleſt Cecilia.
In lofty numbers, tuneful lays,
We 'll celebrate the virgin's praiſe:
Her ſkilful hand firſt taught our ſtrings to move,
To her this ſacred art we owe,
Who firſt anticipated heaven below,
And play'd the hymns on earth, that ſhe now ſings above.

II.

What moving charms each tuneful voice contains,
Charms that through the willing ear
A tide of pleaſing raptures bear,
And, with diffuſive joys, run thrilling through our veins.
The liſtening ſoul does ſympathize,
And with each vary'd note complies:
While gay and ſprightly airs delight,
Then free from cares, and unconfin'd,
It takes, in pleaſing ecſtaſies, its flight.
With mournful ſounds, a ſadder garb it wears,
Indulges grief, and gives a looſe to tears.

III.

Muſic 's the language of the bleſt above,
No voice but Muſic's can expreſs
The joys that happy ſouls poſſeſs,
Nor in juſt raptures tell the wondrous power of Love.
'Tis Nature's dialect, deſign'd
To charm, and to inſtruct the mind.
Muſic 's an univerſal good!

That does diſpenſe its joys around,
In all the elegance of ſound,
To be by men admir'd, by angels underſtood.

IV.

Let every reſtleſs paſſion ceaſe to move!
And each tumultuous thought obey
The happy influence of this day,
For Muſic 's unity and love.
Muſic 's the ſoft indulger of the mind,
The kind diverter of our care,
The ſureſt refuge mournful grief can find;
A cordial to the breaſt, and charm to every ear.
Thus, when the prophet ſtruck his tuneful lyre,
Saul's evil genius did retire:
In vain were remedies apply'd,
In vain all other arts were try'd:
His hand and voice alone the charm could find,
To heal his body, and compoſe his mind.

V.

Now let the trumpet's louder voice proclaim
A ſolemn jubilee:
For ever ſacred let it be,
To ſkilful Jubal's, and Cecilia's name.
Great Jubal, author of our lays,
Who firſt the hidden charms of muſic found;
And through their airy paths did trace
The ſecret ſprings of ſound.
When from his hollow chorded ſhell
The ſoft melodious accents fell,
With wonder and delight he play'd,
While the harmonious ſtrings his ſkilful hand obey'd.

VI. But

VI.

But fair Cecilia to a pitch divine
Improv'd her artful lays:
When to the organ she her voice did join,
In the Almighty's praise;
Then choirs of listening angels stood around,
Admir'd her art, and blest the heavenly sound.
Her praise alone no tongue can reach,
But in the strains herself did teach:
Then let the voice and lyre combine,
And in a tuneful concert join;
For music 's her reward and care,
Above sh' enjoys it, and protects it here,

GRAND CHORUS.

Then kindly treat this happy day,
And grateful honours to Cecilia pay:
To her these lov'd harmonious rites belong,
To her that tunes our strings, and still inspires our song.

THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

To a Lady asking if her Sex was as sensible of that Passion as Man.

An Allusion to

"O! quam cruentus Fœminas stimulat Dolor!"
SENECA, Hercules Octæus.

WHAT raging thoughts transport the woman's breast,
That is with love and jealousy possest!
More with revenge, than soft desires she burns,
Whose slighted passion meets no kind returns;

That

That courts the youth with long-neglected charms,
And finds her rival happy in his arms!
Dread Scylla's rocks 'tis ſafer to engage,
And truſt a ſtorm, than her deſtructive rage:
Not waves, contending with a boiſterous wind,
Threaten ſo loud, as her tempeſtuous mind:
For ſeas grow calm, and raging ſtorms abate,
But moſt implacable 's a woman's hate:
Tigers and ſavages leſs wild appear,
Than that fond wretch abandon'd to deſpair.
Such were the tranſports Dejanira felt,
Stung with a rival's charms, and huſband's guilt:
With ſuch deſpair ſhe view'd the captive maid,
Whoſe fatal love her Hercules betray'd;
Th' unchaſte Iöle, but divinely fair!
In love triumphant, though a ſlave in war;
By nature lewd, and form'd for ſoft delight,
Gay as the ſpring, and fair as beams of light;
Whoſe blooming youth would wildeſt rage diſarm,
And every eye, but a fierce rival's, charm.
Fix'd with her grief the royal matron ſtood,
When the fair captive in his arms ſhe view'd:
With what regret her beauties ſhe ſurvey'd,
And curſt the power of the too lovely maid,
That reap'd the joys of her abandon'd bed!
Her furious looks with wild diſorder glow,
Looks that her envy and reſentment ſhow!
To blaſt that fair deteſted form ſhe tries,
And lightning darts from her diſtorted eyes.
Then o'er the palace of falſe Hercules,
With clamour and impetuous rage ſhe flies;

Lest

Late a dear witneſs of their mutual flame,
But now th' unhappy object of her ſhame;
Whoſe conſcious roof can yield her no relief,
But with polluted joys upbraids her grief.
Nor can the ſpacious court contain her now;
It grows a ſcene too narrow for her woe.
Looſe and undreſt all day ſhe ſtrays alone,
Does her abode and lov'd companions ſhun.
In woods complains, and ſighs in every grove,
The mournful tale of her forſaken love.
Her thoughts to all th' extremes of frenzy fly,
Vary, but cannot eaſe her miſery:
Whilſt in her looks the lively forms appear,
Of envy, fondneſs, fury, and deſpair.
Her rage no conſtant face of ſorrow wears,
Oft ſcornful ſmiles ſucceed loud ſighs and tears,
Oft o'er her face the riſing bluſhes ſpread,
Her glowing eye-balls turn with fury red:
Then pale and wan her alter'd looks appear,
Paler than guilt, and drooping with deſpair.
A tide of paſſions ebb and flow within,
And oft ſhe ſhifts the melancholy ſcene:
Does all th' exceſs of woman's fury ſhow,
And yields a large variety of woe.
Now calm as infants at the mother's breaſt,
Her grief in ſofteſt murmurs is expreſt:
She ſpeaks the tendereſt things that pity move,
Kind are her looks, and languiſhing with love.
Then loud as ſtorms, and raging as the wind,
She gives a looſe to her diſtemper'd mind:

With ſhrieks and groans ſhe fills the air around,
And makes the palace her loud griefs reſound.
Wild with her wrongs, ſhe like a fury ſtrays,
A fury, more than wife of Hercules:
Her motion, looks, and voice, proclaim her woes;
While ſighs, and broken words, her wilder thought diſcloſe.

TO HIS PERJURED MISTRESS

"Nox erat, & cœlo fulgebat luna ſereno," &c.

IT was one evening, when the riſing moon
Amidſt her train of ſtars diſtinctly ſhone;
Serene and calm was the inviting night,
And heaven appear'd in all its luſtre bright;
When you, Neæra, you, my perjur'd fair,
Did, to abuſe the gods and me, prepare.
'Twas then you ſwore---remember, faithleſs maid,
With what endearing arts you then betray'd:
Remember all the tender things that paſt,
When round my neck your willing arms were caſt.
The circling ivys, when the oaks they join,
Seem looſe, and coy, to thoſe fond arms of thine.
Believe, you cry'd, this ſolemn vow believe,
The nobleſt pledge that Love and I can give;
Or, if there's ought more ſacred here below,
Let that confirm my oath to heaven and you.
If e'er my breaſt a guilty flame receives,
Or covets joys but what thy preſence gives;

May every injur'd power assert thy cause,
And Love avenge his violated laws:
While cruel beasts of prey infest the plain,
And tempests rage upon the faithless main;
While sighs and tears shall listening virgins move;
So long, ye powers, will fond Nexra love.

Ah, faithless charmer, lovely perjur'd maid!
Are thus my vows and generous flame repaid?
Repeated slights I have too tamely bore,
Still doated on, and still been wrong'd the more.
Why do I listen to that Syren's voice,
Love ev'n thy crimes, and fly to guilty joys?
Thy fatal eyes my best resolves betray,
My fury melts in soft desires away:
Each look, each glance, for all thy crimes atone,
Elude my rage, and I'm again undone.

But if my injur'd soul dares yet be brave,
Unless I 'm fond of shame, confirm'd a slave,
I will be deaf to that enchanting tongue,
Nor on thy beauties gaze away my wrong.
At length I 'll loath each prostituted grace,
Nor court the leavings of a cloy'd embrace;
But shew, with manly rage, my soul 's above
The cold returns of thy exhausted love.
Then thou shalt justly mourn at my disdain,
Find all thy arts and all thy charms in vain:
Shalt mourn, whilst I, with nobler flames, pursue
Some nymph as fair, though not unjust, as you;
Whose wit and beauty shall like thine excel,
But far surpass in truth, and loving well.

But wretched thou, whoe'er my rival art,
That fondly boaſts an empire o'er her heart;
Thou that enjoy'ſt the fair inconſtant prize,
And vainly triumph'ſt with my victories;
Unenvy'd now, o'er all her beauties rove,
Enjoy thy ruin, and Neæra's love:
Though wealth and honours grace thy nobler birth,
To bribe her love, and fix a wandering faith;
Though every grace and every virtue join,
T' enrich thy mind, and make thy form divine:
Yet bleſt, with endleſs charms, too ſoon you 'll prove
The treacheries of falſe Neæra's love.
Loſt and abandon'd by th' ungrateful fair,
Like me you 'll love, be injur'd, and deſpair.
When left th' unhappy object of her ſcorn,
Then ſhall I ſmile to ſee the victor mourn,
Laugh at thy fate, and triumph in my turn.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

"Integer vitæ," &c.

THE man that 's uncorrupt, and free from guilt,
That the remorſe of ſecret crimes ne'er felt:
Whoſe breaſt was ne'er debauch'd with ſin,
But finds all calm, and all at peace within:
In his integrity ſecure,
He fears no danger, dreads no power:
Uſeleſs are arms for his defence,
That keeps a faithful guard of innocence.

II. Secure

II.

Secure the happy innocent may rove,
The care of every power above;
Although unarm'd he wanders o'er
The treacherous Libya's ſands, and faithleſs ſhore:
Though o'er th' inhoſpitable brows
Of ſavage Caucaſus he goes;
Through Africk's flames, through Scythia's ſnows,
Or where Hydaſpes, fam'd for monſters, flows.

III.

For as, within an unfrequented grove,
I tun'd my willing lyre to love,
With pleaſing amorous thoughts betray'd,
Beyond my bounds inſenſibly I ſtray'd;
A wolf that view'd me fled away,
He fled from his defenceleſs prey?
When I invok'd Maria's aid,
Although unarm'd, the trembling monſter fled.

IV.

Not Daunia's teeming ſands, nor barbarous ſhore,
E'er ſuch a dreadful native bore,
Nor Africk's nurſing caves brought forth
So fierce a beaſt, of ſuch amazing growth:
Yet vain did all his fury prove
Againſt a breaſt that 's arm'd with love;
Though abſent, fair Maria's name
Subdues the fierce, and makes the ſavage tame.

V.

Commit me now to that abandon'd place
Where chearful light withdraws its rays;

No

No beams on barren nature ſmile,
Nor fruitful winds refreſh th' intemperate ſoil;
But tempeſts, with eternal froſts,
Still rage around the gloomy coaſt:
Whilſt angry Jove infeſts the air,
And, black with clouds, deforms the ſullen year.

VI.

Or place me now beneath the torrid zone,
To live a borderer on the ſun:
Send me to ſcorching ſands, whoſe heat
Guards the deſtructive ſoil from human feet:
Yet there I 'll ſing Maria's name,
And ſport, uninjur'd, midſt the flame:
Maria's name! that will create, ev'n there,
A milder climate, and more temperate air.

PATROCLUS's Requeſt to ACHILLES for his Arms.

Imitated from the Beginning of the Sixteenth ILIAD of HOMER.

DIVINE Achilles, with compaſſion mov'd,
Thus to Patroclus ſpake, his beſt-belov'd.
Why like a tender girl doſt thou complain!
That ſtrives to reach the mother's breaſt in vain;
Mourns by her ſide, her knees embraces faſt,
Hangs on her robes, and interrupts her haſte;
Yet, when with fondneſs to her arms ſhe 's rais'd,
Still mourns and weeps, and will not be appeas'd!
Thus my Patroclus in his grief appears,
Thus like a froward girl profuſe of tears.

From

From Phthia doſt thou mournful tidings hear,
And to thy friend ſome fatal meſſage bear?
Thy valiant father (if we fame believe)
The good Menætius, he is yet alive:
And Peleus, though in his declining days,
Reigns o'er his Myrmidons in health and peace;
Yet, as their lateſt obſequies we paid,
Thou mourn'ſt them living, as already dead.
Or thus with tears the Grecian hoſt deplore,
That with their navy periſh on the ſhore;
And with compaſſion their misfortunes view,
The juſt reward to guilt and falſehood due?
Impartial heaven avenges thus my wrong,
Nor ſuffers crimes to go unpuniſh'd long.
Reveal the cauſe ſo much afflicts thy mind,
Nor thus conceal thy ſorrows from thy friend.
When, gently raiſing up his drooping head,
Thus, with a ſigh, the ſad Patroclus ſaid.
Godlike Achilles, Peleus' valiant ſon!
Of all our chiefs, the greateſt in renown;
Upbraid not thus th' afflicted with their woes,
Nor triumph now the Greeks ſuſtain ſuch loſs!
To pity let thy generous breaſt incline,
And ſhow thy mind is like thy birth divine.
For all the valiant leaders of their hoſt,
Or wounded lie, or are in battle loſt.
Ulyſſes great in arms, and Diomede,
Languiſh with wounds, and in the navy bleed:
This common fate great Agamemnon ſhares,
And ſtern Eurypylus, renown'd in wars.

Whilſt

Whilſt powerful drugs th' experienc'd artiſts try,
And to their wounds apt remedies apply:
Eaſing th' afflicted heroes with their ſkill,
Thy breaſt alone remains implacable!
What, will thy fury thus for ever laſt!
Let preſent woes atone for injuries paſt:
How can thy ſoul retain ſuch laſting hate!
Thy virtues are as uſeleſs as they 're great.
What injur'd friend from thee ſhall hope redreſs,
That will not aid the Greeks in ſuch diſtreſs?
Uſeleſs is all the valour that you boaſt,
Deform'd with rage, with ſullen fury loſt.
Could cruelty like thine from Peleus come,
Or be the offspring of fair Thetis' womb!
Thee raging ſeas, thee boiſterous waves brought forth,
And to obdurate rocks thou ow'ſt thy birth!
Thy ſtubborn nature ſtill retains their kind,
So hard thy heart, ſo ſavage is thy mind.
But, if thy boding breaſt admits of fear,
Or dreads what ſacred oracles declare!
What awful Thetis in the courts above
Receiv'd from the unerring mouth of Jove!
If ſo----let me the threatening dangers face,
And head the warlike ſquadrons in thy place:
Whilſt me thy valiant Myrmidons obey,
We yet may turn the fortune of the day.
Let me in thy diſtinguiſh'd arms appear,
With all thy dreadful equipage of war;
That when the Trojans our approaches view,
Deceiv'd, they ſhall retreat, and think 'tis you.

Thus

Thus, from the rage of an inſulting hoſt,
We may retrieve that fame the Greeks have loſt;
Vigorous and freſh, th' unequal fight renew,
And from our navy force the drooping foe;
O'er haraſs'd men an eaſy conqueſt gain,
And drive the Trojans to their walls again.

On the re-printing MILTON's Proſe Works, with his POEMS written in his PARADISE LOST.

THESE ſacred lines with wonder we peruſe,
And praiſe the flights of a ſeraphic Muſe,
Till thy ſeditious proſe provokes our rage,
And ſoils the beauties of thy brighteſt page.
Thus here we ſee tranſporting ſcenes ariſe,
Heaven's radiant hoſt, and opening paradiſe;
Then trembling view the dread abyſs beneath,
Hell's horrid manſions, and the realms of death.
Whilſt here thy bold majeſtic numbers riſe,
And range th' embattled legions of the ſkies,
With armies fill the azure plains of light,
And paint the lively terrors of the fight,
We own the poet worthy to rehearſe
Heaven's laſting triumphs in immortal verſe:
But when thy impious mercenary pen
Inſults the beſt of princes, beſt of men,
Our admiration turns to juſt diſdain,
And we revoke the fond applauſe again.

Like the fall'n angels in their happy ſtate,
Thou ſhar'dſt their nature, inſolence, and fate:
To harps divine, immortal hymns they ſung,
As ſweet thy voice, as ſweet thy lyre was ſtrung.
As they did rebels to th' Almighty grow,
So thou prophan'ſt his image here below.
Apoſtate bard! may not thy guilty ghoſt,
Diſcover to its own eternal coſt,
That as they heaven, thou paradiſe haſt loſt!

TO

SIR HUMPHRY MACKWORTH,

ON THE MINES, LATE OF SIR CARBERY PRICE.

WHAT ſpacious veins enrich the Britiſh ſoil;
The various ores, and ſkilful miner's toil;
How ripening metals lie conceal'd in earth,
And teeming Nature forms the wondrous birth;
My uſeful verſe, the firſt, tranſmits to fame,
In numbers tun'd, and no unhallow'd flame.
O generous Mackworth! could the Muſe impart
A labour worthy thy auſpicious art;
Like thee ſucceed in paths untrod before,
And ſecret treaſures of the land explore.
Apollo's ſelf ſhould on the labour ſmile,
And Delphos quit for Britain's fruitful iſle.
Where fair Sabrina flows around the coaſt,
And aged Dovey in the ocean 's loſt,

Her

Her lofty brows unconquer'd Britain rears,
And fenc'd with rocks impregnable appears:
Which like the well-fix'd bars of nature ſhow,
To guard the treaſures ſhe conceals below.
For Earth, diſtorted with her pregnant womb,
Heaves up to give the forming embryo room:
Hence vaſt excreſcences of hills ariſe,
And mountains ſwell to a portentous ſize.
Louring and black the rugged coaſt appears,
The ſullen earth a gloomy ſurface wears;
Yet all beneath, deep as the centre, ſhines
With native wealth, and more than India's mines.
Thus erring Nature her defects ſupplies,
Indulgent oft to what her ſons deſpiſe:
Oft in a rude, unfiniſh'd form, we find
The nobleſt treaſure of a generous mind.

Thrice happy land! from whoſe indulgent womb,
Such unexhauſted ſtores of riches come!
By heaven belov'd! form'd by auſpicious fate,
To be above thy neighbouring nations great!
Its golden ſands no more ſhall Tagus boaſt,
In Dovey's flood his rival'd empire's loſt;
Whoſe waters now a nobler fund maintain,
To humble France, and check the pride of Spain.
Like Egypt's Nile the bounteous current ſhows,
Diſperſing bleſſings whereſoe'er it flows;
Whoſe native treaſure 's able to repair
The long expences of our Gallic war.

The ancient Britons are a hardy race,
Averſe to luxury and ſlothful eaſe;

Their necks beneath a foreign yoke ne'er bow'd,
In war unconquer'd, and of freedom proud;
With minds reſolv'd they laſting toils endure,
Unmix'd their language, and their manners pure.
Wiſely does Nature ſuch an offſpring chuſe,
Brave to defend her wealth, and ſlow to uſe.
Where thirſt of empire ne'er inflames their veins,
Nor avarice, nor wild ambition reigns:
But, low in mines, they conſtant toils renew,
And through the earth their branching veins purſue.
As when ſome navy on th' Iberian coaſt,
Chac'd by the winds, is in the ocean loſt;
To Neptune's realms a new ſupply it brings,
The ſtrength deſign'd of European kings:
Contending divers would the wreck regain,
And make repriſals on the graſping main:
Wild in purſuit they are endanger'd more,
Then when they combated the ſtorms before.
The miner thus through perils digs his way,
Equal to theirs, and deeper than the ſea;
Drawing, in peſtilential ſteams, his breath,
Reſolv'd to conquer, though he combats death.
Night's gloomy realms his pointed ſteel invades,
The courts of Pluto, and infernal ſhades:
He cuts through mountains, ſubterraneous lakes,
Plying his work, each nervous ſtroke he takes
Looſens the earth, and the whole cavern ſhakes.
Thus, with his brawny arms, the Cyclops ſtands,
To form Jove's lightning with uplifted hands;

The

The ponderous hammer with a force deſcends,
Loud as the thunder which his art intends;
And as he ſtrikes, with each reſiſtleſs blow
The anvil yields, and Ætna groans below.
Thy fam'd inventions, Mackworth, moſt adorn
The miner's art, and make the beſt return:
Thy ſpeedy ſails, and uſeful engines, ſhow
A genius richer than the mines below.
Thouſands of ſlaves unſkill'd Peru maintains;
The hands that labour ſtill exhauſt the gains:
The winds, thy ſlaves, their uſeful ſuccour join,
Convey thy ore, and labour at thy mine;
Inſtructed by thy arts, a power they find
To vanquiſh realms, where once they lay confin'd.
Downward, my Muſe, direct thy ſteepy flight,
Where ſmiling ſhades and beauteous realms invite;
I firſt of Britiſh bards invoke thee down,
And firſt with wealth thy graceful temples crown,
Through dark retreats purſue the winding ore,
Search Nature's depths, and view her boundleſs ſtore;
The ſecret cauſe in tuneful meaſures ſing,
How metals firſt are fram'd, and whence they ſpring.
Whether the active ſun, with chemic flames,
Through porous earth tranſmits his genial beams;
With heat impregnating the womb of night,
The offspring ſhines with its paternal light:
On Britain's iſle propitiouſly he ſhines,
With joy deſcends, and labours in her mines.
Or whether, urg'd by ſubterraneous flames,
The earth ferments, and flows in liquid ſtreams;

Purg'd from their droſs, the nobler parts refine,
Receive new forms, and with freſh beauties ſhine.
Thus fluid parts, unknowing how to burn,
With cold congeal'd, to ſolid metals turn:
For metals only from devouring flame
Preſerve their beauty, and return the ſame;
Both art and force the well-wrought maſs diſdains,
And 'midſt the fire its native form retains.
Or whether by creation firſt they ſprung,
When yet unpois'd the world's great fabric hung:
Metals the baſis of the earth were made,
The bars on which its fix'd foundation 's laid:
All ſecond cauſes they diſdain to own,
And from th' Almighty's Fiat ſprung alone.
Nature in ſpecious beds preſerves her ſtore,
And keeps unmix'd the well-compacted ore;
The ſpreading root a numerous race maintains
Of branching limbs, and far-extended veins:
Thus, from its watery ſtore, a ſpring ſupplies
The leſſer ſtreams that round its fountain riſe;
Which bounding out in fair meanders play,
And o'er the meads in different currents ſtray.
Methinks I ſee the rounded metal ſpread,
To be ennobled with our monarch's head:
About the globe th' admired coin ſhall run,
And make the circle of its parent ſun.
How are thy realms, triumphant Britain, bleſt!
Enrich'd with more than all the diſtant weſt!
Thy ſons, no more betray'd with hopes of gain,
Shall tempt the dangers of a faithleſs main,

Traffic no more abroad for foreign ſpoil,
Supplied with richer from their native ſoil.
To Dovey's flood ſhall numerous traders come,
Employ'd to fetch the Britiſh bullion home,
To pay their tributes to its bounteous ſhore,
Returning laden with the Cambrian ore.
Her abſent fleet Potoſi's race ſhall mourn,
And wiſh in vain to ſee our ſails return;
Like miſers heaping up their uſeleſs ſtore,
Starv'd with their wealth, amidſt their riches poor.
Where-e'er the Britiſh banners are diſplay'd,
The ſuppliant nations ſhall implore our aid:
Till, thus compell'd, the greater worlds confeſs
Themſelves oblig'd, and ſuccour'd by the leſs.
How Cambria's mines were to her offſpring known,
Thus ſacred verſe tranſmits the ſtory down:
Merlin, a bard of the inſpired train,
With myſtic numbers charm'd the Britiſh plain;
Belov'd by Phœbus, and the tuneful Nine,
His ſong was ſacred, and his art divine:
As on Sabrina's fruitful banks he ſtood,
His wondrous verſe reſtrain'd the liſtening flood;
The ſtream's bright Goddeſs rais'd her awful head,
And to her cave the artful ſhepherd led.
Her ſwift-deſcending ſteps the youth purſues,
And rich in ore the ſpacious mountain views.
In beds diſtinct the well rang'd metals lay,
Diſperſing rays, and counterfeiting day.
The ſilver, ſhedding beams of orient light,
Struck with too fierce a glare his aking ſight;

Like riſing flames the ruddy copper ſhow'd,
And ſpread its bluſhes o'er the dark abode:
Profuſe of rays, and with unrival'd beams,
The liquid ſilver flow'd in reſtleſs ſtreams:
Nor India's ſparkling gems are half ſo bright,
Nor waves above, that ſhine with heavenly light;
When thus the Goddeſs ſpake: Harmonious Youth,
Rever'd for numbers fraught with ſacred truth!
Belov'd by heaven! attend while I relate
The fix'd decree, and dark events of fate.
Conceal'd theſe treaſures lie in Nature's womb,
For future times, and ages yet to come.
When many long revolving years are run,
A hero ſhall aſcend the Britiſh throne,
Whoſe numerous triumphs ſhall Auguſta grace,
In arms renown'd, ador'd for plenteous peace.
Beneath his ſway a generous youth ſhall riſe,
With virtues bleſt, in happy councils wiſe;
Rich with the ſpoils of Learning's various ſtore,
Commanding arts, yet ſtill acquiring more.
He, with ſucceſs, ſhall enter this abode,
And nature trace in paths before untrod;
The ſmiling offspring from her womb remove,
And with her entrails glad the realms above.
O youth, reſerv'd by more auſpicious fate,
With fam'd improvements to oblige the ſtate!
By wars impoveriſh'd, Albion mourns no more,
Thy well-wrought mines forbid her to be poor
The earth, thy great exchequer, ready lies,
Which all defect of failing funds ſupplies;

Thou

Thou ſhalt a nation's preſſing wants relieve,
Not war can laviſh more than thou canſt give.
This, Mackworth, fixes thy immortal name,
The Muſe's darling, and the boaſt of fame;
No greater virtues on record ſhall ſtand,
Than thus with arts to grace, with wealth enrich the land.

OVID'S ART OF LOVE.

BOOK THE SECOND*.

NOW Io Pæan ſing! now wreaths prepare!
And with repeated Ios fill the air:
The prey is fall'n in my ſucceſsful toils,
My artful nets incloſe the lovely ſpoils:
My numbers now, ye ſmiling lovers, crown,
And make your poet deathleſs in renown:
With laſting fame my verſe ſhall be inroll'd,
And I peferr'd to all the Bards of old.
Thus Paris from the warlike Spartans bore
Their raviſh'd bride; to Ida's diſtant ſhore
Victorius Pelops thus in triumph drove
The vanquiſh'd maid, and thus enjoy'd his love.
Stay, eager youth! your bark 's but under ſail;
The diſtant port requires a proſperous gale.
'Tis not enough the yielding beauty 's found,
And with my aid your artful paſſion crown'd;

* The FIRST Book of Ovid's "Art of Love," is printed in this Collection, among the poems of Mr. DRYDEN; the THIRD, among thoſe of Mr. CONGREVE. Mr. POPE's hand-writing enables us to aſcribe the SECOND to Dr. YALDEN. N.

The

The conqueſts our ſucceſsful conduct gain'd,
With art muſt be ſecur'd, by arts maintain'd.
The glory's more to guard, than win the prize;
There all the toil and threatening danger lies.
If ever, Cupid, now indulgent prove,
O Venus! aid; thou charming Queen of Love!
Kind Erato, let thy auſpicious name
Inſpire the work, and raiſe my generous flame.
The labour 's great! a method I deſign
For Love; and will the fetter'd god confine:
The god that roves the ſpacious world around,
In every clime, and diſtant region found;
Active and light, his wings elude our guard,
And to confine a deity is hard:
His gueſt from flight Minos inclos'd around,
Yet he with wings a daring paſſage found.
Thus Dædalus her offspring firſt confin'd:
Who with a bull in lewd embraces join'd:
Her teeming womb the horrid crime confeſs'd;
Big with a human bull, half man, half beaſt.
Said he, juſt Minos, beſt of human-kind,
Thy mercy let a proſtrate exile find.
By fates compell'd my native ſhores to fly,
Permit me, where I durſt not live, to die.
Enlarge my ſon, if you neglect my tears,
And ſhow compaſſion to his blooming years:
Let not the youth a long confinement mourn,
Oh free the ſon, or let his ſire return!
Thus he implor'd, but ſtill implor'd in vain,
Nor could the freedom that he ſought, obtain.

Convinc'd

Convinc'd at length: Now, Dædalus, he cry'd,
Here 's ſubject for thy art that 's yet untry'd,
Minos the earth commands, and guards the ſea,
No paſs the land affords, the deep no way:
Heaven 's only free, we'll heaven's auſpicious height
Attempt to paſs, where kinder fates invite!
Favour, ye powers above, my daring flight;
Misfortunes oft prove to invention kind,
Inſtruct our wit, and aid the labouring mind:
For who can credit men, in wild deſpair,
Should force a paſſage through the yielding air?
Feathers for wings deſign'd the artiſt choſe,
And bound with thread his forming pinions cloſe:
With temper'd wax the pointed ends he wrought,
And to perfection his new labours brought.
The finiſh'd wings his ſmiling offspring views,
Admires the work, not conſcious of their uſe:
To whom the father ſaid, Obſerve aright,
Obſerve, my ſon, theſe inſtruments of flight.
In vain the tyrant our eſcape retards,
The heavens he cannot, all but heaven he guards;
Though earth and ſeas elude thy father's care,
Theſe wings ſhall waft us through the ſpacious air.
Nor ſhall my ſon celeſtial ſigns ſurvey,
Far from the radiant Virgin take your way:
Or where Bootes the chill'd north commands,
And with his fauchion dread Orion ſtands;
I'll go before, me ſtill retain in ſight,
Where-e'er I lead, ſecurely make your flight.

For

For ſhould we upward ſoar too near the ſun,
Diſſolv'd with heat, the liquid wax will run:
Or near the ſeas an humbler flight maintain,
Our plumes will ſuffer by the ſteaming main.
A medium keep, the winds obſerve aright:
The winds will aid your advantageous flight.
He caution'd thus, and thus inform'd him long,
As careful birds inſtruct their tender young:
The ſpreading wings then to his ſhoulders bound,
His body pois'd, and rais'd him from the ground.
Prepar'd for flight, his aged arms embrace
The tender youth, whilſt tears o'erflow his face.
A hill there was, from whence the anxious pair
Eſſay'd their wings, and forth they lanch'd in air:
Now his expanded plumes the artiſt plies,
Regards his ſon, and leads along the ſkies;
Pleas'd with the novelty of flight, the boy
Bounds in the air, and upward ſprings with joy.
The angler views them from the diſtant ſtrand,
And quits the labours of his trembling hand.
Samos they paſs, and Naxos in their flight,
And Delos, with Apollo's preſence bright.
Now on their right Lebinthos' ſhores they found,
For fruitful lakes and ſhady groves renown'd.
When the aſpiring boy forgot his fears,
Raſh with hot youth and unexperienc'd years:
Upwards he ſoar'd, maintain'd a lofty ſtroke,
And his directing father's way forſook.
The wax, of heat impatient, melted run,
Nor could his wings ſuſtain that blaze of ſun.

From heaven he views the fatal depths below,
Whilſt killing fears prevent the diſtant blow.
His ſtruggling arms now no aſſiſtance find,
Nor poiſe the body, nor receive the wind.
Falling, his father he implores in vain,
To aid his flight, and ſinking limbs ſuſtain;
His name invokes, till the expiring ſound
Far in the floods with Icarus was drown'd.
The parent mourns, a parent now no more,
And ſeeks the abſent youth on every ſhore;
Where's my lov'd ſon, my Icarus! he cries;
Say in what diſtant region of the ſkies,
Or faithleſs clime, the youthful wanderer flies!
Then view'd his pinions ſcatter'd o'er the ſtream,
The ſhore his bones receiv'd, the waves his name.
Minos with walls attempted to detain
His flying gueſts, but did attempt in vain:
Yet the wing'd god ſhall to our rules ſubmit,
And Cupid yield to more prevailing wit.
Theſſalian arts in vain raſh lovers uſe,
In vain with drugs the ſcornful maid abuſe:
The ſkilful'ſt potions ineffectual prove,
Uſeleſs are magic remedies in love:
Could charms prevail, Circe had prov'd her art,
And fond Medea fix'd her Jaſon's heart.
No: tempt with philters the diſdainful dame;
They rage inſpire, create a frantic flame:
Abſtain from guilt, all vicious arts remove,
And make your paſſion worthy of her love.

Diſtruſt your empty form and boaſted face;
The nymph engage a thouſand nobler ways:
To fix her vanquiſh'd heart intirely thine,
Accompliſh'd graces to your native join.
Beauty 's but frail, a charm that ſoon decays,
Its luſtre fades as rolling years increaſe,
And age ſtill triumphs o'er the ruin'd face.
This truth the fair but ſhort-liv'd lily ſhows,
And prickles that ſurvive the faded roſe.
Learn, lovely boy, be with inſtruction wiſe!
Beauty and youth miſ-ſpent are paſt advice.
Then cultivate thy mind with Wit and Fame,
Thoſe laſting charms ſurvive the funeral flame.
With arts and ſciences your breaſt improve,
Of high import are languages in love:
The fam'd Ulyſſes was not fair nor young,
But eloquent and charming with his tongue:
And yet for him contending beauties ſtrove,
And every ſea-nymph ſought the hero's love,
Calypſo mourn'd when he forſook her ſhores,
And with fond waves detain'd his haſty oars.
Oft ſhe inquir'd of ruin'd Ilium's fate,
Making him oft the wondrous tale relate;
Which with ſuch grace his florid tongue could frame,
The ſtory ſtill was new, tho' ſtill the ſame.
Now ſtanding on the ſhores, again declare,
Calypſo cry'd, your fam'd exploits in war.
He with a wand, a ſlender wand he bore,
Delineates every action on the ſhore.

Here's

Here's Troy, ſays he, then draws the walls in ſand:
There Simois flows, here my battalions ſtand.
A field there was, (and then deſcribes the field)
Where Dolon, with rewards deceiv'd, we kill'd.
Juſt thus entrench'd imagine Rheſus lies,
And here we make his warlike ſteeds our prize.
Much he deſcrib'd, when a deſtructive wave
Waſh'd off the ſlender Troy, and rolling gave
To Rheſus and his tents one common grave.
Long with delight his charming tongue ſhe heard,
The well-rais'd paſſion in her looks appear'd:
The goddeſs weeps to view his ſpreading ſails,
So much a ſoldier with the ſex prevails.
Diſtruſt thy form, fond youth, and learn to know,
There 's more requir'd in love than empty ſhow.
With juſt diſdain ſhe treats the haughty mind,
'Tis complaiſance that makes a beauty kind.
The hawk we hate that always lives in arms,
The raging wolf that every flock alarms:
But the mild ſwallow none with toils infeſts,
And none the ſoft Chaonian bird moleſts.
Debates avoid, and rude contention ſhun;
A woman 's with ſubmiſſive language won.
Let the wife rail, and injur'd huſband ſwear,
Such freedoms are allow'd the marry'd pair:
Diſcord and ſtrife to nuptial beds belong,
The portion juſtifies a clamorous tongue.
With tender vows the yielding maid endear,
And let her only ſighs and wiſhes hear.

Contrive with words and actions to delight,
Still charm her ear, and still oblige her sight.
I no instructions to the rich impart,
He needs not, that presents, my useless art:
The giving lover 's handsome, valiant, wise,
His happy fortune is above advice.
I to the needy sing; though poor, I love,
And, wanting wealth, with melting language move.
His honour storms a stubborn damsel's door;
I 'm cautious to affront, because I 'm poor.
With pleasing arts I court, with arts possess;
Or if I 'm bounteous, 'tis in promises.
Enrag'd, I ruffled once Corinna's hair,
Long was I banish'd by the injur'd fair;
Long mournful nights for this consum'd alone,
Nor could my tears the furious maid atone.
Weeping, she vow'd, a suit of point I tore;
Falsely she vow'd, but I must purchase more.
Make not your guilty master's crime your own,
But by my punishment my error shun;
Indecent fury from her sight remove,
No passion let your mistress know, but love.
Yet if the haughty nymph 's unkind and coy,
Or shuns your sight; have patience, and enjoy.
By slow degrees we bend the stubborn bow;
What force resists, with art will pliant grow.
In vain we stem a torrent's rapid force,
But swim with ease, complying with its course.
By gentler arts we savage beasts reclaim,
And lions, bulls, and furious tigers tame.

Fiercely Atlanta o'er the foreſt rov'd,
Cruel and wild, and yet at laſt ſhe lov'd.
Melanion long deplor'd his hopeleſs flame,
And, weeping, in the woods purſued the ſcornful dame:
On his ſubmiſſive neck her toils he wore,
And with his miſtreſs chac'd the dreadful boar.
Arm'd to the woods I bid you not repair,
Nor follow over hills the ſavage fair:
My ſoft injunctions leſs ſevere you 'll find,
Eaſy to learn, and fram'd to every mind.
Her wiſhes never, nor her will withſtand;
Submit, you conquer; ſerve, and you 'll command.
Her words approve, deny what ſhe denies;
Like, where ſhe likes; and where ſhe ſcorns, deſpiſe.
Laugh when ſhe ſmiles: when ſad, diſſolve in tears;
Let every geſture ſympathize with hers.
If ſhe delights, as women will, in play,
Her ſtakes return, your ready loſings pay.
When ſhe 's at cards, or rattling dice ſhe throws,
Connive at cheats, and generouſly loſe.
A ſmiling winner let the nymph remain,
Let your pleas'd miſtreſs every conqueſt gain.
In heat, with an umbrello ready ſtand;
When walking, offer your officious hand.
Her trembling hands, though you ſuſtain the cold,
Cheriſh, and to your warmer boſom hold.
Think no inferior office a diſgrace;
No action, that a miſtreſs gains, is baſe.
The hero that eluded Juno's ſpite,
And every monſter overcame in fight;

That

That past so many bloody labours o'er,
And well deserv'd that heav'n whose weight he bore:
Amidst Ionian damsels carding stands,
And grasps the distaff with obedient hands;
In all commands the haughty dame obeys;
And who disdains to act like Hercules?
If she 's at law, be sure commend the laws,
Solicit with the judge, or plead her cause.
With patience at the assignation wait,
Early appear, attend her coming late.
Whene'er she wants a messenger, away,
And her commands with flying feet obey.
When late from supper she 's returning home,
And calls her servant, as a servant come.
She for the country air retires from town,
You want a coach, or horse, why foot it down:
Let not the sultry season of the year,
The falling snows, or constant rain deter.
Love is a warfare; an ignoble sloth
Seems equal contemptible in both:
In both are watchings, duels, anxious cares,
The soldier thus, and thus the lover fares;
With rain he 's drench'd, with piercing tempests shakes,
And on the colder earth his lodging takes.
Fame says that Phœbus kept Admetus' herd;
And coarsely in an humble cottage far'd;
No servile offices the god deny'd;
Learn this, ye lovers, and renounce your pride.
When all excess is to your mistress hard,
When every door secur'd, and window barr'd;

The roof untile, ſome deſperate paſſage find:
You cannot be too bold to make her kind:
Oh, how ſhe 'll claſp you when the dangers o'er,
And value your deſerving paſſion more!
Thus through the boiſterous ſeas Leander mov'd,
Not to poſſeſs, but ſhew how much he lov'd.
Nor bluſhing think how low you condeſcend
To court her maids, and make each ſlave your friend:
Each by their names familiarly ſalute,
And beg them to promote your amorous ſuit.
Perhaps a bribe 's requir'd; your bounty ſhow,
And from your ſlender fortune part beſtow.
A double bribe the chamber-maid ſecures;
And when the favorite 's gain'd, the fair is your's.
She 'll add, to every thing you do, a grace,
And watch the wanton hours, and time her praiſe.
When ſervants merry make, and feaſt and play,
Then give her ſomething to keep holiday.
Retain them every one, the porter moſt,
And her who nightly guards the happy coaſt.
I no profuſe nor coſtly gifts commend,
But chooſe and time it well, whate'er you ſend.
Provide the product of the early year,
And let your boy the rural preſent bear;
Tell her 'twas freſh, and from your manor brought,
Though ſtale, and in the ſuburb market bought,
The firſt ripe cluſter let your miſtreſs eat,
With cheſnuts, melons, and fair peaches treat:
Some larger fiſh, or choicer fowl preſent:
They recommend your paſſion, where they 're ſent.

'Tis

'Tis with theſe arts the childleſs miſer's caught,
Thus future legacies are baſely bought:
But may his name with infamy be curſt,
That practis'd them on love, and woman firſt!
In tender ſonnets moſt your flame rehearſe,
But who, alas! of late are mov'd by verſe?
Women a wealthy-treating fool admire,
Applaud your wit, but coſtly gifts require.
This is the golden age, all worſhip gold,
Honours are purchas'd, Love and Beauty ſold.
Should Homer come with his harmonious train,
And not preſent, Homer's turn'd out again.
Some of the ſex have ſenſe, their number's ſmall;
Moſt ignorant, yet vain pretenders all:
Flatter aright, ſmooth empty ſtanzas ſond;
They ſeldom ſenſe, but ſound and rhyme commend.
Should you with art compoſe each poliſh'd line,
And make her, like your numbers, all divine:
Yet ſhe 'll a treat, or worthleſs toy prefer
To all th' immortal poet's boaſted care.
But he that covets to retain her heart,
Let him apply his flattery with art:
With laſting raptures on her beauty gaze,
And make her form the ſubject of his praiſe.
Purple commend, when ſhe 's in purple dreſs'd;
In ſcarlet, ſwear ſhe looks in ſcarlet beſt:
Array'd in gold, her graceful mien adore,
Vowing thoſe eyes tranſcend the ſparkling ore,
With prudence place each compliment aright,
Though clad in crape, let homely crape delight.

In ſorted colours, praiſe a vary'd dreſs;
In night-cloaths, or commode, let either pleaſe.
Or when ſhe combs, or when ſhe curls her hair,
Commend her curious art and gallant air.
Singing, her voice, dancing, her ſtep admire,
Applaud when ſhe deſiſts, and ſtill deſire:
Let all her words and actions wonder raiſe,
View her with raptures, and with raptures praiſe.
Fierce as Meduſa though your miſtreſs prove,
Theſe arts will teach the ſtubborn beauty love.
Be cautious leſt you over-act your part,
And temper your hypocriſy with art:
Let no falſe action give your words the lie,
For, undeceiv'd, ſhe 's ever after ſhy.
In Autumn oft, when the luxurious year
Purples the grape, and ſhows the vintage near;
When ſultry heats, when colder blaſts ariſe,
And bodies languiſh with inconſtant ſkies:
If vitious heaven infects her tender veins,
And in her tainted blood ſome fever reigns;
Then your kind vows, your pious care beſtow,
The bleſſings you expect to reap, then ſow:
Think nothing nauſeous in her loath'd diſeaſe,
But with your ready hand contrive to pleaſe:
Weep in her ſight, then fonder kiſſes give,
And let her burning lips your tears receive.
Much for her ſafety vow, but louder ſpeak,
Let the nymph hear the lavish vows you make.
As health returns, ſo let your joys appear,
Oft ſmile with hope, and oft confeſs your fear.

This in her breaſt remains, theſe pleaſing charms
Secure a paſſage to her grateful arms.
Reach nothing nauſeous to her taſte or ſight,
Officious only when you moſt delight:
Nor bitter draughts, nor hated medicines give;
Let her from rivals what ſhe loaths receive.
Thoſe proſperous winds that launch'd our bark from ſhore,
When out at ſea aſſiſt its courſe no more:
Time will your knowledge in our art improve,
Give ſtrength and vigour to your forming love.
The dreadful bull was but a calf, when young;
The lofty oak but from an acorn ſprung:
From narrow ſprings the nobleſt currents flow,
But ſwell their floods, and ſpread them as they go.
Be converſant with love, no toils refuſe,
And conquer all fatigues with frequent uſe.
Still let her hear your ſighs, your paſſion view,
And night and day the flying maid purſue.
Then pauſe awhile; by fallow fields we gain;
A thirſty ſoil receives the welcome rain.
Phyllis was calm while with Demophoon bleſs'd,
His abſence wounded moſt her raging breaſt:
Thus his chaſte conſort for Ulyſſes burn'd,
And Laodamia thus her abſent huſband mourn'd:
With ſpeed return, you 're ruin'd by delays,
Some happy youth may ſoon ſupply your place.
When Sparta's prince was from his Helen gone,
Could Helen be content to lie alone?
She in his bed receiv'd her amorous gueſt,
And nightly claſp'd him to her panting breaſt.

Unthinking cuckold, to a proverb blind!
What, truſt a beau and a fair wife behind!
Let furious hawks thy trembling turtles keep,
And to the mountain wolves commit thy ſheep:
Helen is guiltleſs, and her lover's crime
But what yourſelf would act another time!
The youth was preſſing, the dull huſband gone,
Let every woman make the caſe her own:
Who could a prince, by Venus ſent, refuſe?
The cuckold's negligence is her excuſe.
But not the foaming boar whom ſpears ſurround,
Revenging on the dogs his mortal wound,
Nor lioneſs, whoſe young receive the breaſt,
Nor viper by unwary footſteps preſt;
Nor drunkard by th' Aonian god poſſeſt,
Tranſcend the woman's rage, by fury led,
To find a rival in her injur'd bed.
With fire and ſword ſhe flies, the frantic dame
Diſdains the thoughts of tenderneſs or ſhame.
Her offspring's blood enrag'd Medea ſpilt,
A cruel mother, for the father's guilt.
And Progne's unrelenting fury proves,
That dire revenge purſues neglected loves.
Where ſacred ties of honour are deſtroy'd,
Such errors cautious lovers muſt avoid.
Think not my precepts conſtancy enjoin,
Venus avert! far nobler 's my deſign.
At large enjoy, conceal your paſſion well,
Nor uſe the modiſh vanity to tell:

Avoid

Avoid preſenting of ſuſpected toys,
Nor to an hour confine your varied joys:
Deſert the ſhades you did frequent before,
Nor make them conſcious to a new amour.
The nymph, when ſhe betrays, diſdains your guilt,
And, by ſuch falſehood taught, ſhe learns to jilt.
While with a wife Atrides liv'd content,
Their loves were mutual, and ſhe innocent:
But when inflam'd with every charming face,
Her lewdneſs ſtill maintain'd an equal pace.
Chryſes, as fame had told her, pray'd in vain,
Nor could by gifts his captive girl obtain;
Mournful Briſeïs, thy complaints ſhe heard,
And how his luſt the tedious war deferr'd.
This tamely heard, but with reſentment view'd
The victor by his beauteous ſlave ſubdued:
With rage ſhe ſaw her own neglected charms,
And took Ægiſthus to her injur'd arms.
To luſt and ſhame by his example led,
Who durſt ſo openly profane her bed.
What you conceal, her more obſerving eye
Perhaps betrays: with oaths the fact deny;
And boldly give her jealouſy the lie;
Not too ſubmiſſive ſeem, nor over-kind;
Theſe are the ſymptoms of a guilty mind:
But no careſſes, no endearments ſpare,
Enjoyment pacifies the angry fair.
There are, that ſtrong provoking potions praiſe,
And nature with pernicious medicines raiſe:

Nor drugs, nor herbs, will what you fancy prove,
And I pronounce them poiſonous all in love.
Some pepper bruis'd with ſeeds of nettles join,
And clary ſteep in bowls of mellow wine:
Venus is moſt averſe to forc'd delights,
Extorted flames pollute her genial rites;
With fiſhes ſpawn thy feeble nerves recruit,
And with eringo's hot ſalacious root:
The goddeſs worſhip'd by th' Erycian ſwains
Megara's white ſhallot, ſo faint, diſdains.
New eggs they take, and honey's liquid juice,
And leaves and apples of the pine infuſe.
Preſcribe no more, my Muſe, nor medicines give:
Beauty and youth need no provocative.
You that conceal'd your ſecret crimes before,
Proclaim them now, now publiſh each amour.
Nor tax me with inconſtancy; we find
The driving bark requires a veering wind:
Now northern blaſts we court, now ſouthern gales,
And every point befriends our ſhifted ſails.
Thus chariot-drivers with a flowing rein
Direct their ſteeds, then curb them in again.
Indulgence oft corrupts the faithleſs dame,
Secure from rivals ſhe neglects your flame:
The mind without variety is cloy'd,
And nauſeates pleaſures it has long enjoy'd.
But as a fire, whoſe waſted ſtrength declines,
Converts to aſhes, and but faintly ſhines;
When ſulphur's brought, the ſpreading flames return,
And glowing embers with freſh fury burn:

A rival thus th' ungrateful maid reclaims,
Revives desire, and feeds her dying flames:
Oft make her jealous, give your fondness o'er,
And teaze her often with some new amour.
Happy, thrice happy youth, with pleasures blest,
Too great, to exquisite to be expressed,
That view'st the anguish of her jealous breast!
Whene'er thy guilt the slighted beauty knows,
She swoons; her voice, and then her colour goes.
Oft would my furious nymph, in burning rage,
Assault my locks, and with her nails engage;
Then how she 'd weep, what piercing glances cast!
And vow to hate the perjur'd wretch at last.
Let not your mistress long your falsehood mourn:
Neglected fondness will to fury turn.
But kindly clasp her in your arms again,
And on your breast her drooping head sustain:
Whilst weeping kiss, amidst her tears enjoy,
And with excess of bliss her rage destroy.
Let her awhile lament, awhile complain,
Then die with pleasure, as she dy'd with pain.
Enjoyment cures her with its powerful charms,
She 'll sign a pardon in your active arms.
  First nature lay an undigested mass,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, wore one common face:
Then vaulted heaven was fram'd, waves earth inclos'd;
And Chaos was in beauteous form dispos'd;
The beasts inhabit woods, the birds the air,
And to the floods the scaly fry repair.
Mankind alone enjoy'd no certain place,
On rapine liv'd, a rude unpolish'd race:

Caves

Caves were their houſes, herbs their food and bed,
Whilſt each a ſavage from the other fled.
Love firſt diſarm'd the fierceneſs of their mind,
And in one bed the men and women join'd.
The youth was eager, but unſkill'd in joy,
Nor was the unexperienc'd virgin coy!
They knew no courtſhip, no inſtructor found,
Yet they enjoy'd, and bleſs'd the pleaſing wound.
The birds with conſorts propagate their kind,
And ſporting fiſh their finny beauties find:
In amorous folds the wanton ſerpents twine,
And dogs with their ſalacious females join.
The luſty bull delights his friſking dames,
And more laſcivious goat her male inflames.
Mares furious grow with love, their boundaries force,
Plunging through waves to meet the neighing horſe.
Go on, brave youth, thy generous vigour try,
To the reſenting maid this charm apply:
Love's ſoftening pleaſures every grief remove,
There 's nothing that can can make your peace like love.
From drugs and philtres no redreſs you 'll find,
But nature with your miſtreſs will be kind.
The love that 's unconſtrain'd will long endure,
Machaon's art was falſe, but mine is ſure.
Whilſt thus I ſung, inflam'd with nobler fire,
I heard the great Apollo's tuneful lyre;
His hand a branch of ſpreading laurel bore,
And on his head a laurel wreath he wore;
Around he caſt diffuſive rays of light,
Confeſſing all the god to human ſight,

Thou

Thou maſter of laſcivious arts, he ſaid,
To my frequented fane thy pupils lead:
And there inſcribe in characters of gold,
This celebrated ſentence you 'll behold.
Firſt know yourſelf; who to himſelf is known,
Shall love with conduct, and his wiſhes crown.
Where Nature has a handſome face beſtow'd,
Or graceful ſhape, let both be often ſhow'd:
Let men of wit and humour ſilence ſhun,
The artiſt ſing, and ſoldier bluſter on:
Of long harangues, ye eloquent, take heed,
Nor thy damn'd works, thou teazing poet, read.
Thus Phœbus ſpake: A juſt obedience give,
And theſe injunctions from a god receive.
I myſteries unfold; to my advice
Attend, ye vulgar lovers, and grow wiſe.
The thriving grain in harveſt often fails:
Oft proſp'rous winds turn adverſe to our ſails:
Few are the pleaſures, though the toils are great:
With patience muſt ſubmiſſive lovers wait.
What hares on Athos, bees on Hybla feed,
Or berries on the circling ivy breed;
As ſhells on ſandy ſhores, as ſtars above,
So numerous are the ſure fatigues of love.
The lady 's gone abroad, you 're told; though ſeen,
Diſtruſt your eyes, believe her not within.
Her lodgings on the promis'd night are cloſe;
Reſent it not, but on the earth repoſe.
Her maid will cry, with an inſulting tone,
What makes you ſaunter here? you ſot, be gone.

With

With moving words the cruel nymph intreat,
And place your garland on the bolted gate.
Why do I light and vulgar precepts uſe?
A nobler ſubject now inſpires my Muſe:
Approaching joys I ſing; ye youths draw near,
Liſten ye happy lovers and give ear:
The labour 's great, and daring is my ſong.
Labours and great attempts to Love belong.
As from the ſacred oracles of Jove
Receive theſe grand myſterious truths in Love.
Look down when ſhe the ogling ſpark invites,
Nor touch the conſcious tablets when ſhe writes.
Appear not jealous, though ſhe 's much from home,
Let her at pleaſure go, unqueſtion'd come.
This crafty huſbands to their wives permit,
And learn, when ſhe 's engag'd, to wink at it.
I my own frailties modeſtly confeſs;
And, bluſhing, give thoſe precepts I tranſgreſs;
Shall I, with patience, the known ſignal hear,
Retire, and leave a happy rival there!
What! tamely ſuffer the provoking wrong,
And be afraid to uſe my hands or tongue!
Corinna's huſband kiſs'd her in my ſight;
I beat the ſaucy fool, and ſeiz'd my right.
I like a fury for my nymph engage,
And like a mad-man, when I miſs her, rage.
My paſſion ſtill prevails, convinc'd I yield!
He that ſubmits to this is better ſkill'd.
Expoſe not, though you find her guilty flame,
Leſt ſhe abandon modeſty and ſhame:

Conceal

Conceal her faults, no ſecret crimes upbraid;
Nothing 's ſo fond as a ſuſpected maid,
Diſcover'd love increaſes with deſpair,
When both alike the guilt and ſcandal ſhare:
All ſenſe of modeſty they loſe in time,
Whilſt each encourages the other's crime.
In heaven this ſtory 's fam'd above the reſt,
Amongſt th' immortal drolls a ſtanding jeſt:
How Vulcan two tranſgreſſing lovers caught,
And every god a pleas'd ſpectator brought.
Great Mars for Venus felt a guilty flame,
Neglected war, and own'd a lover's name;
To his deſires the Queen of Love inclin'd;
No nymph in heaven 's ſo willing, none ſo kind.
Oft the laſcivious fair, with ſcornful pride,
Would Vulcan's foot and ſooty hands deride,
Yet both with decency their paſſion bore,
And modeſtly conceal'd the cloſe amour.
But by the ſun betray'd in their embrace,
(For what eſcapes the ſun's obſerving rays?)
He told th' affronted god of his diſgrace.
Ah fooliſh ſun! and much unſkill'd in love
Thou haſt an ill example ſet above!
Never a fair offending nymph betray,
She 'll gratefully oblige you every way:
The crafty ſpouſe around his bed prepares
Nets that deceive the eye, and ſecret ſnares:
A journey feigns, th' impatient lovers met,
And naked were expos'd in Vulcan's net.

The gods deride the criminals in chains,
And ſcarce from tears the Queen of Love refrains:
Nor could her hands conceal her guilty face,
She wants that cover for another place.
To ſurly Mars a gay ſpectator ſaid,
Why ſo uneaſy in that envy'd bed?
On me transfer your chains; I 'll freely come
For your releaſe, and ſuffer in your room.
At length, kind Neptune, freed by thy deſires,
Mars goes for Crete, to Paphos ſhe retires,
Their loves augmented with revengeful fires;
Now converſant with infamy and ſhame,
They ſet no bounds to their licentious flame.
But, honeſt Vulcan, what was thy pretence,
To act ſo much unlike a god of ſenſe?
They ſin in publick, you the ſhame repent,
Convinc'd that loves increaſe with puniſhment.
Though in your power, a rival ne'er expoſe,
Never his intercepted joys diſcloſe:
This I command, Venus commands the ſame,
Who hates the ſnares ſhe once ſuſtain'd with ſhame.
What impious wretch will Ceres' rites expoſe,
Or Juno's ſolemn myſteries diſcloſe!
His witty torments Tantalus deſerves,
That thirſts in waves, and viewing banquets ſtarves.
But Venus moſt in ſecrecy delights;
Away, ye bablers, from her ſilent rites!
No pomp her myſteries attends, no noiſe!
No ſounding braſs proclaims the latent joys!

With

With folded arms the happy pair poſſeſs,
Nor ſhould the fond betraying tongue confeſs
Thoſe raptures, which no language can expreſs.
When naked Venus caſt her robes aſide,
The parts obſcene her hands extended hide:
No girl on propagating beaſts will gaze,
But hangs her head, and turns away her face.
We darken'd beds and doors for love provide;
What nature cannot, decent habits hide.
Love darkneſs courts, at moſt a glimmering light,
To raiſe our joys, and juſt oblige the ſight.
Ere happy men beneath a roof were laid,
When oaks provided them with food and ſhade;
Some gloomy cave receiv'd the wanton pair;
For light too modeſt, and unſhaded air!
From public view they decently retir'd,
And ſecretly perform'd what love inſpir'd.
Now ſcarce a modiſh fop about the town,
But boaſts with whom, how oft, and where 'twas done;
They taſte no pleaſure, reliſh no delight,
Till they recount what paſs'd the happy night.
But men of honour always thought it baſe,
To proſtitute each kinder nymph's embrace:
To blaſt her fame, and vainly hurt his own,
And furniſh ſcandal for a lewd lampoon.
And here I muſt ſome guilty arts accuſe,
And diſingenuous ſhifts that lovers uſe,
To wrong the chaſte, and innocent abuſe.
When long repuls'd, they find their courtſhip vain,
Her character with infamy they ſtain:

Deny'd her perſon, they debauch her fame,
And brand her innocence with public ſhame.
Go, jealous fool, the injur'd beauty guard,
Let every door be lock'd, and window barr'd!
The ſuffering nymph remains expos'd to wrong;
Her name 's a proſtitute to every tongue:
For malice will with joy the lie receive,
Report, and what it wiſhes true, believe.
With care conceal whate'er defects you find,
To all her faults ſeem like a lover blind.
Naked Andromeda when Perſeus view'd,
He ſaw her faults, but yet pronounc'd them good.
Andromache was tall, yet ſome report
Her Hector was ſo blind, he thought her ſhort.
At firſt what 's nauſeous, leſſens by degrees,
Young loves are nice, and difficult to pleaſe.
The infant plant, that bears a tender rind,
Reels to and fro with every breath of wind:
But ſhooting upward to a tree at laſt,
It ſtems the ſtorm, and braves the ſtrongeſt blaſt.
Time will defects and blemiſhes endear,
And make them lovely to your eyes appear:
Unuſual ſcents at firſt may give offence;
Time reconciles them to the vanquiſh'd ſenſe:
Her vices ſoften with ſome kinder phraſe;
If ſhe is ſwarthy as the negro's face,
Call it a graceful brown, and that complexion praiſe.
The ruddy laſs muſt be like Venus fair,
Or like Minerva that has yellow hair.

If

If pale and meagre, praiſe her ſhape and youth,
Active when ſmall, when groſs ſhe 's plump and ſmooth,
Every exceſs by ſoftening terms diſguiſe,
And in ſome neighbouring virtue hide each vice.
Nor aſk her age, conſult no regiſter,
Under whoſe reign ſhe 's born, or what 's the year!
If fading youth checkers her hair with white,
Experience makes her perfect in delight;
In her embrace ſublimer joys are found,
A fruitful ſoil, and cultivated ground!
The hours enjoy whilſt youth and pleaſures laſt,
Age hurries on, and Death purſues too faſt.
Or plough the ſeas, or cultivate the land,
Or wield the ſword in thy adventurous hand:
Or much in love thy nervous ſtrength employ,
Embrace the fair, the grateful maid enjoy;
Pleaſure and wealth reward thy pleaſing pains,
The labour 's great, but greater far the gains.
Add their experience in affairs of love,
For years and practice do alike improve;
Their arts repair the injuries of time,
And ſtill preſerve them in their charming prime:
In vary'd ways they act the pleaſure o'er,
Not pictur'd poſtures can inſtruct you more.
They want no courtſhip to provoke delight,
But meet your warmth with eager appetite:
Give me enjoyment, when the willing dame
Glows with deſires, and burns with equal flame.
I love to hear the ſoft tranſporting joys,
The frequent ſighs, the tender murmuring voice:

To ſee her eyes with vary'd pleaſure move,
And all the nymph confeſs the power of love.
Nature 's not thus indulgent to the young,
Theſe joys alone to riper years belong:
Who youth enjoys, drinks crude unready wine,
Let age your girl and ſprightly juice refine,
Mellow their ſweets, and make the taſte divine.
To Helen who'd Hermione prefer,
Or Gorgé think beyond her mother fair:
But he that covets the experienc'd dame,
Shall crown his joys, and triumph in his flame.
One conſcious bed receives the happy pair:
Retire, my Muſe; the door demands thy care.
What charming words, what tender things are ſaid!
What language flows without thy uſeleſs aid!
There ſhall the roving hand employment find,
Inſpire new flames, and make ev'n virgins kind.
Thus Hector did Andromache delight,
Hector in love victorious, as in fight.
When weary from the field Achilles came,
Thus with delays he rais'd Briſeïs' flame.
Ah, could thoſe arms, thoſe fatal hands delight,
Inſpire kind thoughts, and raiſe thy appetite!
Could'ſt thou, fond maid, be charm'd with his embrace,
Stain'd with the blood of half thy royal race?
Nor yet with ſpeed the fleeting pleaſures waſte,
Still moderate your love's impetuous haſte:
The baſhful virgin, though appearing coy,
Detains your hand, and [illegible] the proffer'd joy.

Then

Then view her eyes with humid luſtre bright,
Sparkling with rage, and trembling with delight:
Her kind complaints, her melting accents hear,
The eye ſhe charms, and wounds the liſtening ear.
Deſert not then the claſping nymph's embrace,
But with her love maintain an equal pace:
Raiſe to her heights the tranſports of your ſoul,
And fly united to the happy goal.
Obſerve theſe precepts when with leiſure bleſt,
No threatening fears your private hours moleſt;
When danger's near, your active force employ,
And urge with eager ſpeed the haſty joy:
Then ply your oars, then practiſe this advice,
And ſtrain with whip and ſpur, to gain the prize.
The work 's complete: triumphant palms prepare,
With flowery wreaths adorn my flowing hair.
As to the Greeks was Podalirius' art,
To heal with medicines the afflicted part:
Neſtor's advice, Achilles' arms in field,
Automedon for chariot-driving ſkill'd;
As Chalchas could explain the myſtic bird,
And Telemon could wield the brandiſh'd ſword:
Such to the town my fam'd inſtructions prove,
So much am I renown'd for arts of love:
Me every youth ſhall praiſe, extol my name,
And o'er the globe diffuſe my laſting fame.
Arms provide againſt the ſcornful fair;
Thus Vulcan arm'd Achilles for the war.
Whatever youth ſhall with my aid o'ercome,
And lead his Amazon in triumph home;

Let him that conquers, and enjoys the dame,
In gratitude for his inſtructed flame,
Inſcribe the ſpoils with my auſpicious name.
The tender girls my precepts next demand:
Them I commit to a more ſkilful hand.

AN ESSAY ON THE CHARACTER OF SIR WILLOUGHBY ASTON, LATE OF ASTON IN CHESHIRE, 1704.

TO THE LADY CREWE OF UTKINTON.

MADAM,

AS when the eagle, with a parent's love,
Prepares her young to viſit realms above:
With heaven's full luſtre ſhe allures him on,
Firſt to admire, and then approach the ſun;
Unweary'd he ſurveys the orb of light,
Charm'd by the object to maintain his flight.
To you th' aſpiring Muſe her labour brings,
Thus tries its fate, and thus expands her wings:
Tempted to gaze on your auſpicious light,
This haſty birth to you directs its flight;
The beauties of your mind tranſported views,
Admiring ſings, and pleas'd her flight purſues.
Permit theſe looſe, unfiniſh'd lines to claim
The kind protection of your parent's name.

Though

Though void of ornaments, and every grace,
Accept the piece, as ſacred to your race.
Where you behold your great forefathers fame,
And trace the ſprings from whence your virtues came:
Survey the triumphs, and the honours view,
That by a long deſcent devolve on you.

In vain the Muſe her vanquiſh'd pencil tries,
Where unexhauſted ſtores of beauty riſe:
Languid and faint her labours muſt appear,
Whilſt you tranſcend her faireſt character.
So bright in you your father's graces ſhine,
And all the virtues of your ancient line;
That none with pleaſure can the copy view,
Whilſt the original ſurvives in you.

WHAT man renown'd! what Britiſh worthy's praiſe
Inſpires the Muſe! and conſecrates her lays!
Record thy Aſton's celebrated name,
Diſplay his virtues, and tranſmit his fame.
Illuſtrious actions to thy care belong,
And form the beauties of heroic ſong:
None e'er appear'd with ſo immenſe a ſtore,
Nor ever grac'd harmonious numbers more.

Nor ſtain, my Muſe, with thy officious tears,
The bright example for ſucceeding years:
Whilſt others in dejected notes complain,
Sublime thy ſong, attempt a nobler ſtrain.
With verſe aſſuage his pious off-ſpring's care,
And calm the ſorrows of the weeping fair:

Diſpel the ſhades that fate untimely ſpread,
And ceaſe to mourn for the immortal dead.
Where out-ſtretch'd Britain in the ocean's loſt,
And Dee and rapid Mercy bound the coaſt;
There hills ariſe with ſylvan honours crown'd,
There fruitful vales and ſhady ſtreams abound,
Not Median groves, not Tempe's boaſted plain,
Nor where Pactolus' ſands inrich the main,
Can yield a proſpect fairer to the ſight,
Nor charm with ſcenes of more auguſt delight.
Here Lupus and his warlike chiefs obtain'd
Imperial ſway, and great in honours reign'd:
Deriving titles from their ſwords alone,
Their laws preſerv'd, and liberties their own.
As when two ſwelling floods their waves oppoſe,
Nor would confound the urns from whence they roſe:
But by degrees uniting in a ſtream,
Forget their fountains, and become the ſame.
Thus ſtrove the Britains with the Norman race,
Fierce with their wrongs, and conſcious of diſgrace:
But when the fury of their arms was o'er,
Whom thirſt of empire had engag'd before,
Now Friendſhip binds, and Love unites the more.
From whom a long deſcent of worthies ſhine,
Juſt to the glories of their martial line:
Admiring Fame their matchleſs force records,
Their bounteous minds, and hoſpitable boards.
Where Weever haſtens to receive the Dane,
Refreſhing with united ſtreams the plain;

A riſing

A riſing fabrick, with majeſtic grace,
Demands the tribute of thy lofty praiſe,
There Aſton ſtands conſpicuous to the ſight;
To Aſton, Muſe, direct thy pleaſing flight!
From far the pompous edifice behold,
Juſt the proportions, and the ſtructure bold.
Beauty is there with elegance expreſs'd,
Improv'd with art, with native grandeur bleſs'd.
What nobler object could the worthy find,
To ſignalize the greatneſs of his mind:
Than to adorn, with ſo auguſt a frame,
The place that gave his anceſtors a name?
  Delightful ſcene! thy patron's early care,
Who rais'd thee up magnificently fair:
He form'd thy beauties, and encreas'd thy ſtore,
Great in thyſelf, but in thy founder more.
  From generous Hudard, whoſe victorious ſword
Made Aſton ſtoop beneath a foreign lord,
Twenty ſucceſſive chiefs deſcended down;
Illuſtrious all, and matchleſs in renown.
When injur'd barons durſt by arms reſtrain
Their ſovereign's pride, on the embattled plain;
And rival roſes, with impetuous rage,
Involv'd in blood the next deſcending age:
Or when abroad we nobler conqueſts ſought,
For Empire ſtrove, for Fame and Beauty fought;
Their great exploits our Britiſh annals grace,
And ancient bards immortalize the race.
No lineage can a nobler ſubject yield,
Nor oftener ſhar'd the triumphs of the field:

Renown'd in war, by arts indear'd to fame,
Worthy their high deſcent, and glorious name.
But though ſo many pious worthies join,
To form the luſtre of a noble line:
Paſs not, ungrateful nymph, neglected by
A ſhade renown'd! a name that cannot die!
His father's fame with awful ſteps purſue,
And raiſe thy flight with the tranſporting view.
When loud Sedition call'd him early forth,
To merit wreaths, and ſignalize his worth;
His bounteous mind ſupply'd the royal part
With flowing fortunes, and a faithful heart.
His ſword and pen were drawn in juſt defence
Of ſuffering prelates, and an injur'd prince:
And as ſome midnight wolf, by hunger preſs'd,
With boundleſs fury would the plains infeſt;
But if he hears the lion's awful voice,
His head he couches, and contracts his paws:
Thus raging Faction murmur'd in its den,
Reſtrain'd and aw'd by his ſublimer pen:
And when Rebellion rear'd its guilty head,
Before his arms the vanquiſh'd monſter fled.
Immortal ſhade! to endleſs ages reſt!
With joys, that never rebel taſted, bleſs'd:
As champion for the ſacred'ſt race of men,
Accept this tribute from a grateful pen;
Firm to the church, and loyal to the crown,
Is more than fame, and ſanctifies renown.
Nor wonder then ſo many graces join'd,
To form the perfect beauties of his mind:

He

He from his anceſtors deriv'd them down,
Improving virtues by deſcent his own.
And firſt thy Aſton's matchleſs form ſurvey,
From early youth to nature's laſt decay:
The lively features of his beauty trace,
And give each lineament its native grace.
Grandeur and ſweetneſs in his perſon join'd,
Auguſt his preſence, and his aſpect kind;
His lofty ſtature, and diſtinguiſh'd mien,
Confeſs'd the greatneſs of a ſoul within;
For generous natures purify their clay,
And o'er the body ſpread a lucid ray:
Through every part informing ſpirits fly,
Diſdain reſtraint, and ſparkle at the eye.
Such general luſtre, ſuch reſiſtleſs grace,
His limbs adorn'd, and triumph'd in his face.
But as the earth, in her capacious veins,
The ſplendid treaſure of her mines contains:
With fading flowers ſhe paints the ſurface o'er,
But inward ſhines with unexhauſted ſtore;
So lovely forms are on mankind beſtow'd,
Only to dignify the ſoul's abode:
Within the beams of ſparkling wit we find,
The charms of ſenſe, and treaſures of the mind.
Indulgent Nature thus her bounty ſhow'd,
Thus every ſhining faculty beſtow'd:
With ſtores inrich'd his intellectual ſeat,
And form'd the luſtre of his mind compleat.
Where aged Cham in fam'd meanders flows,
His early youth a ſoft retirement choſe:

To

To reſt beneath the venerable ſhade,
Where Spenſer ſung, and Cowley's Muſe was laid.
Propitious Nature had prepar'd before,
A mind tenacious of the learned ſtore:
The flowing ſprings of knowledge to receive,
And take impreſſions faſt as art could give.
Auſpicious Cham! not all thy boaſted race
Of tuneful youths, that celebrate thy praiſe;
That in the various ſpheres of learning ſhine,
Belov'd by Phœbus and the ſacred Nine;
With nobler wreaths did e'er thy temples crown,
Or add, like him, to thy diffus'd renown.
And next the flowing robe employ'd his care,
And bulky volumes of the painful bar:
Though wealth and fame the toilſome ſearch attend,
Yet he purſued it for a nobler end.
Obſcure and intricate our laws appear,
Perplex'd with comments that ſhould make them clear:
His juſtice through the gloomy miſts ſurvey'd,
And Reaſon found by ſubtleties betray'd;
With Eloquence he ſmooth'd the rugged way,
And ſcatter'd ſhades with Judgment's piercing ray.
He Nature in her dark receſſes ſought,
And with Philoſophy ſublim'd his thought.
In all the various parts of learning ſkill'd,
That Grecian ſages, or the Roman, yield:
He from the ancients drain'd their richeſt ſtore,
Refining ſtill with wit the ſparkling ore.
Nor did he want the lyre's harmonious ſound,
Whoſe pleaſing accents all his labours crown'd:

The tuneful lyre, that charms us with delight,
Repels our cares, and glads the tedious night;
Reſtrains our paſſions, calms our furious rage,
The joy of youth, and the relief of age.
His piercing faculties, ſerenely bright,
Let inward to the ſoul diſtincter light:
His ſenſes exquiſite, and reaſon ſound,
Surmounted all the obſtacles they found,
In knowledge vers'd, in learning's depths profound.
Nor were his hours to books alone confin'd,
His perſon was accompliſh'd as his mind:
He us'd his weapons with admir'd ſucceſs,
Excell'd in courtſhip, and a kind addreſs.
Whether he urg'd the courſer to his ſpeed,
Or temper'd, with his ſkill, the fiery ſteed;
When foaming at the ring he ſpurns the ſands,
Repeats his ſtrokes, and launches as he ſtands:
With grateful geſture he did each command,
And ply'd his reins with an inſtructive hand.
Or whether, to the ſportive dance inclin'd,
In lively meaſures he the concert join'd:
None ever mov'd with more majeſtic pace,
Show'd greater art, or more becoming grace.
His flowing wit, with ſolid judgment join'd,
Talents united rarely in a mind,
Had all the graces and engaging art,
That charm the ear and captivate the heart.
No pointed ſatire, nor moroſe diſdain,
Allay'd the pleaſure of his words with pain:

His

His inoffenſive tongue, from ſlander free,
From Flattery's vice, or blaſted Calumny;
Knew all the ſprings that ſecret paſſions move,
Raiſe admiration, or inſpire with love.
Sententious and inſtructive his diſcourſe,
He urg'd his reaſons with reſiſtleſs force.
A lively eloquence adorn'd his thought,
And happy turns of wit occurr'd unſought:
Expreſſive words his flowing ſenſe convey'd,
Juſt were his thoughts, and powerful to perſuade.
But, goddeſs, now a nobler ſcene ſurvey,
Expand thy wings, thy brighteſt charms diſplay!
What various beauties here diſtract thy ſight!
What virtues that ſurmount thy towering flight!
As nameleſs ſtars, that form the galaxy,
With undiſtinguiſh'd luſtre gild the ſky;
So ſhone the graces that adorn'd his mind,
And with concenter'd rays their beauties join'd:
Whoſe lucid numbers but repel thy ſight,
And, thus united, form one glorious orb of light.
His riper years to wiſdom he apply'd,
Each path purſued, and every conqueſt try'd:
Wiſdom, the darling attribute alone,
By which th' Almighty 's more diſtinctly known:
And, when contracted to a narrow ſpan,
Becomes the nobleſt faculty of man.
Through books he trac'd her in the pleaſing chace,
Ranſack'd their ſtores, and ſtill maintain'd his pace.
With crowds, and buſy men, he ſtrove to find
The flying fair, the object of his mind:

Through

Through ſpecious arts, through all their vain diſguiſe,
He ſaw, diſtinguiſh'd, and obtain'd the prize.
His mind, with each ſuperior talent fraught,
For councils form'd his enterprizing thought:
Quick of diſpatch, diſcreet in every truſt,
Rigidly honeſt, and ſeverely juſt.
Though kindneſs in his generous boſom reign'd,
The dignity of power he ſtill maintain'd:
None e'er diſcharg'd affairs with more addreſs,
Serv'd better public poſts, or ſought them leſs.
His conſtancy appear'd in every ſtate,
Fix'd and unmov'd as the decrees of fate:
No fluctuating doubts his mind diſtreſs'd,
Nor ſhook the ſtrong foundations of his breaſt.
His reſolution bore him ſtill above
The raſh effects of enmity or love:
Firm on the baſis of himſelf he ſtood,
Of right tenacious, permanent in good.
Hence flow'd a courage unallay'd with fear,
A mind undaunted, and a conſcience clear:
With innocence and virtue for a guide,
Succeſsfully he ſtem'd th' impetuous tide.
Intrepid thus he revolutions bore,
Nor deviated from paths he trod before:
The power of fortune ſtill diſdain'd to own,
Nor courted ſmiles, nor ſunk beneath her frown.
He ſerv'd his country, with regards above
The common views of mercenary love:
His paſſion ſuch, if not extended more,
As pious Romans to their Latium bore.

No

No ſpecious kindneſs popularly feign'd,
By intereſt rais'd, or with ambition ſtain'd:
The tender piety his actions ſhow'd,
From duty ſprung, from fond affection flow'd.
Untainted with the ſtain of either vice,
Of laviſh waſte, or graſping avarice:
Nor ſquander'd wealth, nor with a ſordid breaſt
Condemn'd to hoards the treaſures he poſſeſs'd.
His hoſpitable roof, with plenty ſtor'd,
Enjoy'd the bleſſings of a ſmiling board:
Heaven, that had bleſs'd him with a large increaſe,
Gave him a ſoul deſerving to poſſeſs.
The father's loyalty deſcended down,
Endear'd by ſufferings, to his rival ſon.
As Hannibal purſued the Roman ſtate,
With double portions of his father's hate:
Such fix'd averſion in his boſom ſprung,
And arm'd his ſoul againſt our factions, young;
A murder'd prince, and ſlaughter'd parent's fate,
On the rebellious race entail'd his hate:
Firm to the crown his duty he retain'd,
And o'er his heart his rightful monarch reign'd.
View beauties yet of a ſublimer kind,
The heavenly off-ſpring of a pious mind:
Charms that from innocence and virtue flow,
That to religion all their ſplendor owe;
Where no obſcuring ſpots their luſtre hide,
By crimes untainted, undeform'd with pride.
Bleſs'd Charity, the pure etherial ray,
That heaven itſelf does to our breaſts convey;

In

In larger portions to his boſom came,
And o'er his ſoul diffus'd a ſtronger flame.
In him the wretched always found relief,
Patron of want, redreſſer of their grief:
To him th' afflicted never ſued in vain,
He felt their miſeries, and eas'd their pain.
In midſt of plenty free from ſenſual vice,
Nor more indulg'd than nature would ſuffice:
The calm and equal temper of his ſoul
Did every guilty appetite control;
Within their womb the vicious ſeeds ſuppreſs'd,
And ſtrangled forming paſſions in his breaſt.
The Church in him enjoy'd a faithful ſon,
Whoſe duty with his early years begun:
A virtuous life his juſt obedience ſhow'd,
And from religion his affection flow'd;
Long application fix'd his heart ſecure,
He ſearch'd her doctrines, and he found them pure.
The liturgy employ'd his daily care,
His public worſhip, and his private prayer:
To all its rites conformity he paid,
The ſervice lov'd, and diſcipline obey'd.
Such ſtrong devotion, ſuch celeſtial fire,
Inflam'd his heart, and did his breaſt inſpire:
As if religion had engroſs'd the whole,
And heaven remain'd the object of his ſoul.
Deſcend, my Muſe; here ſtop thy pleaſing flight,
For mournful proſpects, gloomy ſhades of night.
Attend the laſt expiring ſcene of life,
A painful conflict, and unequal ſtrife:

Where

Where Nature languiſhes beneath the weight
Of racking torments, and approaching fate.
With matchleſs patience, and undaunted mind,
He bore his anguiſh, and his ſoul reſign'd:
As he the glorious proſpect kept in view,
And our old world rejected for the new.

The bounteous heavens their fruitful bleſſings ſhed,
And chaſte Lucina crown'd his nuptial bed:
From whence a fair and numerous off-ſpring came,
The happy pledges of a mutual flame.
From warlike Hudard, founder of his race,
Twenty renown'd deſcents his lineage grace:
And from his loins compleat the number ſprung,
For every anceſtor a ſmiling young.

The happy huſband of a matchleſs dame,
Endear'd by virtues, and unblemiſh'd fame:
No guilty paſſion ever claim'd a part,
The conſort of his bed engroſs'd his heart.
As two fair tapers burn with equal flame,
Their heat proportion'd, and their light the ſame:
And though by ſlow degrees they both decline,
Both to the laſt with the ſame luſtre ſhine:
Such equal flames inſpir'd the happy pair,
Mutual their paſſions, and the ſame their care:
Though years expir'd, and youth conſum'd away,
Their fond affections never felt decay.

As when the ſun our hemiſphere reſigns,
He leaves us light, and by reflection ſhines:
And when the gloomy interval is o'er,
He riſes bright and glorious as before.

Such

Such likeneſs in his ſucceſſor we find,
Left as the image of himſelf behind;
With all the virtues of his race endued;
The happy father's in the ſon renew'd.
Methinks I ſee a pompous tomb ariſe,
Beauteous the form, magnificent the ſize:
Enchas'd with ore, with well-wrought marble made,
Worthy the artiſt, and the glorious ſhade.
Crowds of officious angels weep around,
With lamps extinguiſh'd, and their robes unbound!
With heads reclin'd, and drooping wings they mourn,
Form'd to ſuſtain, and grace the ponderous urn.
In abject poſtures, and a flowing dreſs,
Poſtures that love and tenderneſs expreſs:
The ſacred Nine ſurround the ſpacious tomb,
And ſpread infectious ſorrows o'er the dome;
Their lyres unſtrung are thrown neglected by,
And ſcatter'd wreaths in juſt diſorder lie.
High in the midſt is his effigies plac'd,
The boaſt of art, with every beauty grac'd.
Advancing age in every line appears,
And ſhades his brow with honourable years:
Juſt to his form, his looks diſſembled right,
With joy detain the fond ſpectator's ſight.
Deſcending Phœbus crowns the upper ſcene,
His arm extended with triumphant green:
The ſacred wreath around his brows to place,
And ſhedding on him the paternal rays.
In vain, alas! we mauſoleums raiſe,
Statues erect, and pyramids of praiſe:

A nobler monument remains behind,
The lively image of his generous mind,
The ſacred pile rais'd by his pious care,
Magnificent with coſt, with order fair;
Adorn'd with all that laviſh art could give,
To late poſterity ſhall make him live.
This ſhall diffuſe his celebrated name,
More than the hundred tongues of buſy fame:
His memory from dark oblivion ſave,
Elude his fate, and triumph o'er the grave.

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